

who hastened breathlessly to apprise him of his calamity, and thus render it more poignant.

My pen can no longer express the fury of the Iroquois in these encounters; it shrinks from the repeated portrayal of such scenes of cruelty,—to which our eyes cannot become familiarized any more than our feelings, which are never dulled to the violence of all these torments which rage suggests. Our sole consolation is this, that these horrible inflictions end with our lives; and that God will crown them with a happiness that has no end.

Since then, misfortunes have crowded upon us. Hardly had the Christians who remained in the village of Saint Joseph [85] enjoyed a few days' respite, to raise their hopes after so terrible a blow as that which had stricken them down, than their fear of the flames, and of the cruelty of the Iroquois, revived. But an evil which they regarded only as remote seemed less terrible than the immediate pangs of an insupportable famine, which was already inclining them to the very rejections of nature, and causing them to devour rotting carrion. The Mother felt no horror in satiating her raging hunger on the body of her own child; nor did the children spare the body of their Father.

Hunger, it is said, drives the wolves from the woods; our starving Hurons were likewise compelled to leave a village where only horror abounded. This was toward the end of Lent. Alas! these poor Christians would have been only too happy had they had anything from which to fast, as even acorns and water. On Easter day, we had a general communion for them. The next day, they parted from us, leaving in our care all their little property,—the