

a martyr. Ah! it is the hour of death which proves the value of the past life—which tries its motives, and explains and illustrates them. That is the hour when cunning is of no avail; when wrong will weigh upon the conscience, and wring out the cry of horror from the soul. The death of one Jesuit is worth the whole lives of a thousand of their revilers. The dying of the one, and the living of the other, alike, are irresistible arguments in behalf of the assailed and the reviled.\*

“The blood-prints of their martyrs have already rendered holy the borders of New France, and sanctified and dedicated to God the great valley beyond the western lakes. They have bought it with their toils and sufferings!”

\* Compare the dying scene of the Jesuit martyr in China, in Japan, amongst the Mohawks, or with Abenakis—even upon the scaffold in the realm of Britain—suffering in the dissemination of religion, in the teaching of morality, with the life of an enemy of theirs, such as *Sue*, spent in sowing broadcast the seed of immorality and licentiousness, in spreading infidelity, in assailing Christianity, and battenning upon sin and sorrow. Ah, it is glorious to have such enemies; they are their own refutation, their own condemnation, with all rational Christians.