

made me render thanks to my Savior Jesus Christ, because, on that day of gladness and joy, he was making us share his sufferings, and admitting us to participation in his crosses. We arrived on the eve of that sacred day at a little river, distant from the first village of the Hiroquois about a quarter of a league; we found on its banks, on both sides, many men and youths, armed with sticks which they let loose upon us with their accustomed rage. There remained to me now [73] only two nails,—those Barbarians tore them from me with their teeth, rending the flesh from beneath, and cutting it clean to the bone with their nails, which they allow to grow very long. A Huron, to whom they had given his liberty in that country, having perceived us, exclaimed: ‘You are dead, Frenchmen, you are dead; there is no liberty for you. Think no more of life; you will be burned; prepare yourselves for death.’ This fine reception did not afflict us to the degree that our enemies believed it would; my guard, nevertheless, seeing me all covered with blood, touched with some compassion, told me that I was in a pitiable state; and, in order to render me more distinguishable to the sight of his people, he wiped my face.

“After they had glutted their cruelty, they led us in triumph into that first village; all the youth were outside the gates, arranged in line,—armed with sticks, and some with iron rods, which they easily secure on account of their vicinity to the Dutch. Casting our eyes upon these weapons of passion, we remembered what saint Augustin says, that those who turn aside from the scourges of God, turn aside from the number of his children; on that account,