

When some scoffers reproached him, saying that Faith made him a slave, and that it was lowering himself too much to obey the Father who taught him. "Well," said he, "I do not wish to obey him any longer, but I wish to obey God, whose word he bears." "I have now but one [136] fear in this world," he said on one occasion, "and that is that I may lose the grace of Baptism. That is the occupation of my thoughts, and the strongest desire of my heart."

One favor from Heaven soon attracts another, and the graces of God do not stop at a single person. He who followed this Captain in Baptism was named Estienne; his surname is Mangouch. He is a man of very sweet temper, who had already some knowledge of our mysteries through having nearly always been the Teacher of the language to our Fathers. But he knew them without believing them, and what he had heard of Paradise and of Hell had never effected a breach in his heart.

When God gives life to words, they have a thousand times more effect than the most forcible Rhetoric of an Aristotle or a Cicero. Father Charles Raymbaut spent last Summer with the Nipissiriniens, and while he was suffering from the disease that killed him after his arrival at Kebec, he said but a few words to this man, which pierced his heart. "Mangouch," he said to him, "thou seest well that I am about to die; and at such a moment I would not tell thee a lie. I assure thee that there is [137] down below a fire that will burn the wicked forever." This man had heard this truth a thousand times, but this time he feared it. He did not reply, although his heart was more strongly agitated than ever.