

thou returnest to the country of the Algonquins, assure them that the Iroquois, with all their tortures, have not succeeded in stifling the prayer on my lips, nor the faith in my heart. Tell them that I died gladly, in the hope of going very soon to Heaven." Indeed,' added the Young Huron, 'he did not cease to pray, and to praise God, amid tortures that lasted three whole days; and, as this great troop of Butchers tormented him the more, because he prayed, he, instead of desisting from his prayers, redoubled them, often lifting his eyes to Heaven,—the spectacle filling me with grief, and drawing tears from my eyes. He asked me if I felt sad at his happiness. "Do not unnerve me [113] by thy tears," he said to me; "for I assure thee that although I suffer much in my body, my soul is not at all sad; it would certainly be for a mere nothing if I were afflicted,—I, who am so near the house of him who made all things." See," says the Father from whom we received the letter, "what has been recently told us concerning that young man who was so dear to you."

When he left Saint Joseph, he made—of his own accord, and without any one instructing him to do so—a general Confession, dating from the time of his Baptism; and going on to Three rivers, he again confessed and received communion with his comrades. God was preparing him for so holy and glorious a death.

This noble Champion was a native of a petty Algonquin nation, not far distant from the country of the Hurons. Having heard of our belief, and seeing that his fellow-countrymen had no relish for it, he went down to Three rivers, and from that place came as far as the mission of Saint Joseph at Sillery,—