

served only to [67] augment his confidence in God, and to cause that every day he walked like a victim devoted to death, which he awaited only with loving desire, but of which he dared not speed the moments.

Our Lord often gave him to understand that he held us in his protection, and that the powers of hell might indeed become furious against us, but that they were not unchained. In the year 1637, when the cry arose throughout the country, "Murder them!" "Massacre them!"—as if we had been the authors of the contagious diseases which ravaged everywhere,—and when they had decided to exterminate us, a troop of Demons appeared to him at sundry times. These were now like men who were becoming enraged, at other times like awful monsters,—bears, lions, untamed horses,—which strove to fall upon him. These spectres gave him no horror, nor any impulse of fear; he placed his confidence in God. He said to them, "Do upon me that which God permits you; for without his will a hair will not fall from my head." And at these words, all those Demons disappeared in a moment.

[68] At other times, he saw death attached, with hands behind, to a post near him, endeavoring to spring forward in fury; but, unable to burst the bonds with which he saw it restrained, it fell at his feet without strength and without vigor, powerless to hurt him.

In the year 1640, being in the Neutral Nation, he said one evening to the Father who was with him that death, like a fleshless skeleton, had appeared to him threatening him. Not knowing what that signified, he was much astonished when, the next morning, one of our good friends, Captain of the village