

that of his old age, and, moreover, proved to be very willing to listen; he afterwards gave us to understand that he believed and had firmly resolved to do what was necessary to be saved. The Father felt inclined no longer to defer enabling him to do this, and there-upon baptized him.

Two days later, the day of the feast of St. François Xavier, authentic news was brought of the arrival of a prisoner of war, a Hiroquois by nation, to that village, who had been brought thither from the frontier villages of the country, that he might be given to some relative of those who had been formerly captured by the Enemies. The same Father who had been there two days before was appointed, with another, to go promptly to the execution of this poor wretch, and to labor, on their part, for the welfare of his Soul. As they approached the [92] village, they perceived that a grave was being made; they asked for whom, and were told that it was for a certain old man who had died the day before, and it was the very one who had been baptized, who had died the day after his Baptism. They inquired for news of the child that had been baptized at the same time, and were told that it was better. Passing farther on, they arrived at the cabin where this poor prisoner was. He was a young man of 22 years, as graceful and well-made a savage as one could meet, seeming to have nothing of the barbarian about him except the wretched condition in which he was. Both of his hands were all covered with blood, because, as a jest and for diversion, two of his fingers had been cut off, in anticipation of the treatment that his captors expected to give him the next night.

This poor young man, at the first words our Fa-