

whatever opposition hell and earth may offer to the conversion of these peoples.

I had intended, at the end of this Chapter, to relate some sentiments of these good Christians, but fear of being tedious induces me to omit them. It is enough that Heaven sees them, and that Eternity will give us every leisure to bless the Author of such graces, who is everywhere true to himself, and rich and abundant in his mercies. One or two things more before finishing.

A good man, sixty years of age, his wife, and two of their children, all Christians, heard that one of their relatives was dying in the midst of the woods, and that a little child, still at the breast, could not outlive her mother. They were filled with compassion, and with the desire to save the mother and the child at least for Heaven. They all had themselves taught the formula [88] of Baptism; started in company, in very bad weather, at the end of the winter; performed a three days' journey through deep snow and, during most of the time, on the ice of a lake which was broken here and there,—presenting so many pitfalls that they could hardly go a hundred paces on that lake without seeing themselves in danger of death, and some of them even sank deep into the water. Finally, after great labor and many fears, they found the poor sick woman, baptized her child, and succored both of them with the restoratives that they carried with them; and I have no doubt that Heaven took pleasure in that act of charity, and that God has chosen to bless it. At present, the mother and child are full of life, and this Christian family is making daily progress in the sentiments of Faith. “No,” they said on their return, “we would never