

Hardly is he somewhat relieved from his sickness, when it is necessary to start,—fasting, as early as three o'clock in the morning,—in order to go to another village eleven or twelve leagues thence, [174] whither the affairs of God call them. A little bread of the land,—if, however, that be bread; a mass of Indian corn meal soaked in water without leaven, which is not worth the bread which in France they make for the dogs; whatever name one give it,—this little food which they carry freezes on the way; and yet they must be content with it, and of necessity make eleven leagues without having eaten in the whole day a lump as large as the fist, of this so delicate fare. They almost stop, from weakness, but Our Lord assists them; and finally they drag themselves through the snows, and arrive very late at the place whither they are bound—on the one hand, covered with sweat, and, on the other, more than half frozen. Some souls gone astray here and there, which are put in the way to heaven when they are on the point of being swallowed up in hell, deserve a thousand times more than these labors; since they have cost the Savior of the world dearer than that.

While our Missionaries were under these persecutions, Joseph Chihouatenhoua,—of whom we often speak, [175] because his zeal and his courage have caused him to take a good share in all our sufferings,—this good Christian, wishing to be of the party, leaves his wife and his children, and gives over into the hands of God the care of his house at the time when all their village was most afflicted with disease. This poor family was every day expecting the visitation of Our Lord; the poor mother, in particular was in apprehension for her children,—well