

whether they were friends or enemies; add that modesty made her conceal herself, in order to proceed thereafter only by night. In fact, she resumed her journey toward eight o'clock in the evening: and when she discovered the French fort, she was at the same time recognized by some Hurons, who moved straight toward her, in order to know who she was. Seeing them come, she leaves the shores of the river, and returns to the woods, shouting to them that they should not approach,—that she was entirely naked, and that she had escaped from the hands of the enemy. One of those Hurons throws her a mantle, and a sort of robe; having put this on, she leaves the woods and comes away with them to the house of the French. Our Fathers send for her, and question her about her journey; she relates what I have just told,—very joyful to see herself at liberty, and admiring the charity of those whom she had so earnestly sought without knowing the place of their dwelling. She arrived at Three Rivers on the twenty-sixth of July, greatly exhausted and emaciated. O God, what sufferings! [55] What a lover of life is man! If these crosses were accepted for Jesus Christ, how precious they would be! She had no thought of suffering them for her God, since she had never had knowledge of him, because she had never come near to those who distribute the bread of life to poor famished ones.

But let us enter, if you please, into crosses much holier, into sufferings ardently desired, and into a death more desirable than life itself. It is time to speak of the murder, or rather the martyrdom, of Father Isaac Jogues. Our poor Neophytes, being conducted to the country of their enemies, were asking