

I have always in remembrance a certain discourse which I heard from the lips of Noel Negabamat, whom they now call Tekwerimat. 'I have lost,' he said to me, 'the greater number of my children since I was baptized; those who are left to me are all ill: I expect their death at every moment. There is not a day when some loss or misfortune does not befall us; let us lose all, but let us not lose the Faith.' These words have dwelt deeply in my mind. I say often to him who made all things: 'I desire only what thou choosest for me; do whatever thou wilt, and I will accept it.' I intend," added he, "to confess and receive communion next Sunday; and, after that, [128] I will think no more about myself." This he did, and recovered. God has not less love for the simple than for the wise.

I will set down here a very remarkable story. A young Algonquin woman, seized in her own country, and taken to the country of the Hyroquois,—a somewhat comely person, and of good disposition,—met with a good husband. After eight or nine years of captivity, she was taken so ill that her life was in danger. Another captive, named Monique, went to visit her. Observe, if you please, in passing, a feature of the adorable providence of the good God over his elect. This Monique was blind when she was taken prisoner; and it was marvelous that the Hyroquois, who put to death all the old women and the infirm, who can be of no use to them, should spare one who was blind. But God chose to preserve her for the salvation of many souls. She had been very well instructed in the Hospital at Kebek; she understood the doctrine of Jesus Christ, and conversed on it with much intelligence and good feeling. God