

provide exercise for the charity of good people, but also to reveal to us the obligations we are under to him for having preserved our health; that all the plagues we see are so many favors that he does us, and so many tongues which speak to us and invite us to render to him a million thanksgivings. So the ignorance and blindness of our Savages [123] make us appreciate the blessing that we possess in knowing the eternal truths; and, however many of them we see, they are like so many voices which cry out to us, *Beati qui vident quæ vos videtis, vobis autem datum est nosse mysteria regni Dei.*

On the 9th, the Father Superior returned to *Ossosané* with Father Pierre Chastellain and Simon Baron. I say nothing here to your Reverence about the difficulties of the way; you know well enough what they can be at this season. I will merely say that it was only a question of four leagues, and yet the day was hardly too long to reach the end of them.

This trip lasted eight days; the Fathers baptized fifty persons,—fourteen adults, and the rest all little children, both well and sick. Simon Baron also bled more than two hundred, and in a single day as many as fifty. They emulated each other in holding out their arms to him,—the well ones having themselves bled as a precaution, and the sick considering themselves half cured when they saw their blood flowing. Among others, was an old man who was half blind; as soon as he was bled, [124] “Ah, my nephew,” said he, “thou hast restored my sight; now I see.” Be that as it may, he found himself on the instant wonderfully relieved. But what consoled us particularly was to see so many little innocents and so many souls reconciled to God. I shall only mention three