

that grace finds entrance into their hearts as much as into ours; and that, although they are born barbarians, they are none the less good Christians.

“ My son,” said one of these good savages one day to his son, whom he was exhorting to good, “ now that I am in the world I fear that thy faith is founded on mine. Whatever may happen to me, never desert the service of God; and, even if I should be slain, say always, with the same countenance, ‘ Our Father who art in Heaven.’ Do not think of me while saying that prayer; but remember that he cannot die who should be the sole prop of thy faith and of mine,— who is thy Father and mine, and who alone should sustain thy hopes, even if thou shouldst see thyself abandoned by all men.” I know not whether God had given this good savage some presentiment of his approaching death. In any case, he was assassinated a few days afterward by a band of Iroquois. The child, who was barely fourteen years old, has so well imitated the virtue of his father, and his last words have produced such an impression on his mind, that I cannot doubt that this [82] divine spirit, who so profoundly influences, from one extremity to the other, and who disposes of all things with gentleness for the salvation of his elect, had inspired both the heart and the voice of the father. Thus, at the same time, he prepared himself for a holy death, and the son for a godliness of life worthy of the name of Christian and of the Faith, that he has since preserved in spite of his mother and of all his Infidel relatives, at an age which has no resolution in a matter so remote from the feelings of nature except that which comes from Heaven.

This child has not been the only one who has been