

Of the manner of his death we are uncertain,—whether he may have fallen into the hands of the enemies, who actually slew on the same road some thirty persons; or that, having missed his way in the forest, he [58] may have died there, partly from hunger, partly from cold, at the foot of some tree at which weakness had obliged him to halt. But, after all, it seems to us most probable that he was murdered by that Huron,—once a Christian, but since an Apostate,—the last to see him, and who, to enjoy the possessions of the Father, would have killed him, and thrown his body into the River. Had we been inclined to pursue this matter further, I feel sure that we would have discovered proofs sufficient to convict this murderer; but, in such general misery, we judged it wiser to smother our suspicions; and we closed our own eyes to what we were well pleased was not evident. It is enough for us that God's purposes should have been served.

Father Noël Chabanel had come to us from the Province of Toulouse, in the year 1643, having been received into our Society as early as the year 1630, when he was only seventeen years of age. God had given him a strong vocation for these countries; but, once here, he had much to contend with; for, even after three, four, and five years of effort to learn the [59] language of the Savages, he found his progress so slight, that hardly could he make himself understood even in the most ordinary matters. This was no little mortification to a man who burned with desire for the conversion of the Savages, who in other ways was deficient neither in memory nor mind, and who had made this manifest enough by having for some years successfully taught Rhetoric in France.