

going out, who will kill thee when thou shalt be outside the stockade?" That did not stop me, and Our Lord gave me courage enough to wish to die in this act of charity. I go, I seek; and, with the aid of an Algonquin,—formerly captured, and now a true Iroquois,—I find him. The children, after he had been killed, had stripped him, and had dragged him, with a rope about his neck, into a torrent which passes at the foot of their Village. The dogs had already eaten a part of his loins. I could not keep back my tears at this sight; I took the body, and, by the aid of that Algonquin, I put it beneath the water, weighted with large stones, to the end that it might not be seen. It was my intention to come the next day with a mattock, when no one should be there, in order to make a grave and place the body therein. I thought that the corpse was well concealed; but perhaps some who saw us,—especially of the youths,—withdrew it.

The next day, as they were seeking me to kill me, my aunt sent me to her field,—to escape, as I think; this caused me to delay until the morrow, a day on which it rained all night, so that the torrent swelled uncommonly. I borrowed a mattock from another cabin, the better to conceal my design; but, when I draw near the place, I no longer find that Blessed deposit. I go into the water, which was already very cold; I go and come,—I sound with my foot, to see whether the water has not raised and carried away the body; I find nothing. How many tears did I shed, which fell into the torrent, while I sang, as well as I could, the psalms which the church is accustomed to recite for the dead. After all, I find nothing; and a woman of my acquaintance, who passed