

mitted from the age of seven years, when he became a Christian, adding : 'It is I, brethren, who draw down all these miseries that befall us ; you see it by what I have just made known of my infidelity to God's graces, since I became His child ; but He is good ; take heart, do not despair ; if we serve Him, He will show us mercy.'

"An Indian woman said at our lattice : 'God does me many favors ; formerly the death of my children so afflicted me, that nothing in the world could console me ; now my mind is so convinced of God's wisdom and goodness, that should He deprive me of them all, I should not feel sad ; for I think in myself, if a longer life were necessary for my child the better to work out its salvation, He who made all, would not refuse it, since He is so good and nothing is impossible to Him : now that He summons it to Himself, we must say, since He knows all, that He perhaps sees that it would cease to believe in Him, and commit sins which would plunge it into hell. In this thought I say to Him : 'Dispose of me, Thou who hast made all, and of my children. Shouldst Thou try me in all possible manners, yet will I never cease to believe in Thee, or love and obey Thee, for I will all that Thou wilt.' Then I say to my children whom I see die : 'Go, my child ; go, behold in heaven Him who made all when you are there, pray to Him for me, that I too may go thither when I die. I will offer up prayers for your soul, that you may soon leave purgatory.' This same woman, Louisa, one day came to me to recite a long prayer that she had composed for the warriors. It was conceived in such touching terms, that my heart was melted. God seems to delight in trying her faith, depriving her of all her children one after another since her baptism.

"You see by the little that I have said, the sentiments of our good Christians. Their consciences are so tender, that a young man and woman having this year taken their child on their hunt, it died in the woods in their arms. They had so great a fear of displeasing God by burying it in unconsecrated earth, that for three or four months, the mother always carried it around her neck over precipices, rocks, through woods, snow and ice with untold hardship. They came here for Easter, and interred their child, which they presented wrapped up in a skin."

"It is ravishing," says she in another letter to the same, September 10, 1646, "to see our good Sylleri Indians, and the great care they take that God be properly served in their town ; that the laws of the Church be inviolably kept and faults punished so as to appease God. One of the great anxieties of the chiefs is to banish all that can occasion sin in general

¹ Choix de Lettres Historiques, p. 140.