

1649. missionaries, in punishment for casting cold water on the heads of others, and thereby causing all the miseries of his nation. The Iroquois relished the counsel. Water was heated, and slowly poured over the heads of the two confessors of Christ.

Meanwhile, the dense smoke which rose from the bark in which Father Lallemant was wrapped filled his mouth, and for a time he was unable to articulate a single word. His bonds being consumed, he raised his hands to heaven, to implore the help of Him who is the strength of the weak; but they beat his hands down again with heavy blows of ropes. At last, when the two bodies were all one wound, this spectacle, far from horrifying the Iroquois, only put them in a good humor. They said to one another that the flesh of the French must be good, and they slashed off large slices from both and ate them. Then adding mockery to cruelty, they said to Father de Brebeuf: "You assured us, but a moment since, that the more we suffer on earth the more happy we shall be in heaven. Out of friendship for you we study to increase your sufferings, and you will be indebted to us for it."¹

Some moments after they took off his scalp, and, as he still breathed, a chief opened his side; and as the blood welled copiously out, all the savages ran up to drink it. Then the same one who laid him open, seeing the heart, tore it out and devoured it.

Father de Brebeuf was of the diocese of Bayeux, and uncle to the translator of Lucan's *Pharsalia*. He was of commanding stature, and, notwithstanding his extreme abstinence and twenty years of a most painful apostleship, he was quite corpulent. His life was a constant heroism; his death, the astonishment of his very executioners.²

As soon as he had expired, Father Lallemant was led back to the cabin where his martyrdom had com-

¹ Relation de la Nouvelle France, 1649, p. 14.

² Relation de la Nouvelle France, 1649, p. 25.