

in recounting these Indian conquests, we do not consider it out of place to revert to them here, and might add many others, but will conclude by relating a remarkable event that occurred in her time. The father of Mary Teresa Gannensagouach, who had been admitted a member of the Congregation, as was mentioned in the fourth chapter, became a Christian, and worshipped the true God with all the ardor of his poetic Indian nature. Many a time did the forests of the island re-echo with his recitations of the holy rosary, and he had the happiness to see his son also follow his example, by receiving the saving waters of Baptism. The graceless son, however, soon forgot his baptismal vows, and returned to his former licentious mode of life. Falling in with a depraved party of his tribe, who had taken the war-path against the peaceful Christian Indians, he assisted in a murderous attack on his native village. The fiends were unhappily successful in their carnival of blood, and each reeking warrior selected his wretched victim among the few survivors to lead him off to a distant encampment and there torture him slowly to death. Young Gannensagouach dragged *his* captive through forest and swamp with brutal violence; but at last growing tired of listening to the sufferer's groans, commanded him to kneel for his death-blow. He did so, and for the first time since his capture, raised his eyes to the face