

the sight of the zeal of a young Seminarist, their countrywoman. This child, who was about thirteen or fourteen years old, told them of God, and of the greatness of our mysteries, with such gentle native eloquence inspired by the affection of her heart, that these good people were greatly touched by it, and one of their pleasures was to visit her from time to time. One of them, on observing the fervor of this young Christian, wished to test it. As he was on the eve of being baptized, and as he saw that the child rejoiced at it, he pretended that he had become indifferent, saying that he found it difficult to believe what was taught him, and that he no longer thought of Baptism. On hearing these words, the young girl became greatly excited; she was seized with a holy anger, and exclaimed: "What art thou thinking of doing, thou wretch? What has disturbed thy thoughts? Dost thou wish to go to Hell with the Demons? [118] Perhaps thou wilt die this night, and wilt find thyself with them before day breaks. The Devil has turned thy head." The good man seemed as cool as the child was ardent; he pretended that all this did not affect him, and that he no longer cared to believe in God. The poor little creature blames her own eyes; she leaves this man, and goes, all disconsolate, to the Mothers. "He is lost," she said; "I am very sad. He will no longer believe in God. The Devil has deceived him; he no longer wishes to go to Heaven." Then, raising her voice, and using threats, with a toss of her head that betrayed her sorrow and her zeal, she said: "If I could have broken the grating I would have beaten him." How innocent is such fervor; how lovable is the God of Heaven!