

being taken from the mouth of a famished person. "Do not fear to weary me," said he, "I feel great regret at having passed my life without knowing God. The greatest pleasure I have in the world is to hear about him." Indeed, he went so far in this excess that, having consumed all his provisions, he refrained from going fishing or hunting, lest he might be deprived of coming to see us that he might talk about God and our belief,—sometimes passing almost two days without eating. Becoming aware of this, we reproved him for this immoderate ardor, succoring him as well as we could. I know very well that I shall hardly be believed, but I cannot conceal the wonders of God.

Not long ago, looking at a very aged Huron, he said to us: "Ah, how good God is, how good he is! For perhaps seventy years he has nourished and preserved this old man, and I am sure he has never rendered him a word of thanksgiving! If I had given a man food ten times without his making any acknowledgment, I would not wish to see him again. We depend upon God in all our acts, and we think so little about him!"

He never undertook a journey without coming to ask help of Our Lord in the Chapel, and commend himself to our prayers. "How fortunate you are," he sometimes said, "to have known God from your youth, and to know how to pray to him. As for me, since I have a knowledge of him, I think of him continually." It is a very wonderful thing [41] that the Savages, when strongly moved, are usually devoted to their good Angels. In reading over again the memoirs of our Fathers, scattered in different regions, I have been astonished in seeing how the