

In that, one might say most truly, *Non cibus utilis ægro*. I could not relieve him,—for I was also very sick, and had none of my fingers sound or entire.

But this urges me to come to his death, at which nothing was wanting to make him a Martyr.

After we had been in the country six weeks,—as confusion arose in the councils of the Iroquois, some of whom were quite willing that we should be taken back,—we lost the hope, which I did not consider very great, of again seeing 3 Rivers that year. We accordingly consoled each other in the divine arrangement of things; and we were preparing for everything that it might ordain for us. He did not quite realize the danger in which we were,—I saw it better than he; and this often led me to tell him that we should hold ourselves in readiness. One day, then, as in the grief of our souls we had gone forth from the Village, in order to pray more suitably and with less disturbance, two young men came after us to tell us that we must return home. I had some presentiment of what was to happen, and said to him: “My dearest brother, let us commend ourselves to Our Lord and to our good mother the blessed Virgin; these people have some evil design, as I think.” We had offered ourselves to Our Lord, shortly before, with much devotion,—beseeching him to receive our lives and our blood, and to unite them with his life and his blood for the salvation of these poor peoples. We accordingly return toward the Village, reciting our rosary, of which we had already said 4 decades. Having stopped near the gate of the Village, to see what they might say to us, one of those two Iroquois draws a hatchet, which he held concealed under his blanket, and deals a blow