

ticed [209] very nearly the same ingenuity, in order to baptize a little boy six or seven years old. His father was very sick, and had several times refused baptism; the Father asked him if he would not be glad to have his son baptized, and he having answered "no," to this, "At least," said the Father, "thou wilt not disapprove of my giving him some sugar." "Certainly not, but do not baptize him." Accordingly, the Father had him take it once and again; and at the third spoonful, before putting the sugar in it, he let some water fall upon the child while pronouncing the Sacramental words. At the same time a little girl who was looking at him began to cry out, "My father, he is baptizing him." The father was troubled, but Father Pijart said to him, "Hast thou not seen plainly that I have given him sugar?" The child did not survive long. As for his father, God did him a great favor, for he is still in excellent health.

On this same 3rd of May, towards eleven o'clock in the evening, a cabin of our village, only about a musket-shot distant from ours, took fire. There were within only four or five poor children, seven or eight of their relatives having died from the contagion during the winter. They ran out entirely naked, and even then had [210] considerable trouble to save themselves. The fire spread so rapidly that in less than no time the cabin was all in flames. We ran to help them, but it was only to look on and show that we had compassion for them. The wind, a Northwester, proved, thanks to God, very favorable both to the rest of the cabins of the Savages, and to ours; otherwise an entire village is soon despatched and reduced to ashes,—the cedar bark, with which