

watching, and in prayer. Toward midnight, he heard a noise, accompanied with cries,—partly of a victorious hostile force who occupied that road; partly, also, of captives, taken that very day in the village of saint Jean, who were singing, as was their custom, their war-song. On hearing the noise, the Father awoke his men, who fled at once into the forest, and eventually saved themselves,—scattering, some here, some there; and taking their route toward the very place from which the enemy had come out, though a little at one side of it.

These Christians, escaped from the peril, arrived at the Tobacco Nation, and reported that the Father had gone some little way with them, intending to follow them; but [57] that, becoming exhausted, he had fallen on his knees, saying to them, “It matters not that I die; this life is a very small consideration; of the blessedness of Paradise, the Iroquois can never rob me.”

At daybreak, the Father, having altered his route, desirous of coming to the Island where we were, found himself checked at the bank of a river, which crossed his path. A Huron reported the circumstance, adding that he had passed him, in his canoe, on this side of the stream; and that, to render his flight more easy, the Father had disburdened himself of his hat, and of a bag that contained his writings; also of a blanket, which our Missionaries use as robe and cloak, as mattress and cushion, for a bed, and for every other convenience,—even for a dwelling-place, when in the open country, and when they have, for the time, no other shelter. Since then, we have been unable to learn any other news of the Father.