

household are to be preferred to strangers; we saw, indeed, the beginning of evil among us, but we had not vision keen enough to see the end thereof.

Now before going farther, your Reverence will permit me, if you please, to retrace [79] my steps a little, and to gather up what I have omitted for the sake of avoiding confusion. And, at the start, I encounter a subject which has often keenly affected us, and, now that I am ready to write about it, I feel its strong hold upon my heart, and I can hardly keep the tears from falling from my eyes.

On the 2nd day of October, a young child eleven or twelve years old, died in our village, unbaptized. His name was Arakhié, that is to say, "closing day." This name never suited him better than in his last illness, and at the point of death; up to that time he was like a little Sun which arose before the eyes. Your Reverence will be surprised that I speak in these terms of a child, and of a Savage; yet I do not think that I use much exaggeration. He had some natural advantages which not only surpassed those usual to these barbarous peoples, but even those ordinary in France. His body was well formed, and his mind still better; and if his height and size were beyond his age, the graces of his mind and the strength of his judgment placed him almost upon an equal footing with full-grown men. He was sedate, grave, obliging, and of agreeable conversation. He was polite, and took pride in appearing serious [80] in the midst of the insolence of his companions, especially in our presence. He was wonderfully docile, and, as he had a very happy memory, he learned easily all that was taught him, and showed a great liking for our Holy mysteries. He knew the *Pater*,