

During his illness, he did nothing but recite his rosary and repeat acts of contrition for his sins, and of faith, hope, and charity. He thought and spoke only of God; and, wonderful to relate, when he frequently became delirious, during the whole of that time he repeated nothing else but his rosary; and his sole pleasure consisted in reciting the *Ave Maria*, and in adding to it some of the acts of virtue, an infallible sign of the habit he had contracted. He manifested but one regret in his illness; this was at not seeing his good Father (thus he called Father Frémin), and at not dying in his arms; in truth, he loved and was greatly beloved by the Father.

Before his death, while still in possession of his faculties, he exhorted his relatives, who surrounded him, to persevere in God's service; and he begged them also to exhort on his behalf all the Savages of la prairie de la Magdeleine to be constant in the faith. Moreover, he sent them word that he was going before them to heaven, as he hoped; and that he fully expected all of them to follow him. He also directed them to pay with his petty effects the few debts that he had contracted. After this, his thoughts were solely of paradise; and he communed sweetly with God, to whom he gave up his soul very peacefully. When the news of his death was brought hither, it filled the minds of all with sorrow, but, at the same time, with a certain feeling of devotion caused by the recollection of his virtue.

As we have changed here the ridiculous customs of the Iroquois respecting the effects of the dead,—which were either buried with them, or devoted to superstitious purposes,—as, I say, these have been changed into better usages by distributing the effects