

recognize him. The Father besought him to bring the Father Rector, that he might impart to him, he said, some news from Canada. The Father Rector was putting on the Sacerdotal vestments, in order to go and celebrate holy Mass; but the porter having told him that a poor man, come from Canada, was asking for him, that word "poor" touched him. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "he is in haste; and he may be in need." He then lays aside the sacred vestments with which he was partly robed, in order to perform an act of charity. He goes to find him; the Father, without revealing his identity, offers him letters signed by the Governor of the Dutch; before reading these, he puts various questions to the Father, without recognizing him; and then, at last, he asks him if he were indeed acquainted with Father Isaac Jogues. "I know him very well," he answers. "We have had word that he was taken by the Hiogois; is he dead? is he still captive? Have not those Barbarians slain him?" "He is at liberty, and it is he, my Reverend Father, who speaks to you;" and thereupon he falls upon his knees to receive his blessing. The Father Rector, overcome [121] with an unaccustomed joy, embraces him, and has him enter the house; every one hastens thither; the joy and consolation of a deliverance so little expected interrupt their words. In fine, they regard him as a Lazarus raised from the dead,—who is destined to go and die for the last time in the country where he has already suffered so many deaths.

From Rennes he comes to Paris; the Queen having heard mention of his sufferings, says aloud: "Romances are feigned; but here is a genuine combination of great adventures." She wished to see