

the most savage minds. A young man, who was a great hunter and a great runner, was away for a long time from the place where he had been instructed, and passed the winter in very bad company. But his constancy and firmness in the Faith kept him straight, where others wavered. [21] He did not fail, a single night or morning, to say his prayers on his knees, and in public, so long as he was in good health; his wife prayed with him. He was among Pagans, and with men who were half Apostates. They scoffed at him; they urged him to sing superstitious songs which they use when they have recourse to the Devil. They reproached him, saying that he would not be fortunate in his hunting. This good young man never faltered in his belief, either in heart or by word or deed. The example of those who fell, the raillery of those who scoffed, could never shake him. I asked him if at least his courage had not been sometimes weakened. "Not at all," he replied, "I very often felt sorrow and regret for my sins; but it seems to me that I had in my heart such strength for prayer and for Faith that I was more touched with compassion for these poor people, on account of their incredulity and their jests, than I felt aversion for the contempt with which they treated me." It is true that this young man is the son of one of the bravest Christians of the reduction of St. Joseph.

[22] His wife was delivered of a child in that very remote region. "The child," he said, "appeared to be barely alive. They told me that he was dead—that it was all over with him. I knelt and offered him to God, begging him that he might at least be spared until he could be baptized. God granted my