

the world, in order to come here to drag out a wretched life with us."

Father François Joseph Bressany,<sup>3</sup> whom we had been expecting for four years, finally arrived here among the Hurons at the beginning of last Autumn. If he had not been taken captive by the Iroquois on his first voyage, he would already know the Huron language, and would be a trained workman. But it must be acknowledged that the providences of God are gracious. The cruelties which some Hurons who escaped saw him suffer among the Iroquois, and his mutilated hands,—the fingers having been cut off,—have rendered him a better Preacher than we, since the time of his arrival, and have served more than all our tongues to give a better conception than ever to our Huron Christians, of the truths of our faith.

"It must be," said some, "that God is very gracious, and truly deserves that he alone should be obeyed,—since the sight of a thousand deaths, and of tortures a thousand times more frightful than death, [75] cannot stop those who come to announce to us his word." "If there were not a Paradise," said others, "could there be found men who would traverse the fires and flames of the Iroquois, in order to withdraw us from Hell, and to lead us with them to Heaven?" "No," exclaimed several; "I can no longer be tempted regarding the truths of the faith. I can neither read nor write, but those fingers which I see cut off are the answer to all my doubts; for I cannot question that that man is well assured of what he comes to teach us, who, having experienced such horrible cruelties, has exposed himself to them for the second time, as cheerfully as if he had found