

man, who was very miserly, and lodged him in an old garret,—where hunger, and thirst, and heat, and the fear at every moment of falling back into the hands of the Hiroquois, gave him excellent reason to cast and submerge himself within the providence of him who had so often caused him to realize his presence. [113] This man was the sutler of that settlement; he made lye every fortnight, then carried back his tub to the garret, in which he put water which served the Father for drink until the next lye-making. This water, which soon spoiled in the Summer heat, caused him a severe pain in the stomach. They gave him to eat as much as was necessary, not to live, but not to die. God alone, and his Saints, were his company. The Minister visited him sometimes, and bethinking himself one day to ask him how they treated him,—for never would this good Father have mentioned it, if he had not been spoken to about the matter,—he answered that they brought him very few things. “I suspect as much,” the Minister answers, “for that old man is a great miser, who no doubt retains most of the provisions that are sent to you.” The Father assured him that he was content, and that his sufferings had long since been acceptable to him. In this garret where the Father was, there was a recess to which his Guard continually led Hiroquois Savages, in order to sell some produce which he locked up there: this recess was made of planks so [114] slightly joined that one might easily have passed his fingers into the openings. “I am astonished,” says the Father, “that those Barbarians did not hundreds of times discover me; I saw them without difficulty; and unless God had turned away their eyes, they would have