

But his heart was seized with remorse; he retraced his steps, and came to Kebec. "I am going," he said to the Father who was there, "to the woods for a long time. I cannot go without Baptism. Who knows what may happen to me? I am lost if I die without that grace. Baptize me, I pray thee; do not leave me to long for it any more." The Father, observing such fervor,—and as, moreover, he was well instructed,—granted his wish, and gave him the name of Augustin. He spent the winter with young rascals, who were unable to shake either his faith or his constancy. He would often clasp the Cross of his rosary, and repeat these words: "J E - S U S, strengthen me, have pity on me; drive away from me the Demons who seek to deceive me. All my hope is in thee." *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel, quia visitavit et fecit redemptionem plebis suæ.*