

came that the enemy was nigh. The call to arms was sounded. But our Hurons—whom, as a mark of honor, our Governor had chosen for his bodyguards and sentinels—would not set out until they had all assisted at the divine rites, although it was in the dead of night. The same piety shone in their conduct throughout the whole expedition and elicited great admiration, with due praise, on the part of the French. The same spirit persevered after the whole army had reached Chambly, where all the troops had to assemble. There they performed morning [and evening] prayers,—both publicly, as is the custom in the village of Lorette, and privately; they shunned the nightly gatherings and dances of the other savages, although they were their kindred and friends; they visited them by day, and everywhere gave examples of modesty and piety.<sup>32</sup> So excellent was their behavior that, when the troops were disbanded after the victory, the Lorette Hurons went by no other name than “the holy savages;” and that Father Vallant, Superior of the Residence of Montreal,—on his way through Quebec, where I chanced to be,—embraced me affectionately and said: “My Father, congratulate thyself; for thou hast as many saints as thou hast Hurons at Lorette.” [In truth, when lately, on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, they all approached the holy table, I hardly found, in most of them, cause for needing the sacrament of penance; and almost the entire village might have partaken of the holy banquet without having confessed.] The same piety that exists in the living shines forth in the dying. During the five years that I have spent here, not a single soul has departed this life otherwise than is the wont of the