

upon him a thousand indignities; and there was hardly any one who did not try to assume the glory of having given him the final blow, even on seeing him dead.

The fire meanwhile was consuming the cabins; and when it had spread as far as the Church, the Father was cast into it, at the height of the flames, which soon made of him a whole burnt-offering. Be this as it may, he could not have been more gloriously consumed than in the fires and lights of a *Chapelle ardente*.

While the enemy delayed around the Pastor of that Church, his poor scattered flock had at least more leisure to escape; and many, in fact, betook themselves to a place of safety,—indebted for their lives to the death of their father. The others could not escape promptly enough,—especially some poor distressed mothers, who succumbed beneath the burden of three [13] or four children; or who, having attempted to hide themselves in the depth of the forest, saw themselves discovered there through the innocent cries of an age which betrays itself, calling upon itself the misfortune which it most fears.

It was fourteen years during which this good Father had been working in this Mission of the Hurons,—with an indefatigable care, a generous courage in enterprises, an insurmountable patience, and an unalterable meekness; and with a charity which knew how to excuse everything, bear everything, and love every one. His humility was sincere; his obedience was thorough, and always ready to endure all and to do all. His zeal accompanied him even to death, which did not surprise him unexpectedly, although it was very sudden. For he always