

garrison, starving and sick, compassed with inveterate foes, supplies cut off and succour hopeless." Montreal, which was the advance guard, was said to subsist only by a continuous miracle. But even at Quebec there was no safety. At Cap Rouge, a few miles above it, Mr. Parkman tells us the Jesuit Poncet saw a poor woman who had a patch of corn beside her cabin, but could find no one to reap it. Going to get help for her he fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois. He was hurried through the forest to the Indian town on the Mohawk. On the way he slept among dank weeds, dropping with the cold dew; frightful colics assailed him as he waded waist-deep through a mountain stream; one of his feet was blistered, and one of his legs benumbed; an Indian snatched away his reliquary, and lost the precious contents. "I had a picture of Saint Ignatius with our Lord bearing the cross, and another of our Lady of Pity surrounded by the five wounds of her son. They were my joy and my consolation. But I hid them in a bush lest the Indians should laugh at them." He kept, however, a little image of the Crown of Thorns, in which he found great comfort, as well as in communion with his patron saints, St. Raphael, St. Martin, and St. Joseph. On one occasion he asked them for something to soothe his thirst, and for a bowl of broth to revive his strength. Scarcely had he framed his petition when an Indian gave him some wild plums, and in the evening, as he lay panting on the ground, another brought him the broth. Weary and forlorn he reached at last the Mohawk town, where he was stripped, forced to run the gauntlet, and then placed on a scaffold of bark surrounded by grinning and mocking savages. As it began to rain they took him into one of their lodges, and there made him dance, sing and perform fantastic tricks for their amusement. He succeeded so poorly that he would have been put to death if a young Huron prisoner had not offered himself to

play the buffoon in the Father's place. After he had been left in peace for a time, an old one-eyed-Indian approached, took his hands, examined them, selected the left fore-finger, and calling a child four or five years old, gave him a knife and told him to cut it off, which the imp did, the victim meanwhile singing the *Vexilla Regis*. After this they would have burned the Father had not a squaw adopted him. He was taken into the lodge of his new relatives and found himself an Iroquois, stript of every rag of Christian clothing, and attired in leggings, moccasins, and a greasy shirt. This story, which we abridge from Mr. Parkman, is one of a number which prove that the Jesuit fearlessly encountered suffering himself. He seems to have been equally reckless about it in others. According to Mr. Parkman he allowed his Indian converts to torture to death the hostile Iroquois. He cared nothing what might defile the body, and deemed torture a blessing in disguise, and the sure path to Paradise.

Poncet was restored to his friends by the same turn in events which led to the foundation of a mission at Onondaga. The Iroquois went to war with the Eries, and thinking one enemy enough at a time, they made a hollow peace with the French colony. One condition of the peace for which the Iroquois stipulated, with insidious designs, was that a colony should be founded at Onondaga. The daring and sagacious Father La Moynes took his life in his hand and went as pioneer. As he bivouacs at evening on his toilsome road by the lake of St. Louis, we get one of those touches which bring home to us the redeeming charm of the Jesuit missionary's perilous life. A shower of warm rain comes on. The Father, stretched beneath a tree, enjoys the influence of the hour. "It is a pleasure the sweetest and most innocent imaginable, to have no other shelter than trees planted by Nature since the creation of the world." Game then abounded along the St. Lawrence,