

ment was to lay the corpse in a deep eddy of the torrent, concealing it under stones, in order to keep it from being floated away, and protect it against famished animals. He intended to return the next day with a spade, and bury it secretly.

When he reached the cabin, two young braves requested him to accompany them to a neighboring town: the holy man readily detected their murderous design, but he answered humbly, "I am not my own; ask my master: if he consents, I am ready to go with you." This spirit of obedience saved him, for his master stoutly refused to let him go.

Father Jogues endeavored to pay the last offices of respect and religion to René's remains the next day; but his master, to save him from the treacherous designs of ill-disposed men, sent him in another direction to work in their field. But on the day after he succeeded in starting early to seek the precious remains. Let us hear him recount this act of fraternal devotion, which reveals all the affection of his generous soul: "I went to the spot where I had laid the remains. I climbed the hill, by the foot of which the torrent runs; I descended it. I went through the wood on the other side: my search was useless. In spite of the depth of the water, which came up to my waist,—for it had rained all night,—and in spite of the cold (it was the 1st of October), I sounded with my feet and with my staff to see whether the current had not carried the corpse farther along. I asked every Indian I saw whether he knew what had become of it; but as they are liars by nature, and always answer in the affirmative without any regard for the truth, they told me that it had been carried down by the current to the river near by, which was untrue. Oh, what sighs I uttered, what tears I shed, to mingle with the waters of the torrent, while I chanted to Thee, O my God, the psalms of Holy Church in the Office of the Dead!"