

touched with compassion at the sight of a single widow, whose son they were carrying to the grave; how would it be possible that these imitators of Jesus Christ should not be moved to pity at the sight of the hundreds and hundreds of widows,—whose children not only, but almost all their kindred, have been either outrageously killed, or taken captive, and then [101] inhumanly burned, cooked, torn, and devoured by the enemy? Those who touch me still more are the poor widows and orphans of la Conception, which was the Village commonly named by the Hurons “the Believing Village,”—and that with reason, for there were very few infidels left. Last winter, there had not been any public sin committed there,—the Christians being the strongest, so that they could hinder the Infidels who might have wished to commit such. Among others, there was a desire for a Douthetha Dance,—to which the Musician, who had come from another Village, wished to annex a feast of Endakwandet. Having heard of this, the Christians opposed it so vigorously that there was not one Captain who was willing to make the proclamation of it; the Musician was therefore constrained to depart, and to return abashed to his own Village. This was the last act that our Christians accomplished in profession of their Faith; for, three days later, the Iroquois killed them, having taken away only six of them as prisoners,—all the rest having bravely fought, even to death, for the defense of their native country. I have been told that Charles Ondaiaiondiont, seeing that the enemy [102] was overwhelming by dint of numbers, knelt to pray to God; and that, a very little later, he was killed by an arquebus shot. Acowendoutie, of Arentet, bap-