

die in that office of charity. I go, I seek, and by the help of an Algonquin taken, and now a real Iroquois, I find it. After he had been killed, the children had stripped him and tying a cord around his neck, dragged him to a torrent which runs at the foot of the town. The dogs had already gnawed a part of his thighs. At this spectacle, I could not withhold my tears. I took the body and aided by the Algonquin, I sank it in the water and covered it with large stones, to hide it, intending to return the next day with a spade, when there was no one near and dig a grave and inter it. I thought the body well hidden, but perhaps some one saw us, especially of the youth, and took it up.

The next day as they sought to kill me, my aunt sent me to her field to escape as I think ; this compelled me to defer it till the next day. It rained all night so that the torrent was extremely swelled ; I borrowed a hoe in another cabin, the better to conceal my design, but on approaching the place, could not find the blessed deposit ; I entered the water already quite cold, I go and come, I sound with my feet to see whether the water had not raised and carried off the body, but I saw nothing. How many tears I shed, which fell in the torrent, while I sang as I could the psalms which the church chant for the dead. After all, I found nothing, and a woman known to me who passed by, seeing me in trouble, told me, when I asked her whether she did not know what had been done with it, that it had been dragged to the river which is a quarter of a league from there, and with which I was not acquainted. This was false, the young men had taken it up and dragged it to a neighboring wood, where during the fall and winter it was the food of the dog, the crow, and the fox. When I was told in the spring that he had been dragged there, I went several times without finding any thing ; at last, the fourth time, I found his head and some half-gnawed bones, which I interred, intending to carry them off, if taken back to Three Rivers as was then talked of. Repeatedly did I kiss them as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ.

I give him this title, not only because he was killed by the enemies of God, and his church, in the exercise of an ardent love for his neighbor, putting himself in evident perils for the love of God, but particularly because he was killed for prayer, and expressly for the Holy Cross. He was in a cabin where he prayed daily, which scarcely pleased