

Indeed, we are publicly hailed as the fathers of this Country, and so we are,—wherein there is certainly strong support to the Christian faith.

For the future, the Lord will provide; *sufficit enim dei malitia sua*. Nevertheless, there are two sources of possible destruction to this mission, which we greatly dread,—first, the hostile Iroquois; second, the failure of provisions; and it is not clear how these dangers may be encountered. Our Hurons, last year, were forced not only to leave their homes and their fortified villages, but even to forsake their fields, because they were harassed by warfare, and crushed by unceasing disaster. We, the Shepherds, followed our fleeing flock, and we too have left our dwelling-place,—I might call it our delight,—the residence of Sainte Marie, and the fields we had tilled, which promised a rich harvest. Nay, more, we even applied the torch to the work of our own hands, lest the sacred House should furnish shelter to our impious enemy: and thus in a single day, and almost in a moment, we saw consumed our work of nearly ten years, which had given us the hope that we could produce the necessities of life, and thus maintain ourselves in this country without aid from France. But God has willed otherwise; our home is now laid waste, and our Penates forsaken; we have been compelled to journey elsewhere, and, in the land of our exile, to seek a new place of banishment.

Within sight of the mainland, about twenty miles from that first site of Sainte Marie, is an Island surrounded by a vast lake (which might better be called a sea). There the fugitive Hurons checked their flight,—at least most of them; there also we must abide; there, where lately were the dens of wild