

me, so that he could reproach me afterwards that my God had failed me in time of need, and to proclaim among his people, that I, who had so often testified that I did not fear their *Manitou*, who makes them tremble, had turned pale before a man. So far was I from being seized by fear which, in the dangers of a natural death, makes me shrink within myself, that, on the contrary, I faced this furious man with as much assurance as if I had had an army at my side, reflecting that the God whom I adored could bind the arms of fools and madmen as well as those of demons; that besides, if his Majesty wished to open to me the portals of death by the hands of a man who was acting the devil, [251] his Providence was always loving and kind. This Thraso [braggart], redoubling his furies, did a thousand foolish acts of a lunatic or of one bewitched; sometimes he would cry out at the top of his voice, and then would suddenly stop short, as if frightened; he pretended to cry, and then burst into laughter like a wanton devil; he sang without rules and without measure, he hissed like a serpent, he howled like a wolf, or like a dog, he screeched like an owl or a night hawk,—rolling his eyes about in his head and striking a thousand attitudes, always seeming to be looking for something to throw. I was expecting every moment he would tear up one of the poles with which to strike me down, or that he would throw himself upon me; but in order to show him that I was not at all astonished at these devilish acts, I continued, in my usual way, to read, write and say my little prayers; and when my hour for retiring came, I lay down and rested as peacefully through his orgies, as I would have done