

pursued him almost an entire day. He found that, after escaping one misfortune, he fell into ten others; he wandered in the woods for three days without food; the mosquitoes disturbed his rest night and day, piercing him with their stings from head to foot; the whole of his body was but one sore; and finally he despaired of his [163] life. Finding himself still at a distance of more than sixty leagues from any settlement,—in a country where the Hiroquois are ever hunting men, and where every step that he took to avoid the enemy would, he feared, lead him into their ambushes,—his strength at last failed him; and, as he could proceed no farther, he resolved to die upon a bare rock that he chose for his tomb, when some Huron canoes fortunately caught sight of him, and drew him from the gates of death. “Alas!” said that good Christian, “I thought not of my misfortunes, or, at least, I could bear them in the thought that I escaped a greater evil. If dread of a fire that would have burned me but for one night made me insensible to so much misery, could I now,” he said, “find the yoke of the Faith a heavy one, and can the troubles that have to be endured in God’s service really seem troubles to us, if we truly believe that there is a Hell, and that we must suffer in this world in order not to suffer forever?”

“When I was in the fires of the Hiroquois,” said another Christian, who had felt their severity, “this [164] thought consoled me, that God had ordered it. My sufferings were excessive, and yet I could not in any way complain of his kindness; and, whatever evil he may allow to happen to me, I hereafter believe that it can be only through love, since he has shown it to me by calling me to the Faith, and