

me, I will never renounce the faith. What saddens me more, is the fault she commits, and the little regard that she has for her soul." Fortunately, we had just received letters from the Fathers who are at the three Rivers, which bore full proof of the modesty, and the constancy in the faith, of this young woman; [41] her husband, hearing these letters read, exclaimed: "Ah! now I see well the design of my relatives; they have forged this calumny to ruin me,—they imagine that, if they keep me among them, they will make me forsake the faith. They are far from their reckoning, I will give it up only with my life." The firmness of this young man touched me to the heart.

One day I heard a Christian Savage preach in a cabin where a baptized young man was dying; the arguments that the Spirit of God suggested to him astonished me. He did not see me, for I was behind the cabin, where I had stopped to listen. He spoke of contempt for earth, and of the happiness of Heaven, with words of fire: "That which we believe is true," said he; "it is envying those who go to Paradise, to be saddened by their death." Another time he urged an unbeliever to give himself up to God, and the man said to him: "I have not mind enough to be baptized. I cannot retain all that they teach me, I am dumb before God, I do not know what to say to him." "There is no need," said the Neophyte to him, "of much speaking [42] with the lips, it is enough that your heart belongs to God. When I was still a little boy, and my father, going to the chase or somewhere else, left me in the cabin, I did nothing but think of him; I thought of him at night on lying down, and in the morning on rising up;