

there and saw me in pain, told me, when I asked her whether she knew what they had done with him, that they had dragged him to the river, which was a quarter of a league from there, and which I was not acquainted with. That was false: the young men had taken away the body, and dragged it into a little wood near by,—where, during the autumn and winter, the Dogs, Ravens, and Foxes fed upon it. In the Spring, when they told me that it was there that they had dragged him, I went thither several times without finding anything. At last, the 4th time, I found the head and some half-gnawed bones, which I buried with the design of carrying them away, if I should be taken back to 3 Rivers, as they spoke of doing. I kissed them very devoutly, several times, as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ.

I give him this title not only because he was killed by the enemies of God and of his Church, and in the exercise of an ardent charity toward his neighbor,—placing himself in evident peril for the love of God,—but especially because he was killed on account of prayer, and notably for the sake of the holy Cross.

He was in a Cabin where he nearly always said the prayers,—which little pleased a superstitious old man who was there. One day, seeing a little child of 3 or 4 years in the cabin,—with an excess of devotion and of love for the Cross, and with a simplicity which we who are more prudent than he, according to the flesh, would not have shown,—he took off his cap, put it on this child's head, and made a great sign of the cross upon its body. The old man, seeing that, commanded a young man of his cabin, who was about to leave for the war, to kill him,—which order he executed, as we have said.