

CHAPTER V.

OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE TOWARD SOME CHRISTIANS
CAPTURED OR KILLED BY THE ENEMIES.

TOWARD the end of Summer, a band of Hurois adventurers, led by a Huron who had long been a captive among them, surprised, on a lonely Island, a cabin occupied by some Christians who were engaged in fishing. They killed four or five on the spot, and took seven captives. One who escaped from the mêlée ran to bear the news to a neighboring village. The Missionary who was there hastened to the scene of the massacre expecting that there would be some soul to be won to Heaven. After a journey of two leagues, he found that he could go no further, for he had reached the shores [25] of the great Lake. He heard the voices of some infidels, who called out to him to embark. "Hasten," they said to the Father; "perhaps thou wilt find some one still alive, who has not yet been baptized." In truth, God's Providence over his elect is adorable. They who had received holy Baptism, and who had confessed before their departure, lay dead on the spot. Only a girl eighteen years of age, a good Catechumen, was still alive, but in a body pierced by weapon-thrusts; she lay weltering in her blood, and her scalp had been torn from her head, for this is the spoil that the enemies usually carry away. The Father had barely time to baptize her,—as if that soul in a half-dead body had