

beholding our Lord in the person of his patients. So sweet an odor of his goodness and other virtues did he leave in that place, that his memory is still in benediction there.

As we descended from the Hurons in July, 1642, we asked the Reverend Father Vimont to let us take him, as the Hurons greatly needed a surgeon, and he consented. It were impossible to express the joy of this good young man when the Superior told him to prepare for the voyage. He knew, withal, the great dangers on the river; he knew how furious the Iroquois were against the French; yet all this could not deter him from embarking for Three Rivers, at the slightest sign of His will, to whom he had voluntarily resigned all that concerned him.

We left there (Three Rivers) on the first of August, the morrow of the Feast of our Holy Father. On the second, we met the enemy, who, divided into two bands, awaited us, with all the advantage which a large number of picked men, fighting on land, can have over a smaller one of all kinds on the water in bark canoes.

Almost all the Hurons had fled into the wood, and, having left us, we were taken. Here his virtue was strikingly displayed; for as soon as he was taken, he said: 'Father! blessed be God, He has permitted it; He has wished it; His holy will be done! I love it, I wish it, I cherish it, I embrace it with all my heart.' While the enemy pursued the fugitives, I confessed him and gave him absolution, not knowing what was to befall us after our capture. The enemy, having returned from the chase, fell on us with their teeth, like furious dogs, tore out our nails and crunched our fingers, all which he endured with great patience and courage.

His presence of mind in so distressing an accident was shown specially in his aiding me, in spite of the pain of his wounds, in instructing, as far as he could, the Huron prisoners who were not yet Christians. As I was instructing them separately, and as they came to me, he reminded me that a poor old man named Ondôtterraon might well be one of those to be killed on the spot, it being then the custom always to sacrifice some one to the heat of their rage. I instructed this old man carefully while the enemy were busied with the division of the booty of twelve canoes, a part of which were laden with necessaries for our Huron Fathers. The spoil being divided, they killed the poor old man almost at the