

outrageously beaten in the village of saint Joseph. He is the one who in the minds of these poor Savages always passes for the greatest sorcerer of the French, and the source of all the miseries which ruin the country: although, moreover, when they sometimes consult reason, they feel constrained to acknowledge and avow, notwithstanding all their barbarism, that there are acts of goodness on earth which altogether exceed what is human.

We have every occasion to believe that the good Angels have often interested themselves in most of these baptisms,—at least, it has appeared to us more perceptibly in some of them.

A good woman, who for more than a year had been urging our Fathers to baptize her, falls [89] grievously sick; she is happy to find at death what she has not obtained during her life; but it was necessary, in order to obey her holy desire,—before coming to the point,—to say the *Veni creator*, offer some other prayers, and observe therein the ceremonies which the time and place could allow. This fortunate Neophyte, a little before her death, perceives at her side a company, with unknown faces of a rare beauty; these beings offer her very handsome cloth, with which to cover her; she is surprised by this sight. “Withdraw,” she said to her grandmother, who was near her; “withdraw from here; what a vision I see! you hinder me.” Soon after, she peacefully expires; and, as we believe, she finds herself clothed in the robe of glory whereof she had such assured pledges,—having received, shortly beforehand, the grace of baptism.

Another, a little girl of about ten years, akin to an excellent Christian woman, of whom we shall speak