

unknown roads, and suddenly finds himself lost in the thickest of the forest, where at every step he comes across a tree that strikes him on the head, or brambles that tear him on all sides. Then," he said, "I am compelled to stop, like that traveler, at the foot of a tree, and to wait till daylight comes; and all that I can do is to say from time to time to Our Lord that I have no sense, and that I am lost unless he have pity on me in my wanderings. Sometimes," he added, "I feel inclined to cry out very loudly, while praying to God, to stifle the distractions with which the devil tries to disturb me,—just as [89] I would do if I were near some chattering, and wished to make myself heard in spite of the noise and insolence of their talk. The demons may do their best," he said; "I am resolved to abandon prayer only with life,—just as when in the hands of the Hiroquois I always went on singing, whatever tortures they made me endure; and I determined to give up my war-song only when death should have robbed me of strength and of speech."

I observed that a good Christian returned from a very long journey of six months' duration, still more fervent than when he had left us; and I wished to inquire more minutely how he had managed to continue in a state of innocence that astonished me. "I was always on my guard," he replied; "in the morning, I thought that perhaps before noon I might be captured by the enemies, who are to be dreaded all along the way; and thus I prepared myself for death. At noon, I thought that perhaps I might not live even till nightfall, and thus I communed with God. In the evening, I feared that we might be surprised during the night, [90] while we slept. When we