

Heaven do not arrest the insolence and success of their Enemies.

A year ago last Summer, our Christians had mustered a band of about a hundred picked men, who joined some Infidel warriors to go and lay ambushes on the frontiers of the enemy's Country. They were met by seven or eight hundred Hiroquois; and, after fighting for a whole evening and a whole night, they were all killed on the field of battle or taken prisoners, not one effecting his escape.

One misfortune attracts another. In the same year, two bands of Hurons fell into the hands of other Hiroquois who are nearer Kebec, and who lay in wait for them on the River which they descend to go and see the French, and to trade their Beaver skins and furs with them.

[141] And last year three other fleets, mostly of Christians, also met with death or captivity on the same road,—one, soon after their departure from Three rivers; another, a little above Ville-Marie; the last, about sixty leagues higher up. For the peril continues over a hundred leagues of road. There is no safety for a moment from an enemy hidden in the rushes along the banks of the river, or in the depths of the forest, which screen them from your sight while they can see you coming from a distance of four, five, or six leagues,—thus having time to prepare for a combat, if they see that you are weaker; or to retreat, or remain hidden in their ambush, if they consider you the stronger.

A single band, which had passed through these dangers, reached here safely, and brought to us Father Jean de Brebeuf, whose absence during three years had been greatly felt by us, and Fathers Leonard