

were not christians. While I was instructing them separately, and as they came, he called my attention to the fact that a poor old man, named Ondouterraon, was among those whom they would probably kill on the spot,—their custom being always to sacrifice some one in the heat of their fury. I instructed this man at leisure, while the enemies were attending to the distribution of the plunder from 12 canoes, some of which were laden with necessaries for our Fathers among the Hurons. The booty being divided, they killed this poor old man,—almost at the same moment in which I had just given him a new birth through the salutary waters of holy Baptism. We still had this consolation, during the journey that we made in going to the enemy's country, that we were together; on this journey, I was witness to many virtues.

Upon the road, he was always occupied with God. His words and the discourses that he held were all expressive of submission to the commands of the Divine providence, and showed a willing acceptance of the death which God was sending him. He gave himself to him as a sacrifice, to be reduced to ashes by the fires of the Iroquois, which that good Father's hand would kindle. He sought the means to please him in all things, and everywhere. One day he said to me,—it was soon after our capture, while we were still on the way,—“My Father, God has always given me a great desire to consecrate myself to his holy service by the vows of Religion in his holy society; my sins have rendered me unworthy of this grace until this hour. I nevertheless hope that Our Lord will be pleased with the offering which I wish now to make him, by taking, in the best manner that