

The responsive shouts of the followers of Saint Lusson were drowned in the volleys of their guns and by the yelps of the capering savages.

As soon as silence could be restored, Father Allouez stepped forward to address these unwitting vassals of the woods. He told them how important the work was in which they had just assisted. He pointed to the cross, and reminded them of the story which it signified, and which he had so often rehearsed. He pointed to the blazon of the royal arms, and told them that they stood for the sovereignty of a great lord of the earth, whose grandeur was as the tall oak compared with the grass that bent beneath their mocasins. He referred to the great man at Quebec who represented this mighty king, and told them that he was but one of this imperial master's ten thousand powerful captains. "I am going on the war-path, cries this mighty king, and every one of these ten thousand captains," shouted Allouez, "starts off with a hundred warriors in his train. They may go by sea," said the priest again, "ir such ships as you have seen at Quebec, not in canoes like yours, holding at the most only ten men, but in vessels that will carry, if need be, as many thousand. They may go by land; and it would take a steadfast foot to pass along their ranks for more than twenty leagues. When the earth trembles, and it thunders, and the air is on fire, it is our king attacking his enemies. The blood of those he kills flows in streams, and men do