

be baptized, she had never ceased imploring God for the grace to suffer for his love; that now she could not doubt but that heaven had heard her vows, that she died happy, without any feeling of resentment against her kindred and countrymen now transformed into executioners; that on the contrary she conjured the Almighty to enlighten them with the light of faith, and that her only anxiety was for the salvation of her son.

The two captive women were still conversing on the truths of Eternity and the happiness of the Saints in heaven, when a band of Indians came to lead Margaret to a spot where she was to be burned alive. No regard was shown to her youth, her sex, or her birth, although she was the daughter of the one who was in a manner chief of the village, and in whose name all the affairs of the nation were transacted.¹ As a Christian and inhabitant of Sault Saint Louis, she was too gentle to find favor with these heathens. She was accordingly bound to the stake and her whole body burned with an inhumanity that could have been inspired, especially in the case of a woman, only by hatred against her religion. She endured this long and rigorous martyrdom without betraying any sign of pain, and as long as a breath of life remained she was heard invoking the holy names: Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

At first she asked from time to time a little water; but she soon repented this weakness, and begged them to refuse her if she asked again. "My Saviour," she said, "suffered great thirst when dying for me on the cross; is it not just that I should suffer the same torment for Him?" Her executioners burned her from noon to sunset; then, impatient to see her expire before night obliged them to withdraw, they unbound her from the stake, scalped her, covered her head with hot cinders and bade her run. She knelt down, however, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven, commended her soul to the Lord. Although struck repeatedly with a club, she continued to pray. At last one of these savages, crying: "Will not this dog of a Christian die?" seized a large knife and attempted to plunge it into her belly, but the knife broke and fell in pieces on the ground. Another took the stake to which she had been bound and beat her over the head. As she still showed some signs of life, she was taken up and thrown on a heap of dry wood; this was set on fire and she was soon consumed.

Her son had been given to an Iroquois, who wished to revenge on this little creature an insult which he considered himself as having received from the French. Three days after the mother's death, a death-cry was

¹ Evidently the Atotarho or Tododaho, the most dignified of all the hereditary sachems of the League. Morgan, *League of the Iroquois*, p. 62.