

nearly taken off by a blow from the hatchet, and the only plaster he had was some leaves bound with bark. The joints of his arms were badly burned, and in one of them there was a deep cut. We approached to look at him more closely; he raised his eyes and regarded us very attentively, but he did not yet know the happiness that Heaven was preparing for him, in the midst of his enemies, through our instrumentality. The Father Superior was invited to make him sing; but he explained that it was not that which had brought him there,—that he had come only to teach him what he ought to do that he might go to Heaven, and be forever blest after death. He approached him, and told him that we all felt a great deal of compassion for him. Meanwhile, they brought him food, from all sides,—some bringing sagamité, some squashes and fruits,—and treated him only as a brother and a friend. From time to time he was commanded to sing, which he did with so much vigor and strength of voice, that, considering his age, for he seemed to be more than 50 years old, we wondered how he could be equal to it,—[26] especially as he had done hardly anything else day and night since his capture, and especially since his arrival in their country. Meanwhile, a Captain, raising his voice to the same tone used by those who make some proclamation in the public places in France, addressed to him these words: “My nephew, thou hast good reason to sing, for no one is doing thee any harm; behold thyself now among thy kindred and friends.” Good God, what a compliment! All those who surrounded him, with their affected kindness and their fine words, were so many butchers who showed him a smiling face only to treat him afterwards with more