

1642. The servant of God, overjoyed to find a man whom he had long sought to express his gratitude, threw himself upon his neck and embraced him: "Brother," he said, "it depends only on yourself to let me render to you, a hundredfold, all the good you did me, and the memory of which is as fresh in my mind as it was at that moment, when you did me so great a charity. An enemy, more cruel than all who then tortured me, holds you in fetters: you are, perhaps, at the last moment of your life, and if, before that fatal moment which will close your existence, you do not throw off the yoke of this pitiless master, what will become of you? I shudder for you when I think of it. Eternal flames will surround and burn but never consume you. The most horrible torments you have ever conceived to glut your vengeance on your enemies, do not approach what will be suffered through all eternity by those who do not die Christians."

These few words, pronounced in that tone which renders apostolic men so powerful in words, made all the impression the missionary could desire on a heart in which charity had paved the way for the operations of grace. The sick man asked to be instructed; and the missionary had scarcely begun to explain the chief mysteries of the faith than he perceived that an unseen master anticipated his teaching, and impressed the truths of Christianity in this predestined soul. The sick man opposed no doubts to our most incomprehensible mysteries. He believed, was baptized, and died, a few days after, in the arms of the servant of God, in all the sentiments which characterize the death of the saints.¹

A conquest of this kind was more than enough to make his bondage precious to the man of God; but it was not the only one, and ere long the whole Mohawk canton, which he had bedewed with his blood, produced an abundant harvest. Another Indian, wishing to save his life, re-

¹ Relation de la Nouvelle France, p. 32.