

nor hath a reply in his mouth," (Ps. xxxvii. 11,) "because in thee, O Lord, have I hoped;" but, mindful of his meekness "who was led like a lamb to the slaughter," (Acts viii. 32,) I went to my death, begging the Lord with David "to turn away evil from my enemies and scatter them in his truth."—Ps. lxxviii. 7. About midway we met the looked-for murderer; seeing him coming at a distance, I commended myself for the last time to God, begging him to receive my life spent with care and anguish; but my sins still rendered me unworthy. He passed quietly by us, and meeting his mother, she addressed some words, of what import I know not, to those who conducted me; on this, trembling and fleeing as it were, they left me in the road, for they saw that I was aware of their design.

Amid this frequent fear and death, while every day I die, or rather drag on a life more bitter than any death, two months glided away. During this time I made no effort to learn their language, for why should I, who every moment expected to die? The village was a prison for me. I avoided being seen. I loved the wild wood, where I begged the Lord not to disdain to speak to his servant, to give me strength in such fearful trials, in which, indeed, if I have become a prodigy to many, God was my stout Helper, and often by his unfailing goodness roused my drooping spirits. I had recourse to the Holy Scriptures, my only refuge in the tribulations, which had found me exceedingly: these did I venerate; with these I wished to die. Of all the books which we were carrying to Huronia for the use of the Frenchmen living there, none had fallen into my hands but the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, with the paraphrase of the Rt.