

those thick forests were the splashing of paddles and the chattering of savages—novel scenes surely for eyes and ears fresh from the cities of Old France. The Ottawa valley has changed its face in the past two centuries, and so have the facilities which travellers enjoy who go through it on their way westward to the Great Lakes; in the middle of the seventeenth century conditions were primitive indeed, and the journey from Quebec to Georgian Bay was a formidable undertaking. However, the flotilla arrived safely at Fort Ste. Marie on September 7th; it was accompanied by three missionaries, Father de Brébeuf who had been absent three years and whose return was welcomed by all, Father Leonard Garreau who was to labor among the Algonquins at Endarahy, in the Parry Sound region, and Father Noël Chabanel who was to begin the study of the Algonquin language and prepare himself for work among the members of this tribe who were living among the Hurons.

We may gather from a perusal of the *Relations* that Father Chabanel's first impressions of mission-

**His first
impressions**

ary life were evidently of a mixed character. He had arrived in Huronia under military guard and amid the alarms of war. He had not yet met the Iroquois, but he knew that they were lying in wait for him and his brethren, and ready at the first opportunity to cleave his head with the tomahawk; it did not need immediate contact with this tribe of savages, whose ferocity and notorious deeds were well known in France, to bring home to his sensitive and timid nature the extent of the sacrifice he had made in