

death." This good woman sees very clearly, in matters of the Faith; her life is a very innocent one.

Victor Wechkiné, intending to start on a trading expedition, came to present himself for the Sacrament of Penance. After he had performed his devotions, he said to his Confessor: "My Father, pray to God for me, for my wife, and for my child. I know by experience what sincere prayer can do. Thou seest my little daughter; God has given her to me twice. While we were in the woods last winter on our great hunt, she fell sick, so that I no longer expected aught but death. [37] My wife did nothing but weep. I said to her: 'Tears will not bring your child back to life. Let us have recourse to him who gave her to us, and beg him to give her to us once more.' " They knelt down and said this short prayer, more abounding in feeling than in words: "Thou who hast made all, and who preservest all things, it is thou who didst create this child and give her to us. She is sick; thou canst cure her. If thou wilt, cure her; if she lives, she will believe in thee; she will obey thee when she grows up. If thou wilt not cure her, I will still believe in thee; I will not say another word, for thou art the Master; do everything according to thy will." "On the following day," said the good Neophyte, "my daughter was in as good health as you see her now."

When the Savages returned from their great hunt, one of the Fathers called the chief men together, and told them that he was greatly edified because they had put a stop to the disorderly conduct that occasionally occurred among them; but that he was astonished at their permitting that a young baptized woman should live apart from her husband. The