

see him? Dost thou allow thyself to be tricked by those strangers who have recently come here?' To all this I answered not a word. On the following day, as I was about to eat, I began to pray to God; again they commenced to laugh immoderately. Thereupon one of my relatives said to me: 'My nephew, thou hast no sense; thou art not surprised at anything; hearest thou not those people who are scoffing at thee?' Nevertheless, I would not give up my prayer. They continued their banter. 'Is he mad?' they said. I [24] did not lose courage for all that. I did not content myself with merely believing; I endeavored to win over my little sister. I took her to one side, and said to her: 'My sister, what wouldst thou say if thou wert taught to pray to God?' She replied, 'I do not wish to pray, for I would die. How can one speak to him whom one does not see?' The Father who instructed me had given me a little bell; when my sister saw it, she asked me for it. I told her that I would give it to her if she would pray. 'No,' she said, 'I will not pray, for I would die.' 'And if thou takest the bell, wilt thou not die?' 'No, I shall not die,' she said. 'Then,' I replied, 'if thou wilt not die because thou takest a bell that comes from the French, why shouldst thou die for receiving prayer from them, which is very much better?' She answered nothing then. Finally, I gave her my bell to win her; but, at the same time, I left her to come down here."

While this young Neophyte was baring his conscience to his director, he said: "Sometimes, in truth, my soul has no sense. It sometimes leaves its path, without saying anything,—I do not notice its going; and when, all of a sudden, I observe [25]