

noticing them. Add to this, that the similarity of these acts makes me fear being tiresome, because they seem repetitions.

One of these three heads of families was named Achilles by Monsieur the Chevalier de l'Isle, who takes great pleasure in seeing these good people come into the fold of the Church. While men of virtue and merit shall hold the helm here, the faith will flourish: if those who should be [65] eyes, as it were, are ever blinded by vice, the glorious day we now enjoy will soon be changed into darkness. But, speaking of our Neophyte, I do not think less of him than of Charles. It is true, he has not so much influence, he has less eloquence, but I believe his heart to be no less touched; he was very haughty before his baptism, and we did not hope much from him, but God has changed him into a little lamb. His father was a Captain, more beloved by the French than they were by him, and was wretchedly massacred by the Hiroquois; the son has now as many good qualities as the father had bad ones. He was baptized in November, and fell sick in the month of December; they gave him up for dead. The fear we had that his malady would be attributed to baptism, as it is by the unbelievers, induced us to visit him often; we always came away much consoled. "I am not sad on account of my sickness; I do not fear death. I think continually of God," said he; "I rejoice that my sins are blotted out; if I die, [66] I hope that I shall go to heaven; this is what consoles my heart."

He had only one little girl, whom God took from him some time after his baptism; this blow did not unsettle him, nevertheless he avowed to us that he had suffered from it. "My sickness," said he,