

for Heaven; they increased their fires and flames, and everything that cruelty supplies to spirits maddened by rage. This new but courageous Christian,—having ascended the scaffold which was the place of his torment, in the sight of a thousand people who were his judges, his executioners, [35] and his enemies,—raised both his eyes and his voice to Heaven, there being nothing upon the earth to attract his heart; and, shouting in a loud voice, made known to every one the cause of a joy which appeared on his brow in the fiercest tortures that he was enduring: “Io sakhrihotat de Sarakountai, onne ichien aihei aronhiaie eeth de Eihei;” “Sun, who art witness of my torments, listen to my words. I am at the point of death; but, after this death, Heaven shall be my dwelling.” He repeated and reiterated often these words, and died in this sweet hope. What happiness for that soul! but what joy does he experience who has sped eight or ten leagues that he may procure for him this grace! This fortunate prisoner was named Tehondakwae, and in his baptism, Joseph—the name of the village in which he was burned.

In the village of St. Jean Baptiste, a young man fell suddenly sick, and sick unto death. For several years he had been often spoken to concerning God,—both in Quebec, where he [36] had been seven or eight months in our seminary, and, after his return home, in frequent visits that had been made to his cabin; but neither faith nor the fear of God had ever entered his soul; his words were nothing but calumnies against us, but blasphemies against God, and seemed infallible signs of a reprobate soul. How remote from ours are the thoughts of God! This