

[161] mocked those fires. 'Those flames do not burn for me,' said this braggart; 'death dreads me; I seek it everywhere, and it shuns me; my most usual provision is the flesh of our enemies.' This poor wretch was soon carried off by death, without ever consenting to acknowledge himself in error. A poor child died in the midst of our cabin, and we were never able to baptize it. Several others, far removed from us, in isolated cabins in the midst of the fields, awaited only our coming in order to expire almost in our hands; and they have gone to enjoy in Heaven him who had made them only to save them. Some, closing their cabins to us, constrain us to enter another, into which we were not intending to go; we find there a soul which lacks nothing but baptism, in order to be the same day in paradise. Others, whom we were not seeking, call us to their house, and, without realizing it, give us the means to procure the salvation of a poor man who already had one foot in hell. In a word, the Angels [162] assist us to increase the number of the blessed. We cannot attribute to other power than to guardian spirits of men, the following occurrence:

"While the dream, or rather the devil, is being obeyed in our own cabin by a tumult or general madness of the whole people, and while he consequently interrupts the course of our exercise, a captain of the Algonquins, who are wintering an eighth of a league from here, comes to seek us in haste. 'A brother of mine,' he tells us, 'is dying of the contagion; come, I beg you, and visit him while he is still alive; come and teach him the way to heaven, for he desires it.' We hasten thither; we instruct him, more from the heart than from the lips; his