

thread, and it seemed to him at every moment that some one was about to cut it; but he who held the end of it was not willing to let it go so soon.

Some time after the death of his companion, God communicated to him in his sleep, as he did of old to those old Patriarchs, what I am about to relate. He himself has set it down in writing, with his own hand: he tells it thus in the Latin tongue, translated into our French.

“After the death of my dearest companion, of happy memory, when they were seeking me every day for my death, and [90] when my soul was filled with anguish, what I am about to tell happened to me in my sleep.”

*Egressus eram à pago nostro solito meo more ut tibi Deo meo liberius gemerem*, these are his first words,—“I had gone forth from our village in my usual manner, in order to groan more freely before you, O my God; in order to offer to you my prayer, and to lift the sluice, in your presence, of my distresses and my complaints. At my return, I found all things new: those great stakes which surrounded our village appeared to me changed into towers, bulwarks, and walls of an illustrious beauty; so that, however, I saw nothing which was newly built, but indeed a city highly venerable for its antiquity. Doubting if it were our village, I saw some Hiroquois come out, with whom I was very well acquainted, who seemed to assure me that in truth it was our village. Filled with astonishment, I approached that City; having passed the first gate, I saw these two letters, L. N., engraved in large characters upon the right column of the second gate, and next a little lamb, slaughtered. I was surprised, [91] being unable to conceive