

good and holy men. Death for them had no sting, the grave no victory. Kissing the symbol of their faith,—that sign which they well knew must sooner or later conquer even the Red Man of the forest,—they literally gave their “dust to dust, and ashes to ashes;” put off mortality to put on immortality; and with the “*Te Deum laudamus*” issuing from their parched lips, they laid down their lives in the wilderness,—their requiem the crackling of the fagots, their funeral anthem the war-whoop of the Indian.

It is now nearly twenty years since my attention was called to the “labor of love” of these great and good men—to their lives, their sufferings, and their deaths on this Continent—by one of the very best, as well as one of the most learned, of the Catholic prelates of this country,—a man who, while he lived, was possessed of every virtue that adorns the man, and who now, when dead, with cherubim and seraphim worships before the throne of that Being whose footsteps on earth he so closely walked in, whose *whole* counsels he kept, whose commands he obeyed, and whose whole life (as all who knew him, will bear me testimony,) was on earth nearer to that of a “just man made perfect” than any other man that I have ever seen, let his religious creed be what it may; and no man whom I have ever known—no man of whom I have ever read—has exhibited, since the days of the Apostles, a more striking evidence, in his whole life and conversation, of Christian faith, of Christian hope, and Christian charity, than Simon Gabriel Brute, Bishop of Vincennes.

For many of the facts which are new in the address I am about to deliver this evening, I am indebted to the antiquarian zeal and research of that great and good man. His manuscript notes connected with the early Jesuit missions in the North-West, I have in his own hand writing, and from them have collated many of the incidents which form the thread of my discourse. Had he have lived, it was our intention to have made them more full, and to have published them in a