

What opportunity is there to take breath, in such [213] anxieties? If we do not make friends with these people, or if they be not exterminated, we must abandon to their cruelty many good Neophytes; we must lose many beautiful hopes, and see the Demons reënter their empire.

I thought to finish this chapter; but here are some fragments of a letter which will be a good conclusion. "I set out last year from the Three Rivers," says Father Claude Pijart, "to go to the country of the Nipisiriniens. God delivered us from the ambushes of the Hiroquois, and from a shipwreck, in which I thought I should lose my life; the Savages who were conducting me having stepped into the water, in a torrent against the current of which they were dragging the canoe that bore me, and the rapidity of the water having made them lose their hold, I saw myself being carried away by the torrent into a precipitous rush of water full of horror. I was, while full of life, at two finger-lengths from death, when a young Huron, who alone had remained with me in the canoe, sprang nimbly into the seething water, pushed the canoe out of the current, and, in escaping himself, saved me and all our little baggage. I encountered, besides, other dangers, from which *Eripuit me Dominus, et mater misericordiæ*. God [214] and the Mother of Mercy delivered me. We have made several journeys this winter; God has rewarded our humble labors with some predestined souls, that seemed only to await Holy Baptism that they might enter heaven. Our usual dwelling place during the winter has been in the country of the Hurons, which we left on the eighth of May, that we might go and instruct the Nipisiriniens. We say holy Mass every day in their