

Fathers had been quite well received, every one refused them shelter; and yet the night was very near, while they knew not where to go, being chilled through with cold, and all wet. A good old man whom they had formerly instructed, and who had relished the word of God, approaches them. "How now," they said to him, "will your door be closed to us also?" "Come, and be welcome," answered this old man. He was a stranger,—from a hostile nation which they call Atsistaehronons, "Nation of fire,"⁷—who, [179] having been taken captive in his early years, received his life, and came to be at home among them. *Non est inventus nisi hic alienigena qui daret laudem Deo.* This good man eagerly received the words of salvation; however, as we make no great haste about baptisms, he was put off till another time.

It was in the principal village of saint Pierre and saint Paul, where, having returned to make a second visit, they could find no one who would admit them. The doors are at first closed to them, even by those who at the start had shown some pious affection for the Faith: they hear naught but threats and maledictions. The women exclaim aloud, "Where are now those who said that, if these black-robed men returned, they would split their heads?" The hours pass, and the more they appear before the cabins, the more they are refused; the children scream after them, as after sorcerers. Finally, night comes on, and obliges them to leave this village, where not one had been found worthy to receive them; they were not very [180] far when an insolent band of young men pursues them, hatchet in hand, to massacre them. The captain of this village had exhorted them to that at a