

they might have done it without having had this crime imputed to them before men. We live only on what they themselves sell us, and come to bring us in our house: who has constrained them to do this? They have the use of poison; could they not [190] each day mix some in what they bring us? They kill one another quite frequently, and these murders are imputed to the enemies, who throughout the summer and autumn are in ambushes along the roads; who restrains them from slaughtering us during those times when we journey from village to village,—without arms or defense, sometimes alone, and, at most, two together? Is it not God, who shuts their eyes? is it not he who protects us, and who wills that we shall not doubt the care that he has for us; and that he alone is our fortress, our cannons, our armies, our purveyor, our all? We see that he takes his opportunity and his moments at the very hour when there is need of it; he gives us access to those whom he wishes to draw to himself, though earth and hell oppose; and that is done with so much ease and effectiveness that it is easy to judge that this is an act of that hand which strongly influences from one extremity to the other, and continues to arrange everything quietly.

While the disease was ravaging this country, our Evangelistic workers enjoyed [191] a more robust health than they had ever had in their lives; the disease having ceased,—and consequently there being no longer necessity to hasten from village to village, in order to succor those poor infidels at the hour of death,—we saw ourselves caught by the legs, and attacked by the land disease [scurvy]. Did not that adorable providence thus ordain? In a word, we