

she replied, "from time to time, *Jesous taitenr*,— 'Jesus, have pity on me.' At the same moment, I felt myself quite warm. The cold again seizing on me, some time after, I renewed my prayer, [83] and my body again recovered its warmth. I passed the whole night in that way, and cheerfully awaited my death." This poor woman could recall but those two words out of all her prayers. She recovered, for that time; but since then has fallen into the hands of the enemies, and has thus met the termination of her miseries.

Our poor starvelings were just beginning to enjoy the benefit of their fishery, which they found abundant enough; but their joy was to savor more of Heaven than of earth. On the day of the Annunciation, the twenty-fifth of March, a war-party of Iroquois—who had marched over nearly two hundred leagues of country, across ice and snow, crossing mountains and forests full of terrors—surprised, one nightfall, our Christians' camp, and perpetrated in it a cruel butchery. It seemed as if Heaven directed their every step, and as if they had an Angel for guide; for they divided their forces so successfully as to discover, in less than two days, every party of our Christians, who had scattered hither and thither. These were separated by six, [84] seven, or eight leagues,—one hundred in one place, fifty in another; there were even some solitary families who had strayed into less well-known places, and away from all beaten track. Strange circumstance! of all that scattered people, but a single man escaped, who came to bring to us the news,—even as, in days of old, it happened to that prodigy of Patience for whom there survived, in his losses, but one sad messenger,