

people teach is good." Then this poor man died; and our Neophyte, already quite willing in his heart,—having met Charles, his Countryman, who invited him to believe in God,—joined [68] him to come and dwell at Saint Joseph. God has restored his health, but it is not strong; and, if he becomes greatly fatigued, he has not long to live.

After Charles brought him away this Spring to Tadoussac, he said to me privately: "Oh, what difficulty I had in resolving upon this voyage! It seemed to me when I left the Chapel to go on board, that my heart was being torn out, and I never could have resolved upon starting, had it not been that I hoped to find you at Tadoussac, and that I should be able to confess and receive communion."

One day after having received our Lord, he said: "My heart is full of joy; I do not know what it says, I know well that it speaks, but I do not understand it,—it goes faster than my thought. It seems to me that what God does for me is wonderful; I tremble, so greatly do I fear to soil what is within me. I think some one tells me within my heart that it must be that I am good, since I believe in him, and no longer commit any evil. If you knew," said he, "how much I delight in my baptism, and what great joy I experience from it in my heart! it seems to me that I have no longer anything to fear." As soon as he had a desire [69] to be converted, the Devil laid a great snare for him. The wretched Makheabichti-chiou<sup>12</sup> of whom I have often spoken in preceding Relations, ashamed to remain among the Christians, who put him out of countenance by their example, resolved to go away with his two wives, whom he could not give up. He used every endeavor to take