

Nothing but disheartening tidings came from all directions, and at the same time sad intelligence came concerning Father Mesnard, who had been granted, with a somewhat excessive facility, in the month of August, 1660, to a second band of Ottawas, who had come down from the shores of Lake Superior.

1662.

Adventures  
of Father  
Mesnard.

Notwithstanding the earnestness displayed by these Indians to obtain this missionary, he soon perceived that he had little to hope from their disposition to embrace the faith. They not only forced him to row during the whole voyage, so that he was compelled to take from his hours of sleep time to say his office, but they even carried their brutality so far as to throw his breviary into the water. Moreover, their provisions ran out, as it almost always happens to the Indians, and Father Mesnard was reduced to such an extremity that the most insipid and revolting food became a delicious morsel in his eyes.

His guides expected to meet Indians at the entrance of Lake Superior who would give them supplies, but in this hope they were disappointed. Some time after, a falling tree crushed the canoe in which the missionary was, and he was left alone at the spot with three men, but with no provisions. Fortunately they perceived a quantity of bones on the shore; these they pounded and made into a kind of broth, which supported them for some time. In a letter received after his death, the servant of God declared that nothing served more to sustain him amid so many

action, apparently that of Oct. 14, 1652, or that mentioned in Rel., 1653. In the battle in which he fell he had but twelve men: M. Marie de l'Incarnation, Lettre Aug. 10. Only three were killed besides himself: Lalemant, Journal, March 22, 1662; Registre de Montreal, Feb., 1662; Belmont p. 12. He went to the aid of some workmen attacked by the Iroquois; but the cowardice of a Dutch servant, who took flight,

emboldened the enemy, and Closse's pistols missing fire, he was killed before he could adjust them. Closse acted also at Montreal as notary and greffier: Faillon, Histoire, iii., p. 360. He left only one daughter, Jane Cecilia. His services were not forgotten after his death. In 1672 another fief was granted to his widow, and the street St. Lambert was so named in honor of his patron saint.