

above the middle of my head,—then uncovered,—and deals his blow so [104] steadily that Father Chau-mot and I think to see at that moment what we have so long desired; I know not what stopped the blow, unless the greatness of my sins, but, short of feeling the hatchet cleave a head in twain, one cannot see one's self closer to death. He is fain to repeat his stroke; a woman stops his arm, and seizes him. I bless God for the resolution which he gave us; at least, these poor barbarians could see that those who have their hope in Heaven do not fear death, and that they face it as confidently as infidel souls sigh after life. I ask to have my Crucifix again; this young man wishes to throw it into the fire, and redoubles his threats; but finally he is made to disappear. We ask for the captain of the village; he comes, and we word our complaint to him; about a quarter of an hour later this young man returns, and offers to give back my Crucifix in case we promise them that the disease will not attack their village: you may see what was the response. We then took occasion to instruct them, [105] for there were a good many Savages. Our Lord assisted us there; we pray him that one day this seed may bear fruit, but at that time we saw no other effect of it unless that of quieting the minds which had become roused." Thus far the Father.

It is a pitiful thing to see these poor barbarians accuse everything but themselves for the misfortunes with which God punishes them: nevertheless there occur some who in that are sufficiently clear-sighted. One,—one of the best minds in the village of la Conception, and of those best informed in matters of the Faith, but withal an infidel,—having spoken