

Savage tribes, who will not fail to enter into their quarrel and to undertake their defense.

My Neophytes moved by the danger to which I am exposed in their Village, often urge me to retire for a little time to Quebec. But what will become of the flock, if it be deprived of its Shepherd? Death alone can separate me from them. They tell me, but to no purpose, that in case I fall into the power of their enemy, the least that can happen to me will be to linger out the rest of my days in wretched imprisonment; I shut their mouths with the words of the Apostle, which divine goodness has deeply impressed upon my heart. I say to them: "Do not be anxious about that which concerns me. I do not fear the threats of those who hate me when I have not deserved their hatred; *and I do not consider my life more precious than myself, so that I may finish my course, and the ministry of the word which has been entrusted to me by the Lord Jesus.*" Pray to him, my dear nephew, that he may strengthen in me this feeling, which comes only from his mercy, in order that I may live and die working unceasingly for the salvation of these neglected souls, who were bought with his blood and whom he has deigned to commit to my care.

I am, etc.