

deemed herself happy to die in her own country and by the hands of her kinsmen, like Jesus Christ who had been crucified by his own countrymen.

One of her kinsmen, who was present, had five years previously gone to Sault Saint Louis to induce Frances to return to her own canton ; and having failed, still harbored resentment. The words just uttered by this fervent Christian roused him to fury. He sprang on the scaffold, tore off the crucifix which she wore on her neck, and with a knife which he held in his hand, he cut a cross on her breast. "There," he cried, "is the cross you love so much and which prevented your leaving the Sault, when I took the pains to go for you." "Thank you, brother," replied Frances, "the cross you have torn from me I might lose ; but you give me one that I shall not lose even in death."

She then spoke of the Mysteries of the Faith with an unction and a power far above the capacity of an Indian woman. "Fearful as the torments are to which you condemn me," said she in conclusion, "do not think my lot one to be deplored. It is your own that calls for tears and sobs ; this fire that you have lighted to torture me will burn but a few hours ; but another fire that will never be extinguished, is prepared for you in hell. Yet it is in your power to avoid it ; follow my example, become Christians, live up to the laws of that holy religion and you will escape the eternal flames. Moreover, I declare that I wish no evil to those whom I behold ready to take my life. Not only do I forgive them my death, but I pray the Supreme Arbiter of life to open their eyes to the truth, to touch their heart, and grant them grace to be converted and die in the sentiments with which He inspires me."

These words of the holy widow, far from moving the savage hearts, only increased their rage. They led her for three successive days through all the lodges, to make her the sport of a brutal mob. On the fourth day they took her back to her stake, and bound her. They then applied to all parts of her body lighted torches and gun barrels heated red hot. This lasted several hours without her uttering the least cry. Her eyes were fixed on heaven, and one would have said she suffered nothing. This is the testimony given by the *Sieur de Saint Michel*,¹ then a prisoner at Onondaga, but who escaped some time after, as they were preparing to burn him alive. He witnessed all the tortures inflicted on Frances, and on arriving at Montreal gave an account, which drew tears from the whole town. He declared that he had been unable to restrain his own, especially when the courageous martyr, having had her scalp torn off and

¹ *Ante*, p. 219.