

snow, warms it in his hand, and pours the water over this little child, who at the same time smiled at him. And then, as he had received all that he desired of us, he runs away toward his cabin; he straight-way falls sick. All those of his house whom we had not been able to approach, return to health; he alone is carried off by the violence of the disease, and his soul takes flight to Heaven.

“ A little child, newly born, has no sooner come into the world than it is attacked by smallpox. I thought of baptizing it, but the parents are not disposed to allow this, and water fails me. Without my thinking of it, they bring a great vessel filled with lukewarm water, to bathe it; I mingle [III] with the company, and joyously seize this child; I plunge it again and again, all naked, into the water, and baptize it quite at my ease, *usque ad trinam immersionem*; after some days it dies. The parents were very far from believing that that was the best way to baptize.

“ At the village of saint Xavier, I find three sick brothers; I instruct them; their mother opposes their baptism. ‘One of their brothers,’ she says, ‘died last Summer for having been baptized;’ she adds other blasphemies against God. I leave there this Megera, and turn toward the children: I speak to them as strongly as I can about hell, and of those flames which are never quenched. I turn to the eldest, aged nearly twenty years: ‘Art thou resolved for these pains?’ I say to him. ‘Alas, no indeed! baptize me.’ ‘What? wretch,’ said his mother to him, ‘art thou then resolved to die? thou art dead if they baptize thee.’ ‘I wish them to baptize me,’ he answers, ‘for I too greatly dread those flames, which