

Saint has said. To commence well is not all; but everything consists in bringing the final period of our lives to a good conclusion. In the previous Relations I have spoken of a young man called Paul Aniskawaskousit, who became blind shortly after his Baptism. This good Neophyte died as he had lived since his conversion,—that is, in a most holy manner. When we administered to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, he took the Crucifix that was presented to him, kissed it, and lovingly addressed it: “It is thou who hast given me life, I now return it to thee; thou art good, have pity on my soul. I do not ask thee for health; thou art master; thy will be done.” The poor young man had suffered with the patience of a Job, ever since his Baptism, and, at his death, caused us to say that there is no heart so hard that Heaven’s fire does not soften.

I shall here insert the end of a Letter which teaches us that Faith has great power in the heart, even of a barbarian. Last year we baptized a young lad, [62] about fourteen years of age. We were in great doubt whether we should grant him that favor, for he was but little instructed; but, as he was about to return to his own country, where the nation of Atikamegues takes refuge,⁹ we made him a Christian, and he was named Jacques. This poor youth, falling ill, instructed his father to the best of his ability, made him pray to God, and, before drawing his last breath, advised him to go to the three Rivers to be baptized, which he did. This is what was written to me about it:

“The Attikamegues, or white fish—such is the name of that nation—came down to the three Rivers. I instructed them a little, and they gave me