

# FORT SAINTE MARIE II.

*Christian Island, Ontario,*

AND

# PALISADED HURON VILLAGE,

(EITHER ST. LOUIS or ST. IGNACE II)

*County of Simcoe, Ontario,*

A WISE nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great structures, and fosters national pride of country, by perpetual reference to the sacrifices and glories of the past.

—*Joseph Howe.*

**Canadian National Parks,  
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## EXTRACTS

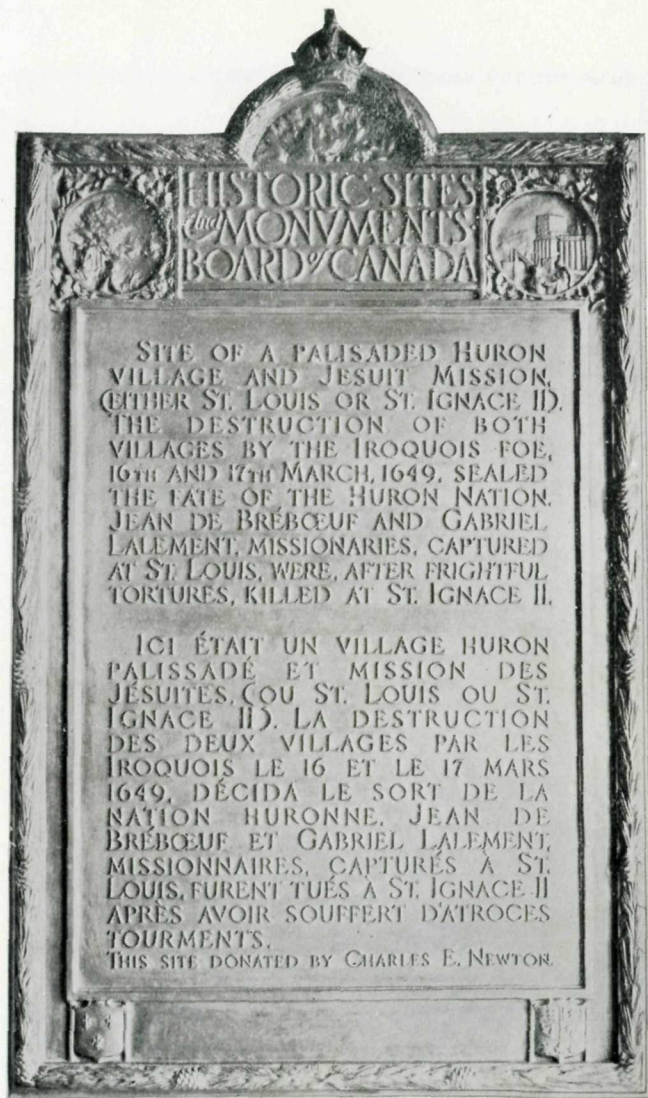
*from the TRAVELS and EXPLORATIONS of  
the JESUIT MISSIONARIES in  
NEW FRANCE,  
1610-1679.*

*Edited by REUBEN GOLD THWAITES,  
Secretary of the State Historical Society  
of Wisconsin, U.S.A.*



DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Hon. Charles Stewart, - - - Minister  
W. W. Cory, C.M.G., - Deputy Minister  
J. B. Harkin, - Commissioner Canadian  
National Parks, Ottawa.



OF THE CAPTURE OF THE VILLAGES OF THE MISSION OF  
ST. IGNACE, IN THE MONTH OF MARCH  
OF THE YEAR 1649.

THE progress of the Faith kept increasing from day to day, and the blessings of Heaven were flowing down in abundance upon these peoples, when God chose to derive from them his glory in ways which are adorable, and which belong to the jurisdiction of his divine providence,—although they have been very severe for us, and were not in our expectations.

The 16th day of March in the present year, 1649, marked the beginning of our misfortunes,—if, however, that be a misfortune which no doubt has been the salvation of many of God's elect.

[34] The Iroquois, enemies of the Hurons, to the number of about a thousand men, well furnished with weapons,—and mostly with firearms, which they obtain from the Dutch, their allies,—arrived by night at the frontier of this country, without our having had any knowledge of their approach; although they had started from their country in the Autumn, hunting in the forests throughout the Winter, and had made over the snow nearly two hundred leagues of a very difficult road, in order to come and surprise us. They reconnoitered by night the condition of the first place upon which they had designs,—which was surrounded with a stockade of pine-trees, from fifteen to sixteen feet in height, and with a deep ditch, wherewith nature had

strongly fortified this place on three sides,—there remaining only a little space which was weaker than the others.

It was at that point that the enemy made a breach at daybreak, but so secretly and promptly that he was master of the place before people had put themselves on the defensive,—all being then in a deep sleep, and not having leisure to reconnoiter their situation. Thus this village was taken, almost without striking a blow, there having been only ten Iroquois [35] killed. Part of the Hurons—men, women, and children—were massacred then and there; the others were made captives, and reserved for cruelties more terrible than death.

Three men alone escaped, almost naked, across the snows; they bore the alarm and terror to another and neighboring village, about a league distant. This first village was the one which we called Saint Ignace, which had been abandoned by most of its people at the beginning of the Winter,—the most apprehensive and most clear-sighted having withdrawn from it, foreboding the danger; thus the loss of it was not so considerable, and amounted only to about four hundred souls.

The enemy does not stop there; he follows up his victory, and before Sunrise he appears in arms to attack the village of Saint Louys, which was fortified with a fairly good stockade. Most of the women, and the children, had just gone from it, upon hearing the news which had arrived regarding the approach of the Iroquois. The people of most courage, about eighty persons, being resolved to [36] defend themselves well, repulse with courage the first and the second assault, having killed among the enemy some thirty of their most venturesome men, besides many wounded. But, finally, number has the advantage,—the Iroquois having undermined with blows of their hatchets the palisade of

stakes, and having made a passage for themselves through considerable breaches.

Toward nine o'clock in the morning, we perceived from our house at Sainte Marie the fire which was consuming the cabins of that village, where the enemy, having entered victoriously, had reduced everything to desolation,—casting into the midst of the flames the old men, the sick, the children who had not been able to escape, and all those who, being too severely wounded, could not have followed them into captivity. At the sight of those flames, and by the color of the smoke which issued from them, we understood sufficiently what was happening,—this village of Saint Louys not being farther distant from us than one league. Two Christians, who escaped from the fire, arrived almost at the same time, and gave us assurance of it.

In this village of Saint Louys were at that time two of our Fathers,—Father Jean de Brebeuf and Father Gabriel Lallement, [37] who had charge of five loosely neighboring villages; these formed but one of the eleven Missions of which we have spoken above; we named it the Mission of St. Ignace.

Some Christians had begged the Fathers to preserve their lives for the glory of God,—which would have been as easy for them as for the more than 500 persons who went away at the first alarm, and had abundant leisure to reach a place of security; but their zeal could not permit them, and the salvation of their flock was dearer to them than love for their own lives. They employed all the moments of that time, as the most precious which they had ever had in the world; and, during the heat of the combat, their hearts were only fire for the salvation of souls. One was at the breach, baptizing the Catechumens; the other, giving absolution to the Neophytes,—both animating the Christians to die in the sentiments of piety, with which

they consoled them in their miseries. Accordingly, never was their faith, or the love which they had for their good Fathers and Pastors, more lively.

An Infidel, seeing affairs in a desperate condition, spoke of taking to flight; a [38] Christian, named Estienne Annaotaha, the most esteemed in the country for his courage and his exploits over the enemy, would never allow it. "What!" he said, "could we ever abandon these two good Fathers, who for us have exposed their lives? The love which they have had for our salvation will be the cause of their death; there is no longer time for them to flee across the snows. Let us then die with them, and we shall go in company to Heaven."

This man had made a general confession a very few days previously,—having had a presentiment of the danger wherein he saw himself involved, and saying that he wished that death should find him disposed for Heaven. And indeed he, as well as many other Christians, had abandoned himself to fervor in a manner so extraordinary, that we shall never be sufficiently able to bless the guidance of God over so many predestinated souls, for whom his divine Providence continues directing with love all the moments, both of life and of death.

All this band of Christians fell, mostly alive, into the hands of the enemy; and with them our two Fathers, the Pastors of that Church. They were [39] not killed on the spot; God was reserving them for much nobler crowns, of which we will speak hereafter.

The Iroquois having dealt their blow, and wholly reduced to fire the village of Saint Louys, retraced their steps into that of Saint Ignace, where they had left a good garrison, that it might be for them a sure retreat in case of misfortune, and that the victuals

which they found there might serve them as refreshments and provisions for their return.

On the evening of the same day, they sent scouts to reconnoiter the condition of our house at Sainte Marie; their report having been made in the Council of war, the decision was adopted to come and attack us the next morning,—promising themselves a victory which would be more glorious to them than all the successes of their arms in the past. We were in a good state of defense, and saw not one of our Frenchmen who was not resolved to sell his life very dear, and to die in a cause which—being for the interests of the Faith, and the maintenance of Christianity in these countries—was more the cause of God than ours; moreover, our greatest confidence was in him.

[40] Meanwhile, a part of the Hurons, who are called Atinniaonten (that is to say, the nation of those who wear a Bear on their coat of arms), having armed in haste, were at hand the next morning, the seventeenth of March, about three hundred warriors,—who, while awaiting a more powerful help, secreted themselves in the ways of approach, intending to surprise some portion of the enemy.

About two hundred Iroquois having detached themselves from their main body, in order to get the start and proceed to the attack of our house, encountered some advance-guards of that Huron troop. The latter straightway took flight after some skirmishing, and were eagerly pursued until within sight of our fort,—many having been killed while they were in disorder in the midst of the snows. But the more courageous of the Hurons, having stood firm against those who joined combat with them, had, some advantage on their side, and constrained the Iroquois to take refuge within the palisades of the village of Saint Louys,—which had not been burned, but only the cabins. These

Iroquois were forced into that palisade, and about thirty of them were taken captives.

[41] The main body of the enemy, having heard of the defeat of their men, came to attack our people in the very midst of their victory. Our men were the choicest Christians of the village of la Conception, and some others of the village of la Magdelaine. Their courage was not depressed, although they were only about one hundred and fifty. They proceed to prayers, and sustain the assault of a place which, having been so recently captured and recaptured, was no longer adequate for defense. The shock was furious on both sides,—our people have made many sallies, notwithstanding their small number, and having often constrained the enemy to give way. But,—the combat having continued quite far into the night,—as not more than a score of Christians, mostly wounded, were left, the victory remained wholly in the hands of the Infidels. It had, however, cost them very dear, as their Chief had been seriously wounded, and they had lost nearly a hundred men on the spot, of their best and most courageous.

All night our French were in arms, waiting to see at our gates this victorious enemy. We redoubled our devotions, in which were our strongest [42] hopes, since our help could only come from Heaven. Seeing ourselves on the eve of the feast of the glorious Saint Joseph, the Patron of this country, we felt ourselves constrained to have recourse to a Protector so powerful. We made a vow to say, every month, each a Mass in his honor, during the space of a whole year, for those who should be Priests. And all, as many as there were people here, joined to this, by vow, sundry Pences, to the end of preparing us more holily for the accomplishment of the will of God concerning us whether for life or for death; for we all regarded ourselves as so many

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victims consecrated to Our Lord, who must wait from his hand the hour when they should be sacrificed for his glory, without undertaking to delay or to wish to hasten the moments thereof.

The whole day passed in a profound silence on both sides,—the country being in terror and in the expectation of some new misfortune.

On the nineteenth, the day of the great Saint Joseph, a sudden panic fell upon the hostile camp,—some withdrawing in disorder, and others thinking only of [43] flight. Their Captains were constrained to yield to the terror which had seized them; they precipitated their retreat, driving forth in haste a part of their captives, who were burdened above their strength, like packhorses, with the spoils which the victorious were carrying off,—their captors reserving for some other occasion the matter of their death.

As for the other captives who were left to them, destined to die on the spot, they attached them to stakes fastened in the earth, which they had arranged in various cabins. To these, on leaving the village, they set fire on all sides,—taking pleasure, at their departure, in feasting upon the frightful cries which these poor victims uttered in the midst of those flames, where children were broiling beside their mothers; where a husband saw his wife roasting near him; where cruelty itself would have had compassion at a spectacle which had nothing human about it, except the innocence of those who were in torture, most of whom were Christians.

An old woman, escaped from the midst of that fire, bore the news of it to the village of Saint Michel, where there were about [44] seven hundred men in arms, who charged upon the enemy; but, not having been able to overtake him after two days' march, partly the want of provisions, partly the dread of combatting

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without advantage an enemy encouraged by his victories, and one who had mostly firearms, of which our Hurons have very few,—all these things obliged them to retrace their steps, without having done aught. They found upon the roads, from time to time, various captives, who—not having strength enough to follow the conqueror, who was precipitating his retreat—had had their heads split by a blow of the hatchet; others remained, half burned, at a post.

(Extract from Vol. 34, pp. 123 to 137, Relation of 1648-49.)

LETTER FROM PAUL RAGUENEAU TO FATHER  
GENERAL.

For the future, the Lord will provide; *sufficit enim dei malitia sua*. Nevertheless, there are two sources of possible destruction to this mission, which we greatly dread,—first, the hostile Iroquois; second, the failure of provisions; and it is not clear how these dangers may be encountered. Our Hurons, last year, were forced not only to leave their homes and their fortified villages, but even to forsake their fields, because they were harassed by warfare, and crushed by unceasing disaster. We, the Shepherds, followed our fleeing flock, and we too have left our dwelling-place,—I might call it our delight,—the residence of Sainte Marie, and the fields we had tilled, which promised a rich harvest. Nay, more, we even applied the torch to the work of our own hands lest the sacred House should furnish shelter to our impious enemy: and thus in a single day, and almost in a moment, we saw consumed our work of nearly ten years, which had given us the hope that we could produce the necessities of life, and thus maintain ourselves in this country without aid from France. But God has willed otherwise; our home is now laid waste, and our Penates forsaken; we have been compelled to journey elsewhere, and, in the land of our exile, to seek a new place of banishment.

Within sight of the mainland, about twenty miles from that first site of Sainte Marie, is an Island surrounded by a vast lake (which might better be called a sea). There the fugitive Hurons checked their

flight,—at least most of them; there also we must abide; there, where lately were the dens of wild beasts we were obliged to build new homes; there the forest, never touched by the axe since the creation, had to be cleared away; there, finally, not only we, but the savages, had to construct fortifications, a task pertaining to war. This was our occupation, this our unceasing effort,—winter and summer alike,—that we might at last render ourselves safe, in this respect, and quite prepared to receive the common enemy. We surrounded our position not merely with a wooden palisade, as hitherto had been the custom, but with a closely-built stone wall, as difficult to scale as it is easy of defense,—which defies the enemy's torch, or a battering-ram, or any engine of war which the Iroquois can employ.

But a far more laborious task remains, in pulling out trees and preparing the ground for cultivation, that its yield of grain, roots, and vegetables may be sufficient to prevent famine—for on such food we live here; we have no other beverage than cold water. We have almost no covering, save the skins of beasts, which nature furnishes without labor on our part. We saved ten fowls, a pair of swine, two bulls, and the same number of cows,—enough doubtless to preserve their kind. We have one year's supply of Indian corn; the rest has been used for Christian charity. However, the small amount which I have mentioned has been saved, because charity does not act blindly, and ought not to be so lavish, especially in saving bodies, as to leave nothing for our sustenance who must devote ourselves to the cultivation of the faith, and to securing the salvation of souls. But, though everything should fail, never, God helping us, shall courage, hope, and patience fail; for love can do all things, and endure all things. This solemn assertion I can make as regards all the Fathers living here. Their hearts are ready for all

things. They dread neither crosses, nor dangers, nor torture; in the sight of these they live, and in these they pray to die,—counting the state of this mission the more blessed, and the dignity of their own vocation the nobler, the nearer they see each his own cross before him, and himself upon it, whence no mortal could rescue them; whence only the will and command of God, who speaks to them through the voice of obedience, can withdraw them. We beg the love and blessing of your Paternity for us, your sons, in the heavenly places in Christ; for we are sons of the Cross,—oh, that we may die upon it! This is the burden of our prayers, this our hope, this our joy, which no one shall take from us.

Your most Reverend Paternity's  
Most humble and obedient son,

PAUL RAGUENEAU.

From the Residence of Sainte Marie,  
in the island of Saint Joseph, among the Hurons  
In New France, March 13, 1650.

To our Very Reverend Father in Christ,  
Vincent Caraffa,  
General of the Society of Jesus, at Rome.

*(Extract from Vol. 35, pp. 25 to 29, Relation of 1650.)*



OF THE REMOVAL OF THE HOUSE OF SAINTE MARIE TO  
THE ISLAND OF ST. JOSEPH.

IN consequence of the bloody victories obtained by the Iroquois over our Hurons at the commencement of the Spring of last year, 1649, and of the more than inhuman acts of barbarity practiced toward their prisoners of war, and the cruel torments pitilessly inflicted on Father Jean de Brebeuf and Father Gabriel Lallemant, Pastors of this truly suffering Church,—terror having fallen upon the neighboring villages, which were dreading a similar misfortune,—all the inhabitants dispersed. These poor, distressed people forsook their lands, houses, and villages, and all that in the world was dearest to them, in order to escape the cruelty of an enemy whom they feared more than a thousand deaths, and more than all that remained before their eyes,—calculated as that was to strike terror into hearts already wretched. Many, [5] no longer expecting humanity from man, flung themselves into the deepest recesses of the forest, where, though it were with the wild beasts, they might find peace. Others took refuge upon some frightful rocks that lay in the midst of a great Lake nearly four hundred leagues in circumference,—choosing rather to find death in the waters, or from the cliffs, than by the fires of the Iroquois. A goodly number having cast in their lot with the people of the Neutral Nation, and with those living on the Mountain heights, whom we call the Tobacco Nation,<sup>23</sup> the most prominent of those who remained invited us to join them, rather than to flee so far away,—trusting that God would espouse their

cause when it should have become our own, and would be mindful of their protection, provided they took care to serve him. With this in view, they promised us that they would all become Christians, and be true to the faith till the death came which they saw prepared on every side for their destruction.

This was exactly what God was requiring of us,—that, in time of dire distress, we should flee with the fleeing, accompanying them everywhere, whithersoever their faith should follow them; and that [6] we should lose sight of none of these Christians, although it might be expedient to detain the bulk of our forces wherever the main body of fugitives might decide to settle down. This was the conclusion we came to, after having commended the matter to God.

We told off certain of our Fathers, to make some itinerant Missions,—some, in a small bark canoe, for voyaging along the coasts, and visiting the more distant islands of the great Lake, at sixty, eighty, and a hundred leagues from us; others to journey by land, making their way through forest-depths, and scaling the summits of mountains. Go which way we might, since God was our guide, our defense, our hope, and our all, what was there to fear for us?

But on each of us lay the necessity of bidding farewell to that old home of Sainte Marie,—to its structures, which, though plain, seemed, to the eyes of our poor Savages, master-works of art; and to its cultivated lands, which were promising us an abundant harvest. That spot must be forsaken, which I may [7] call our second Fatherland, our home of innocent delights, since it had been the cradle of this Christian church; since it was the temple of God, and the home of the servants of Jesus Christ. Moreover, for fear that our enemies, only too wicked, should profane the sacred place, and derive from it an advantage, we ourselves set fire to it

and beheld burn before our eyes, in less than one hour, our work of nine or ten years.

It was between five and six o'clock, on the evening of the fourteenth of June, that a part of our number embarked in a small vessel we had built. I, in company with most of the others, trusted myself to some logs, fifty or sixty feet in length, which we had felled in the woods, and dragged into the water, binding all together, in order to fashion for ourselves a sort of raft that should float on that faithless element,—just as, in former days, we had seen in France floating timbers transported down the streams. We voyaged all night upon our great Lake, by dint of arms and oars; and, the weather being favorable, we landed without mishap, after [8] a few days, upon an island, where the Hurons were awaiting us, and which was the spot we had fixed upon for a general reunion, that we might make of it a Christian island.

God, doubtless, led us on this journey; for, even while we coasted along those deserted lands, the enemy was in the field, and on the following day delivered his blow upon some Christian families whom he surprised, during their sleep, along the road which we had followed; some were massacred upon the spot, others led away captive.

The Hurons who were awaiting us on that Island, called the Island of Saint Joseph, had sown there their Indian corn; but the Summer drouths had been so excessive that they lost hope of their harvest, unless Heaven should afford them some favoring showers. On our arrival, they besought us to obtain this favor for them; and our prayers were granted that very day, although previously there had been no appearance of rain.

These grand forests, which, since the Creation of the world, had not been felled by the hand of any man, [9]

received us as guests; while the ground furnished to us without digging, the stone and cement we needed for fortifying ourselves against our enemies.<sup>24</sup> In consequence, thank God, we found ourselves very well protected, having built a small fort according to military rules, which, therefore, could be easily defended, and would fear neither the fire, the undermining, nor the escalade of the Iroquois.

Moreover, we set to work to fortify the village of the Hurons, which was adjacent to our place of abode. We erected for them bastions, which defended its approaches,—intending to put at their disposal the strength, the arms, and the courage of our Frenchmen. These would most willingly have hazarded their lives in a defense so reasonable and so Christian,—the village being truly Christian, and the foundation of the Christian church that is dispersed throughout these regions.

*(Extract from Vol. 35, pp. 79 to 85, Relation 1649-50.)*

OF THE MISSION OF SAINT JOSEPH.

THIS Island, to which we had transferred the house of Sainte Marie, [10] being called by the name of Saint Joseph, Patron of these Regions, the Savages who had removed there constituted the Mission bearing the same name. The Huron village comprised over a hundred cabins, one of which might contain eight or ten families,—making, say, sixty or eighty persons. Besides this village, in the Country, here and there, were a few more distant cabins, all of which have provided work for the Fathers who have had charge of this Mission, on which God has poured out his blessings in proportion to the Crosses which he has sent it.

The famine here has been very severe. Not that the lands which had been sown would not have returned with interest what we desired—indeed, more than a hundredfold—that which had been entrusted to them; but for the reason that there was hardly one family in ten which had been able to apply itself to the labor needed to cultivate a field of Indian corn in a place which, when they came to it, was but a thick forest, unprepared in any way for tillage. The greater number of these poor people, exiles in their own country, had passed the whole Summer, a part also of [11] the Autumn, living in the woods on roots and wild fruits; or taking, here and there, in the Lakes or Rivers, a few small fish, which aided rather in postponing for a little time their death, than in satisfying the needs of life. Winter having set in, covering the ground with three or four feet of snow, and freezing all the Lakes and Rivers, that entire multitude of people who had crowded near us found themselves in immediate need, and in



the extremity of misery, not having laid in, nor being able to store, any provisions.

Then it was that we were compelled to behold dying skeletons eking out a miserable life, feeding even on the excrements and refuse of nature. The acorn was to them, for the most part, what the choicest viands are in France. Even carrion dug up, the remains of Foxes and Dogs, excited no horror; and they even devoured one another, but this in secret; for although the Hurons, ere the faith had given them more light than they possessed in infidelity, would not have considered that they committed any sin in eating their enemies, any more than in killing them, [12] yet I can truly say that they regard with no less horror the eating of their fellow-countrymen than would be felt in France at eating human flesh. But necessity had no longer law; and famished teeth ceased to discern the nature of that they ate. Mothers fed upon their children; brothers on their brothers; while children recognized no longer, in a corpse, him whom, while he lived, they had called their Father.

We endeavoured to relieve these miseries, in part; but, although our alms exceeded, perhaps, what Prudence asked of us, still—the calamity being so widespread, and it being impossible for us to assist all equally—we were compelled to be witnesses of some of these horrifying spectacles.

Those who were totally without means to guard against the famine were attacked by a contagious malady, which carried off a great number of them, especially of the children.

The War had already made its ravages, not only in the devastation which occurred [13] in the preceding Winter, but in the number of massacres which happened all through the Summer, on the mainland in the vicinity of this Island; poverty compelled numbers of

families to go thither, to seek death as much as life, in the open country given over to the fury of the enemy. But, that nothing might be lacking in the miseries of an afflicted people, all the days and nights of Winter were but nights of horror, passed in constant fear and expectation of a hostile party of Iroquois, of whom tidings had been received; these (it was said) were to come to us, to sweep this Island, and to exterminate, with us, the remnants of a nation drawing to its end. Here is an aspect of the matter calamitous indeed; but it was in the midst of these desolations that God was pleased to bring forth, from their deepest misfortunes, the well-being of this people. Their hearts had become so tractable to the faith that we effected in them, by a single word, more than we had ever been able to accomplish in entire years. These poor people, dying of hunger, came of their own accord to see us, and besought of us Baptism,—[14] consoling themselves with hopes of Paradise, which they beheld as near to them as was the death itself which they carried in their bosoms.

One mother was visited, who had but her two breasts, and these dry and without milk,—which, nevertheless, were the sole offering she had been able to make to three or four infants, who wept as they were pressed to her bosom. She beheld them die in her arms, one after another, and had not even the strength to cast them into the grave. She expired under this burden; but with her dying breath she said: “Yes, My God, you are the lord of our lives; we shall die, since you will it; but how good it is, that we should die Christians. I would have been damned, and my children with me, had we not died in affliction. They have received holy Baptism; and I firmly believe that, being companions in death, we shall rise all together.”

*Extract from Vol. 35, pp. 87 to 93, Relation 1649-50.)*

OF THE DEVASTATION OF THE COUNTRY OF THE HURONS,  
IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1650.

WE had passed all the Winter in the extremities of a famine which prevailed over all these regions, and everywhere carried off large numbers of Christians, never ceasing to extend its ravages, and casting despair on every side. Hunger is an inexorable tyrant,—one who never says “It is enough”; who never grants a truce; who devours all that is given him; and, should we fail to pay him, repays himself in human blood, and rends our bowels,—ourselves without the power to escape his rage, or to flee from his sight, all blind though he be. But, when the Spring came, the Iroquois were still more cruel to us, and it is they who have indeed blasted all our hopes. It is they who have transformed into an abode of horror—into a land of blood and carnage, into a theater of cruelty, and into a sepulchre of bodies stripped of their flesh by the exhaustions of a long famine—a country of plenty, a land of Holiness, a place no longer barbarous, since the blood [81] shed for love of it had made all its people Christians.

Our poor famished Hurons were compelled to part from us at the commencement of the month of March, to go in search of acorns on the summits of the mountains, which were divesting themselves of their snow; or to repair to certain fishing-grounds in places more open to the Southern Sun, where the ice melted sooner. They hoped to find, in these remote places, some little alleviation from the famine, which was rendering their

existence a living death,—as it were, an enemy domiciliated, shut up in their own houses, who had made himself master of the situation,—and all this, while in dread of a death still more cruel, and of falling into the fire and flame of the Iroquois, who were continually seeking their lives. Before going away, they confessed, redoubling their devotions in proportion as their miseries increased. Many received holy communion as preparation for death. Never was their faith more lively, and never did the hope of Paradise appear to them more sweet than in this despair, this surrender of their lives. They split up into bands, so [82] that, if some fell into the hands of the enemy others might escape.

The great Lake which surrounded our Island of Saint Joseph was, at that time, nothing but a bed of ice two or three feet in thickness. Hardly had these good Christians left our sight than the ice melted under their feet; some were drowned in the depths, and found there their grave; others, more fortunate, extricated themselves, though benumbed with a deadly cold. It was a most cruel death to the poor old men, women, and children, to give up their souls on these snows, without help or succor,—not, however, without consolation from Him whom they adored in their hearts, and who could never die therein.

An old Christian woman, aged sixty years, who had passed the whole night lying on the ice, was found on the following morning, full of life. She was asked who had preserved her. “I called out,” 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.

*(Extract from Vol. 35, pp. 183 to 187, Relation 1649-50.)*

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