

ther the thought, that the best way to exorcise this storm would be to preach,—there being a great assembly there. It pleased God, [76] by the force of his remarks, to abase that haughty spirit, which then spoke no more; and the Father, after having done what he was intending to do in this cabin, went on to finish the rest of his visits, wherein he was everywhere received with wonder because he was still alive,—the rumor having circulated that it was all over with him, and that they had burned the black gown and split his head.

No doubt we have every reason, in the midst of these barbarous peoples, to sing,—but with an accent filled with joy,—that Psalm of the Prophet: *Quare fremuerunt gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania*; for God scatters their efforts, and continues to mock their counsels, and cast confusion upon them, when they most strongly resolve upon our ruin.

Only two months ago, they held a general council of the country, at the same village of saint Louys; our lives were vigorously tossed about there, for the space of a whole night (for this is the time of their councils,—is it a wonder that the spirits of darkness preside there?); most of them resolved upon death, “And the more promptly,” they said, “the better it will be.” A single [77] nation resisted, showing the consequences of this resolution, which tended to the ruin of the country. Minds rebel against this opposition: those who were on our side, seeing themselves the weaker, say, “Let us then put the French to death, since you wish it; but let those who so eagerly prosecute this affair, themselves begin the execution thereof: we can well clear ourselves from it.” Thereupon they all send back the ball to one