

zeal for souls was stronger than death, struggled to his knees, and, rising with difficulty, dragged himself as best he could toward the sufferer, in order to assist him. He had made but three or four steps when he fell again, somewhat heavily. Raising himself a second time, he got once more upon his knees and strove to approach the wounded Petun, but his body, drained of its blood which was flowing in abundance from his wounds, was not equal to his heroism. After advancing five or six steps he fell a third time. "Further than this," the *Relation* adds, "we have not been able to ascertain what he accomplished. The good Christian woman who faithfully related all this to us, saw no more of him, being herself overtaken by an Iroquois, who struck her on the head with a war-hatchet, felling her upon the spot, though she afterward escaped. The Father, shortly after, received from a hatchet two blows upon the temples, one on either side, which penetrated to the brain. To him it was the recompense for all past services, the richest he had hoped for from God's goodness. His body was stripped, and left entirely naked where it lay."

A remnant of fugitive Christians, all covered with blood, arrived hurriedly at Ekarenniondi, twelve miles away, and gave the news of the massacre. Fearing that a similar misfortune was in store for them, the night of December 7th was one of continual alarm for the people of St. Mathias. However, early on the 8th, it was ascertained that the enemy had retired, and Fathers Garreau and Greslon set out at once for Etharita. A sad spectacle awaited them. They saw only dead bodies heaped together, some almost con-