

should seem to draw *mel de petra, oleumque de saxo durissimo*,—thence to supply the needs, not merely of us who are strangers, but also of the natives themselves. I say these things that your Paternity may know the abundance of God's goodness toward us. For, while during this year famine has been heavy upon the villages on all sides of us, and now weighs upon them even more heavily, no blight of evil has fallen upon us; nay, we have enough provisions upon which to live comfortably during three years.

But one thing—the fear of war and the rage of foes—seems able to overthrow the happy state of this infant Church, and stay the advance of Christianity; for it grows yearly, and it is clear that no help can come to us save from God alone. The latest disaster that befell our Hurons—in July of last year, 1648—was the severest of all. Many of them had made ready to visit our French people in the direction of Quebec, to trade; other tasks had drawn some away from their villages; while many had undertaken a hostile expedition in another direction; when suddenly the enemy came upon them, stormed two villages, rushed into them, and set them on fire. With their wonted cruelty they dragged into captivity mothers with their children, and showed no mercy to any age.

Of these villages, one was called Saint Joseph; this was one of our principal missions, where a church had been built, where the people had been instructed in Christian rites, and where the faith had taken deep root. In charge of this Church was Father Antoine Daniel, a man of great courage and endurance, whose gentle kindness was conspicuous among