

In less than a month, his cabin and that of his Brother were filled with sick people; he lost a great many of his relatives, and, above all, the last of his children, who was the heart of his heart. These domestic afflictions did not trouble him at all, he did not waver in the hope that he had in him who was trying him; he taught all his sick people the practice of entirely resigning themselves into the hands of so good a Father. Never would he permit any Sorcerer (these are the Physicians here) to set foot within his cabin. His sole recourse was to God, whom he besought ardently for their recovery. He had considerable trouble in withstanding the reproaches of his relatives, who remonstrated with him upon the manifest danger of death, together with the experience that they thought they had with their own remedies or sorceries. His courage even stimulated his brother-in-law [42] to stop the mouth of his invalid wife, who had dreamed about some sort of feast. "It does not matter if thou diest," this good man said to her, "provided that God be obeyed." His first care for the sick was to have them baptized, without awaiting their last hours. We baptized his eldest son, six or seven years old, believing he would not escape; he received the name of our holy Founder. The one who gave us the greatest satisfaction was one of his nephews, nineteen or twenty years old, whom we called Pierre; he is, thank God, following the example of his good Uncle. There was a pleasure in speaking of God to the sick, in this great cabin of five families.⁴ Three of his little nieces—the eldest ten or twelve years old, and the other two, five or six, all intelligent girls—were of this number; they received in Baptism the names of Saints