

soul to God; and we plainly see that God takes part with us.

They expel us from a cabin in which we wish to baptize a sick man. We enter another, near by; straightway the patient whom we were seeking is removed,—by I know not what accident,—from one house to the other; they bring him where we are. There is complete leisure to instruct him; we baptize him; he dies, and goes thence to Heaven.

A child of three years, who had been carried to the fishery, is seized with sickness; they bring him back by canoe. He lands at the foot of our house; one of our Fathers [70] happens, by a fortunate accident, to be there when they set this child ashore; he suspects, indeed, that it is over with his life; he stoops down, takes water from the lake and baptizes him. This little innocent is no sooner a child of God than they take him away from there; he is carried into a cabin in the next village, which is forbidden to us: the next day, he is among the Angels.

The other villages of this mission, a little more distant, soon afterward gave us a good deal of trouble, the disease having not long delayed to spread thither; but the master who employs us continues to assist us.

One of our Fathers, making his visit to the village of saint Jean, finds unawares in the middle of a cabin a tall man, utterly hideous, entirely covered with sores, and in a sitting posture. “Come here, I beg you, my brother,” exclaimed the sick man, “and give me some water.” The Father, persuading himself that the sick man desired some water flavored with two or three grapes, or with a little sugar, which we sometimes give the children in order to obtain opportunity to [71] baptize them, produces