

health." God willingly converses with the simple.

When this good man wished to return in the Spring to the residence of St. Joseph, some Sorcerers, or rather Charlatans, of Gaspé told him that he would perish in the floating ice. In fact, there was such a quantity of it in the great river that it seemed to be covered thereby. "But," said the Jugglers, "if thou wish, we will turn away the ice-floes. Let us invoke our Demon with our chants and our drums." "You are greatly mistaken," he replied. "Has the Demon made the ice, that he can dispose of it? I am going to pray, right before you, to him who has made it." And kneeling down he uttered these words: "O thou who art good and who hast made all, thou disposest of that ice as of everything else. It is not the wicked Manitou who disposes of it, but thou who art all-powerful. If thou wilt that we depart to-morrow, ordain that the ice may disappear, and there will be no more. If thou wilt not that we should leave, we will say: 'Thou art the master; let us not depart.'" On the morrow, truly a most remarkable fact,—either because the ice-floes that were seen that day [54] were the last, or because God in his goodness diverted them to the other side of the great River,—in any case, the river was quite free, and our Christian laughed at the Sorcerers. "Well!" said he, "are your songs and your Manitous the masters of the ice-floes?" "Depart, if thou wilt," they replied; "but if thou depart thou art lost, for others will come that will overwhelm thee." "Has he who has turned them away," he retorted, "lost his power? Can he not prevent them from returning?" They set out, and finally reached port safely.