

been brought hither as a prisoner of [73] war. It was the first day of December, which gave us reason to name him, at his Baptism, François, in honor of saint François Xavier, whose feast we celebrated the next day. This poor wretch on the night of his tortures (for it is essential to employ therein at least one whole night) was, among others, taken in hand by one of our Barbarians, who, having commanded him to put his hands to the ground, pierced them one after the other with a heated iron, and did not cease raising and lowering them, and sliding them along the iron, until its glow was quenched. It was said that some one else did the same thing to his feet. Nothing more was wanting, except to open his side, to make him in some sort like him whose blood a little while before had been applied to him through Holy Baptism,—that, likewise, did not fail him, for shortly before expiring, it was opened to tear out his heart. If this kind of torture did not serve this poor wretch as a consolation,—in seeing himself in this respect like him whom he knew simply in not being ignorant of him, and only as much as was necessary to experience him as his Savior,—at least it [74] availed with the others, who experienced a special sense of the obligation laid upon us by this good Lord and Master, who, by the wounds that he consented to receive for us, has delivered us from the fires and torments, of which those that our Barbarians exercise upon their captives are only transient shadows and images.

Our Barbarians,—who know the displeasure that we feel at these cruelties, and particularly at their inhumanity in eating the bodies of these poor victims after their death,—found means, in order to annoy