

worthy man at departing begged that he would give him a chaplet and an Image, before which he could say his prayers; besides, he asked for a paper on which the prayers, that he ought to say, should be written. The Father, seeing the simplicity of this honest man, granted him all that he requested, although he knew well that this poor Savage could not read; but, not unfrequently, they take their papers, offer them to God, and say to him: "I have a desire to tell thee all that is here within; if I knew how, I would say it to thee at full length." Some months afterward, this good man, having returned, came to see the Father and showed the image that had been given him. [119] "It is not as white," said he, "as when I received it from thy hand, it is the smoke of the cabin that has blackened it. I took it out of my pouch every day, and hung it up in my cabin; and my wife, and I, and all my family, knelt down to say our prayers night and morning. I often said to my wife: 'I am very sorry that I do not know all that ought to be said to our Father who has made heaven and earth.' I have no understanding; thou wouldst do me a great favor," said he to Father Buteux, "if thou wouldst give me the means of having some, and if thou wouldst teach me the way to remember rightly all the prayers I must offer to God. Take courage! teach me every day while I am with you; do not speak to me about anything but my salvation,—that is what I wish to know. The fire that is below is much to be feared; I hope I shall not go there, for He who is good will help me to believe in him." Having said this, he drew forth his paper: "Now then, my Father," said he, "see if I have remembered well the prayers which thou