

first two hours of the night, while he was tormented in every way,—with burning brands, glowing hatchets, and other iron tools, red-hot, that were applied to every part of his body,—he did not tremble or flinch any more than if he had been of marble. He never complained or cried out, or even sighed, as an indication of his suffering,—which threw into a fury those who tormented him, who count it a great misfortune when they encounter such steadfastness. They strove in vain,—they sooner became weary of tormenting him than he of suffering; he himself stood still, and offered himself to those who most desired to torment him; and, while they did this, he conversed as coolly with all those who chose to question him as if it were some one else that was being tortured. And, when he was not talking, he never ceased to sing, often repeating in his song, “Aronhiac Eskenonteta,” “I am going away to Heaven, then,”—[98] although there was not one of ours present to remind him of his good fortune. When they first accosted him to give him instruction, you would have said that they brought him tidings for which he had been waiting thirty years, and for which he was long since prepared, so readily did he accept and grasp all at once the essential points. All these occurrences make us see close at hand the adorable secrets of God's predestination concerning his Elect. Finally, when morning came, our Barbarians quickly put him to death, seeing that the prolongation of his tortures was that of their own confusion, and that their exertions were only thrown away, without obtaining therefrom, or giving to the public, any pleasure, which consists above all in hearing these poor victims of their fury shriek. One, among others,