

persons in all. Hardly had I begun to chant the *Veni Creator* when a man about 45 years of age entered the chapel, with a club in his hand, saying in a threatening tone: "Have you not heard the chiefs' prohibition? Obey them, and go out quickly." He seized one by the arm, to make her go out; but she remained firm. I went straight to him, and said: "Go out thyself and respect the house of God." "The chiefs forbid them to pray," he replied. "And God commands them to do so," I said. "Be silent and go out." I did not expect that he would give me time to say to him all that I did. I afterward returned to the altar-step, where I continued the prayer. He took another by the arm, to make her go out. "You obey not," he said to them. "Take care not to offend the master whom we serve here," I called out to him; "withdraw, and leave us to pray to God. And you who honor the Lord of heaven and of earth, fear not; he is with you, and he guards you." He remained some time longer, without saying a word; and, seeing that he gained nothing, he withdrew with another old man, who had followed him. I praised all present for having been firm, and for having caused the Devil's emissaries to lose courage; for he it was who, out of jealousy because the savages in this country are beginning to pray to God, had been the cause of this petty persecution. "But you must not be frightened; it will not last long, God permits it solely to test your constancy."

I thought that I should not remain silent after so great an insult had been offered to God. I went to the commandant of the fort who gloated over it. He answered in an insulting manner that I had drawn all this upon myself, through my stubbornness in