

very entrance, one of the two whom we had met, plucking forth his tomahawk which was concealed in his dress, dealt René so deadly a blow on the head, that he fell lifeless, invoking the most holy name of Jesus as he fell. We had happily, mindful of the indulgence thereby gained, often reminded each other to close our life by uttering, with our dying voice, that most holy name.

At the sight of the reeking hatchet, I knelt down on the spot, and, uncovering my head, awaited a like blow. But, when I had been there a moment or two, they bade me rise, as they had no right to kill me, for I was the slave of another family. Rising then in haste, I ran to my still breathing companion, and conferred absolution, which I was in the habit of giving him after his confession every other day; then two other blows, dealt before my very face, added him to the number of the blessed. He was thirty-five years of age, eminent for his simplicity of manners, his innocence of life, his patience in adversity, entirely submissive to God, whom he, in all things, regarded as present before his eyes, and resigned to his most holy will in love. Most worthy is he, Reverend Father, to be counted among thy children, not only because he had spent several months in one of the novitiates of the Society, in a most edifying manner, and had afterwards, by the command of Superiors, to whom he gave the entire disposal of his life, proceeded to Huronia, to aid the Christian population by his medical knowledge, but especially does he merit it from the fact, that, a few days before his death, impelled by a desire of uniting himself more closely to God, he pronounced