

time to consume the hosts, to enclose in a small box the sacred vessels, and to escape into the woods. Toward evening, the English reached the Village; and, not having found me there, they came the next day to look for me in the very place of our retreat. They were within only a gunshot when we descried them; all that I could do was to plunge with haste into the forest. But as I had no time to take my snowshoes, and as, besides, I still experienced great weakness caused by a fall,—in which, some years ago, my thigh and my leg were broken,—it was not possible for me to run very far. The only resource that remained to me was to hide behind a tree. They immediately searched the various paths worn by the Savages when they go for wood, and came within eight steps of the tree that was sheltering me, where naturally they must have perceived me, for the trees had shed their leaves; nevertheless, as if they had been driven away by an invisible hand, they suddenly retraced their steps, and again took the way to the Village.

Thus it was by a special protection of God that I escaped from their pursuit. They pillaged my Church and my little house, thereby almost reducing me to a death from starvation in the midst of the woods. It is true that, when my adventure was known in Quebec, provisions were sent to me immediately; but they could not arrive for some time, and during that period I was deprived of all aid, and in extreme need.

These reiterated insults made the Savages feel that there was no answer to be expected, and that it was time to resent violence, and let open force succeed to pacific negotiations. On their return