

his departure, and when they asked him the reason of this so extraordinary care, he said: "I am called into the woods [22] to die there; pray for me, for I shall come back no more. See that I be given a ball, in order to kill the first Hiroquois who shall try to kill me." The matter came to pass as he had thought.

Augustin *Tchipakouch* addressed these remarks to a Father: "Adieu, my Father, for the last time. I know not what act of thanks to render you for so many benefits as I have received from your charity; love me still after death, and pray for my soul when you shall learn that I am in the hands of our enemies, so that I be not twice burned."

A certain *Kitouchi* said to the same Father: "There is a bundle of beaver skins, that I beg thee to give such a one when thou shalt see him in this country." "Yes, but," said the Father, "are not these beaver skins thine?" "They are so no longer," he answers; "for I account myself already dead."

The Father who was instructing them during the Winter remarked, after their deaths, that his more usual conversations were upon the means for dying well,—how one should behave, if one were taken by the Hiroquois; how one should make profit from the great torments which they cause their prisoners to suffer; and, though often he had no design of [23] speaking to them on a subject so sad, he commonly found himself engaged in these discourses without intending it. All these feelings have not prevented their deaths, it is true; but they have strongly fortified their souls. God was preparing his elect by these thoughts, to which no credence was attached,—they being given not for the life of the body, but for