

“Echon,” they say to him (this is the name which the Hurons give the Father), “thou hast come here for our sake. We are famished; it is for thee to satisfy us, and to make us a feast. Thy sayings give us life; God speaks with thee, and he tells us in the heart what issues from thy lips.”

The Father, having spent some days in that solitude, was in haste to accelerate his return, fearing to be surprised by the ice and the winter which was beginning, and which in fact stopped him on the way, and placed him in danger of dying from both hunger and cold, and of perishing in the lakes and rivers which they had to cross. It was not without profound emotion, on both sides, that this parting took place; but the [89] Pastor who has a scattered flock is obliged not to stop in one place,—he owes his care equally to all his sheep. But in such encounters we have the consolation to know, and to see by actions, that God, who alone is the great master of the flock, supplies them in our absence; and that his graces and his illumination fail not to those who hear his voice, who have followed it, and who choose to be faithful to him.

I must report here among the providences of God that one which has appeared to us in calling to the faith two of the Athistaëronnon,—a nation of the Algonquin language, extremely populous, which we call the Nation of fire, who have never seen any European, and where the name of God has never penetrated. But it must needs be that this tribe should render homage to Jesus Christ, and offer him some first-fruits of what we hope that it will be one day,—wholly Christian. God alone knows the moments thereof, and we shall await them with patience, since