

of all our losses. These expectations have not been vain. The most faithful and the best of our Christians, Joseph Taondechoren, found means to escape from the hands of the enemy, and arrived here among the Hurons at the beginning of August, a year after his capture. By his recital of those things of which he has been more than an eyewitness, he has shown us that God derives good from evil, and that his divine providence disposes equally of good and evil for the salvation and glory of his Elect.

The day before the capture, as if they foresaw their misfortune — if, however, it should be called one — they had confessed themselves, and had held a Council for the express purpose of encouraging one another. “What! my brothers,” the oldest of all had said, “is there one of us who would cease to believe in God even if he were burned by the enemies? We have embraced the faith to be happy in Heaven above, and not here below on earth.” All promised to remain faithful to [II] God. One said that the thought of Paradise would alleviate his sufferings; another added to this that the burning firebrands, and the axes heated red-hot, that would be applied to his body, would remind him of hell-fire, that burns sinners forever. Eustache Ahatsitari,—that Captain who was a Neophyte and the terror of his enemies, whom I mentioned last year in the Relation,—began to speak, and said: “My brothers, if I fall into the hands of the Iroquois, I cannot hope for life. But, before I die, I will ask them what the Europeans bring into their country,—axes, kettles, blankets, arquebuses, that is all. I will tell them that those people do not love them,—that they conceal from them the most precious