

I cannot express the joy which this good young man felt when the superior told him that he might make ready for the journey. Nevertheless, he well knew the great dangers that await one upon the river; he knew how the Iroquois were enraged against the French. Yet that could not prevent him—at the least sign of the will of him to whom he had voluntarily committed all his concerns—from setting forth for 3 Rivers.

We departed thence on the 1st of August,—the day after the feast of Our Blessed Father. On the 2nd, we encountered the enemies, who, separated into two bands, were awaiting us with the advantage which a great number of chosen men, fighting on land, can have over a small and promiscuous band, who are upon the water in scattered canoes of bark.

Nearly all the Hurons had fled into the woods, and, as they had left us, we were seized. On this occasion his virtue was very manifest; for, as soon as he saw himself captured, he said to me: "O my father, God be blessed; he has permitted it, he has willed it,—his holy will be done. I love it, I desire it, I cherish it, I embrace it with all the strength of my heart." Meantime, while the enemies pursued the fugitives, I heard his confession, and gave him absolution,—not knowing what might befall us after our capture. The enemies having returned from their hunt, fell upon us like mad dogs, with sharp teeth,—tearing out our nails, and crushing our fingers, which he endured with much patience and courage.

His presence of mind in so grievous a mishap appeared especially in this, that he aided me, notwithstanding the pain of his wounds, as well as he could, in the instruction of the captive Hurons who