

pursued," said he, "by several Hiroquois canoes; but, having a little start of them, we were the first to land on the Southern shore; and, abandoning our canoe and all our baggage, even our robes, so as to be less encumbered, we rushed into the woods, each taking a different direction. The enemy followed us on the run; night concealed us and gave us our lives; for when these robbers lost sight of us, they also lost hope of capturing us. Having remained in hiding one day, I stealthily crossed over towards the great river in the direction of the three Rivers. As I approached its banks I perceived an Hiroquois canoe; I stood there horrified, imagining that I had again fallen into the clutches of those ferocious beasts. I listened, to hear [223 i.e., 219] some noise. At last, perceiving that all was silent, I approached noiselessly; I looked all around, and, seeing no one, I took a pole and sprang into the canoe, to escape to the place I had abandoned." We received him gladly, as a poor wandering sheep. Father Daniel asked him if he had not commended himself to God in his calamity. "Ah," said he, "how heartily I prayed to him." This adventure of this poor young Huron was considered so remarkable that some, seeing that he had escaped, believed that he had become a spy, and that the Hiroquois had saved his life that he might come and betray us, or rather the people of his nation. But ah, the poor boy made the contrary very apparent by wishing to go posthaste to Kebec, to get there some rest and to have a wound attended to that he had received in his flight, for the nettles and thickets had lacerated his flesh while running through the woods.

When Father Daniel expressed to him his regret