

the usual vows of the Society to subject himself to it as far as in him lay. And certain it is that, in life as in death, where his last word was the most holy name of Jesus, he had proved himself no unworthy son of the Society. Nay, I not only love him as a brother, but revere him as a martyr—martyr to obedience, and still more, a martyr to the faith and to the cross. As he was very pious, and accustomed to be with the Christians, or such as were most intimate with our Christians, he daily spent a long time in prayer, to the wonder and even suspicion of the savages, so novel did it seem to them. These suspicions were confirmed in their minds when one day, taking off the cap of a child in the hut where he lived, he made him make a sign of the cross on his breast and forehead; for a superstitious old Indian, the grandfather of the boy, seeing this, ordered him to be killed. This I afterwards learned from the boy's mother, who told me that he had been killed by the old man for that reason.

But to resume my narrative: after I had been seated a little while in our hut, where my life had been pretty quiet, I was taken to another, the hut of him who had cut off my thumb, a most bitter enemy of the Algonquins, and consequently of the French. Here, not I alone, but the other Iroquois, every moment expected to see me tomahawked. Accordingly, some who had given me articles of clothing, that I might, in part at least, cover my person, now asked them back, for fear of losing them by my death.

The next day, I was filled with the greatest anxiety to know what had become of my dear companion, that I resolved to look for his body at all hazards, and com-