

name resounds everywhere—in the depths of Lake St. John, on the lonely shores of Labrador, in the flourishing villages bordering the river from Cacouna to the distant confines of Gaspesia and New Brunswick he is still spoken of. The fisherman, taking up his nets, the woodman returning fatigued with his day's toil, the mother beside her child's cradle, the hunter during the long evening, halts during his hunting excursions—to relate wonderful things of the good Father. They all invoke him as a Saint in time of misfortune, or when the storm is raging on the waters. By the bedside of the sick the old women often recommend medicaments, the use of which has been taught to their forefathers by the beloved and popular Apostle.”

Tradition has preserved all the details of this great and saintly missionary's last moments, the circumstances of which were indeed of a nature to strike every one :

“ On the eve of his death Father de la Brosse appeared to be in perfect health. He was a large, robust, whitehaired old man, with an ascetic-looking face and inspired speech.

“ During all the day he had been fulfilling the duties of his ministry, confessing, baptizing and praying, as usual, in the Tadousac chapel.

“ At night-fall he went to take a few hours' recreation at the house of one of the officers of the post. He was as gay and agreeable as ever ; he even played a few games of cards with his hosts. Towards nine o'clock he prepared to leave.

“ After having said good evening to every one he was silent for a moment, and then in a solemn tone said :

“ ‘ My friends, I bid you farewell, farewell until eternity, for you will not again see me in life. This very evening at midnight *I shall be a corpse*. At that very hour you will