

men could bear. But they made many converts. On one occasion, when the French Chaumont had delivered an address, his Indian auditors declared that if he had spoken all day they should not have had enough of it. 'The Dutch,' said they, 'have neither brains nor tongues ; they never tell us about paradise or hell. On the contrary, they lead us into bad ways.' Nothing could daunt the Jesuits—not the loss of all they had, nor protracted suffering, nor cruel death. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,' said one of them ; 'and if we die by the fires of the Iroquois, we shall have won eternal life by snatching souls from the fires of hell.'

Let us listen to Chaumont again, as he stands before his savage hearers—he and his companions having first, with clasped hands, sung the 'Veni Creator': 'It is not trade that brings us here. Do you think that your beaver-skins can pay us for all our toil and