

sades and further dressed; and while the carpenters toiled to mortise the cross piece and fastened it with pins, Father Millet himself traced upon the arms the symbols for the legend

REGNAT. VINCIT IMPERAT CHRISTUS

and these letters were well cut into the wood, in the midst of them being the sign of the Sacred Heart. We had it well made and a place dug for it on a Thursday, and the next morning, which was Good Friday, the Rev. Father placed his little portable altar in the midst of the square where we all officers and men and even some of the Miamis who were yet with us, assembled for the mass. There we raised the great cross and planted it firmly in the midst of the little square. The service of the blessing of it lay hold of my mind mightily for my fancy was that this great sign of victory had sprung from the graves where de Troyes and four score of my comrades lay, and being in the tender mood (for I was still weak in body) the words which the Father read from his breviary seemed to rest the more clearly in my mind "Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini." Father Millet had a good voice with a sort of tenderness in it so that we were everyone disposed to such silence and attention that I could even hear the little waves lapping the shore below the fort. And when he began with the "Oramus." "Rogamus te Domine sancte Pater omnipotens," I was that moved by the joy of it and my own memories that I wept—and I a soldier! It may be believed that the Sunday which followed which was the Paschal was kept by us with such worship and rejoicing as had never yet been known in these remote parts. Holy men had been on that river before it is true, but none had abode there for long, nor had any set up so great a cross, nor had there ever such new life come to men as we knew at Fort Denonville that Easter. For a space all things went well. What with the season, for spring ever inspires men to new undertakings and the bitter lessons learned in the great pinch of the past winter we were no more an idle set, but kept all at work and well. Yet the Iroquois pestered us vastly being sent there by the English who claimed this spot. And in September there came that pilot Maheut, bringing his bark La General over the shoal at the river's mouth all unexpected, and she was scarce anchored in the little roadstead than Desbergere knew he was to abandon all. It was cause of chagrin to the great Marquis, I make no doubt thus to drop the prize he had so tried to hold, but some of us in the fort had no stomach for another winter on the Niagara and we made haste to execute the orders which the Marquis de Denonville had sent. We put the guns on board La General. We set the gate open and tore down the rows of pales on the south and east sides of the square.