

Father and the Father's guards never to let him go out without good company.

As the Winter cold was beginning to make itself felt, another Barbarian asked the Father for the greater part of a piece of castelogne,<sup>3</sup> which served him as gown, mattress, and blanket. "I would gladly give it to thee," the Father answers him, "but it is already so short that it shelters only the half of my body; if thou cut off even a little, thou wilt reduce me to a nakedness unseemly in the sight of every one." That wicked man, who considered it a great slight to be denied, in anything whatsoever, by a dog,—this rank he assigned to the Father,—took the resolution to put him to death. He sends his brother to entice him out of his cabin and of the village; but not having been able to accomplish this, he himself goes in, speaks secretly to the Father's guard, and goes away. The next morning, this guard, being perhaps frightened by that insolent man, sends the Father to the fields with two women. Hardly have they left the village, when these two women flee, leaving the Father all alone at the mercy [89] of the wolves who were to devour him; and the murderer of the good René immediately appeared, hatchet in hand. The Father,—who saw all this game, and who had left the cabin through obedience,—strongly suspecting that he was on his way to death, looks at this man with assurance, and at the same time inclines his heart to God. Strange thing! that furious one becomes quiet; his strength and his weapons fall from his hands; he returns, as if astonished and terrified, without saying any word to the Father. In brief, this good Father was every day like the bird on the branch; his life held only by a