

are but the instruments of that almighty arm; God is the master; his designs never remain unperfected. Since, then, hitherto the beginnings are from him, should we not hope that he will complete his work? And thus, while the Hurons conspire for our death; while human means fail us to maintain our lives here; while the enemies of these peoples increase as they do, every year; while they cut off for them the way, which they hold, for going down to Kébec, and by so doing deprive us of the little aid which we derive thence; while all hell and the demons rise up against the Faith and against those who announce it; our confidence, and our [192] thoughts of passing on beyond, will not diminish by one jot, since they have for support the Cross of Jesus Christ, who must finally subjugate all the world, and be adored by Angels, men, and the regions of hell.

Since the Relation, here follows a letter which has come from the Hurons, addressed to Reverend Father Vimont; which deserves to go with the present narrative.

MY REVEREND FATHER,  
*Pax Christi.*

It seems that the last canoes which are to go down are waiting to start, only to give us means of acquainting Your Reverence with a piece of news which I am sure will surprise you as much as it has surprised us,—and will cause you to put in the number of the profound secrets and of the adorable dispensations of the divine providence, that which we cannot consider without astonishment.

I was preparing to write to Your Reverence for