

the ferocious Mohawks, as they flitted about in their fell work, resemble so many fiends at their infernal orgies. The prisoners were stripped of their clothing, and the work of torture began. Snatching up burning pieces of wood, the savages held them close to the naked skin until its surface blistered with the slow heat; then, as the swollen part became dead and senseless to the lesser torture, they pressed the live coal into the raw flesh until it hissed, and fumed, and cracked, while the groan of intense agony arose from the lips of the white sufferers. The stern Indian endured in silence. Father Laval, as the red cinders pierced his flesh, elevated his soul to God, and dwelt upon the sufferings of him whose brow had borne a crown of thorns, whose hands and feet had been torn with nails, whose precious side had been opened with a spear. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," were ever on his lips, and his upraised spirit seemed at last to forsake and leave behind it the sorrow and sufferings of earth; and to float already upwards through a sea of ineffable delights.

Rene Bourdoise, reserved for future death, did