

the customs of this country, it would have been an unheard-of crime to oppose in the least degree the fulfillment of a dream proclaimed so openly. A good old Christian, hearing these threats, had recourse to our Lord, and, adoring him, offered him his life, rather than to permit an insolence which, he judged, would be to the reproach of Christianity. After having offered his prayer, hearing the voice of the Infidel,—who was advancing, hatchet in hand, on the point of dealing his blow,—he puts himself in between. “A blow from the hatchet,” he said, “will better fall on my head than on a house consecrated to the honor of God.” The Infidel is quite astonished. “No, no,” said the Christian, “I openly profess that, as regards my death, I do not wish that any justice be exacted for it; neither the public, nor the man [24] who should kill me, will be in trouble about that. But I cannot be a witness of such profanation to the holiness of a house where God is adored; nor can I consent that the voice be brought low which summons us to invoke him” (thus he named the Church bell). The Infidel—who, according to the custom of these Countries, ought rather to have let himself be slain than to stop his own blow—found himself so surprised by this kind of opposition, which he had never expected, that he became colder than marble,—both admiring the zeal of that good old man, and wondering at himself for having met with resistance, at once so earnest in its purpose and so gentle, through a working which indeed had nothing of Nature about it.

The other Missions have been efficiently aided by these examples, which have preached louder than our words; and, no doubt, the Angels of Heaven have