

ever had in this country. Early in the morning, the Father Superior baptized an old man, very ill, who died two or three days afterward. Thence we went to see our catechumen, but he was at our house. The Father instructed him again before the ceremony, especially upon the communion. Our Chapel was remarkably well decorated; it occupied half of our cabin, so we did not make any fire there that day. We had arranged a portico, entwined with leaves mingled with tinsel; in fact we had displayed everything beautiful that your Reverence has sent us. Nothing so magnificent had ever been seen in this country. But the rarest piece was our proselyte, so the eyes of all those present were fixed upon him. True, they had seen many little children baptized in our cabin; but that a man of his age, and in good health, should present himself to receive baptism,—this was something they had not seen before. At the beginning of the ceremony, he appeared rather bashful, and trembled all over; and when the Father Superior questioned him, he was confused, and said to him in a low tone, "*Echon*, I [245] do not know what to answer." However, when it was only a question of "yes" or "no," he spoke so loudly and so distinctly as to remove all one's reasons to doubt the sincerity of his heart; and even this modesty which appeared upon his brow showed us unveiled, as it were, the integrity of his intentions in an affair of so much importance. Meanwhile, there was an old man named *Tendoutsahoriné* who could not refrain from talking, and from saying aloud that it was much better to be baptized like that than in sickness, which often deprives us of judgment and understanding; and he exhorted the whole assembly to imitate *Tsi-*