

had come to seek; but so little cognizable was it, being completely covered with its blood, and the ashes of the fire, that they passed it by. Some Christian Savages, however, recognized their Father, who had died for love of them. They buried him in the same spot on which their Church had stood, although there remained no longer any vestige of it, the fire having consumed all.

The poverty of that burial was sublime, and its sanctity no [33] less so. The two good Fathers divested themselves of part of their apparel, to cover therewith the dead; they could do no more, unless it were to return entirely unclothed.

It was truly a rich treasure to deposit in so desolate a spot, the body of so noble a servant of God; but that great God will surely find a way to reunite us all in Heaven, since it is for his sake alone that we are thus scattered, both during life and after death.

Dread lest the enemy, having made but a show of departure, might retrace his steps, constrained all that escort of love to set out again that same day, and, without losing time, to return, as speedily as possible, to the place whence they had departed,—without food or drink; by roads difficult of passage; and at a most fatiguing season, as the snow had already covered the ground.

Two days after the taking and burning of the village, its inhabitants returned,—who, having discovered the change of plan which had led the enemy to take another route, had had their suspicions of the misfortune that had happened. But now they beheld it with their own eyes; and at the sight of the [34] ashes, and the dead bodies of their relatives, their wives, and their children, they maintained for half