

death; he gives up the feasts and the other diversions, even the most lawful,—fearing to see himself unawares involved there in some fault. His thoughts are only of God, as he tries to learn the prayers, and has himself instructed with the simplicity of a child,—though he was a man of excellent judgment, and of influence among his own people. His memory being faithless to him, at an age more apt to forget than to learn, his good will furnished him a means which served him as book and writing. He had recourse to those of his cabin, though infidels. “Thou wilt remind me of these three words,” he said to his wife; “and thou,”—addressing his daughter,—“do not forget these three others.” And thus he proceeded dividing among several persons what he wished to learn, having it repeated to him very often and retaining for himself these two words, *JESOUS taitenr*,—“Jesus have pity on me,” which was his best-loved prayer, and which he repeated a thousand times a day.

Then, the whole Village being at the [98] height of diabolical ceremonies, and of a superstitious solemnity which the infidels name *Onnonhouaroia*,—that is to say, a public madness, and a disorder of the brain,—there occurred a dangerous commotion against the Christians. Already the hatchet had been raised against that one of our Fathers who has charge of that Mission,—if a Christian had not thrown himself between them, to parry or to receive the blow. In fact, some were rudely struck, and the hatchet of the infidels almost gave to this Church a martyr; but it only half dealt its blow, having drawn only the blood, and not the whole life, of a good Christian named Laurent Tandoutsont.