

him what recompense the Gentlemen of New France would give him,—imagining that he had suffered those indignities on account of their trade. But he gave them to understand that worldly thoughts had not caused him to leave his own country; and that the publication of the Gospel was the sole good that he had had in view when casting himself into the dangers [116] into which he had fallen. A good lad, having met him in a retired place, fell at his feet,—taking his hands to kiss them, and exclaiming, “Martyr, Martyr of Jesus Christ!” He questioned him, and ascertained that he was a Lutheran, whom he could not aid for want of acquaintance with his language; he was a Pole.

Entering a house quite near the fort, he saw two images on the mantelpiece,—one, of the blessed Virgin; the other, of our Blessed Louys de Gonzage. When he betokened some satisfaction at this, the master of the house told him that his wife was a catholic. She was a Portuguese, brought into that country by I know not what chance; she appeared very modest and bashful. The arrogance of Babel has done much harm to all men; the confusion of tongues has deprived them of great benefits.

An Irish Catholic, arriving at Manate from Virginia, confessed to the Father and told him that there were some of our Fathers in those regions; and that latterly one of them—following the Savages into the woods in order to convert them—had been killed by other Savages, enemies of those whom the Father accompanied. Finally, the Governor of the country, sending [117] a bark of one hundred tons to Holland, sent the Father back, at the beginning of the month of November. He suffered much in that