

you will journey west until you reach the farther shore of Lake Superior. There, stretched out in giant length you will see the recumbent figure of the god fast asleep. He has lain so for centuries, speechless, indifferent to the offerings and deaf to the prayers of his trembling devotees, until despairing of his ever waking again, the dusky Red man has given up his worship and sworn fealty to Him whose heralds armed with a simple cross braved untold dangers to proclaim.

Of the past of Sault Sainte Marie, its traditions, its loves and hates, and its ever changing sons and daughters, we know somewhat and herein is set down in writing what love both ancient and modern has been collected.

If in the perusal of its pages some one may be stirred to greater interest and better love for the town of his birth or adoption, the work of gathering these few notes will not have been in vain.