

[74] we offered ourselves with great courage to his fatherly goodness, in order to be victims sacrificed to his good pleasure and to his anger, lovingly zealous for the salvation of these peoples. Here follows the order which was observed at that funereal and pompous entry. They made one Frenchman march at the head, and another in the middle of the Hurons, and me the very last. We were following one another at an equal distance; and, that our executioners might have more leisure to beat us at their ease, some Hiroquois thrust themselves into our ranks in order to prevent us from running and from avoiding any blows. The procession beginning to enter this narrow way of Paradise, a scuffling was heard on all sides; it was indeed then that I could say with my Lord and master, *Supra dorsum meum fabricaverunt peccatores*,—‘Sinners have built and left monuments and marks of their rage upon my back.’ I was naked to my shirt, like a poor criminal; the others were wholly naked, except poor René Goupil, to whom they did the same favor as to me. The more slowly the procession marched in a very long road, the more blows we received. One was [75] dealt above my loins, with the pommel of a javelin, or with an iron knob the size of one’s fist, which shook my whole body and took away my breath. Such was our entrance into that Babylon. Hardly could we arrive as far as the scaffold which was prepared for us in the midst of that village, so exhausted were we; our bodies were all livid, and our faces all stained with blood. But more disfigured than all was René Goupil, so that nothing white appeared in his face except his eyes. I found him all the more beautiful as he had more in common with him who, bearing a face