

These insults have happened more than once; but he who has God for protector learns, a thousand times over in a single Winter, that the Devil may well become enraged against us, and that he has reason to do so, seeing that his prey is taken from him; but that, after all, God is the master; that a single hair cannot fall from the head of his servants without the divine will; and [73] that faith never bears more fruit than when it is most persecuted. It was necessary that the number of God's Elect should be completed in these parts, before the desolation should come upon them that was so near at hand.

A poor but excellent Christian of this Mission had fallen into the hands of enemies, and expected nothing less than the fire for his torture. In his necessity he had recourse to God. "My God," he said, "I believe with all my heart that you alone are master of our lives; if you choose, I shall be able to prove from to-day that my faith will have delivered me from the death which, without your succor, I can in no way escape." Strange circumstance! That poor man, at that very hour, was delivered from his captivity,—the Iroquois who had just taken him prisoner having suffered him, without knowing why, to go at large. This Christian was called Pierre Outouré.