

A poor old Christian woman seventy years of age, who was captured by the Hiroquois, escaped from their hands when she was already condemned to be burned. But, while fleeing from one death, she nearly died of hunger before reaching a place of safety. On meeting the Father she said to him: "My daughter, whom thou didst baptize a year ago, is dead. I can hardly support myself. Take courage; [70] make me pray to God, for it is he who has delivered me." This good woman is all fervor.

These good people are often without a Pastor, as they lead a nomad life; but God, who is the great Pastor of souls, does not fail them in their need, and gives them succor that is all the more manifest the more forsaken they seem to be.

Some time ago, a woman who asked to be made a Christian, said that, while wintering a year before, at a place a hundred and fifty leagues from here, a young Christian woman who was grievously ill and about to die, asked her and several other pagan women who were present to pray to God for her. "We did so," added the woman, "and we were surprised to see her recover at once; I knew then that God was truly the master of our lives."

A Christian of another Algonquin Tribe related of his own accord that, when reduced to extremity by illness, he had persistently refused the superstitious remedies which the Infidels [71] urged him to use, when he was deprived of every other succor. But at night, while he prayed to God in the height of his illness, Our Lord said to him in his heart: "Thou shalt not die;" and, in fact, on the next day he was completely cured. This pious man has a special devotion for his good Angel.