

out pulse and strength; and that, on coming out and recovering himself, the latter has no other words with which to avenge himself for all these wrongs than to say, while looking at him with as friendly regard as usual, "My comrade, thou hast killed me; but what consoles me is that I have not offended God. If ever he opens thy mind, and thou hast Faith, thou wilt know that he alone deserves the honors that the devils iniquitously usurp, and that our lives cannot be better sacrificed than in his service."

I have spoken at great length, in the [61] preceding Relations, of an excellent Christian, whose faith, zeal, and piety have for five years been indeed a shining light in this Church; his name is René Sondihwannen. I will say only one word of him for the present. This man continues to grow in the spirit of Faith, which so powerfully animates his actions, his discourses, and still more his sufferings, that, on seeing the course of his life, and on hearing his sentiments, one cannot doubt that he belongs wholly to God. He very often passes almost the whole night in prayer, with such enjoyment that he hardly notices any distraction. "No," he said one day, "it is not I who pray, at least I know not what I say to God. I see well that he speaks to me, but I do not know so well what he says to me. I think that he takes my heart and keeps it near him, as a mother does when she caresses her child. If we ask the child what his mother has said to him, he cannot answer, and can say only two things — that he loves his mother and that she loves him."

This good Christian had gone away, about the end [62] of the autumn, to hunt beaver. During