

him that he shall quit prayer, and his child will get well. "No, no," he says; "but much rather my prayers will cure him, if God will." In fact, he proceeded to pray, and his son recovered health so rapidly that our Fathers have concluded that this good Neophyte's faith had merited this favor of Heaven.

Seven or eight months later, this same child again fell sick. That good Christian, seeing his wife and all his relatives desolate, had recourse to the same Physician. At evening, on saying his prayers, he exclaimed, "My God, my son is more yours than mine; dispose as you shall please, of either his life or death, for nothing is impossible with you;" the next morning the child was found to be perfectly cured.

[109] Another day, while journeying over the ice of our great lake with an infidel,—both laden with corn, as much as they could carry,—his companion had so severe a fall, and wounded himself so seriously, that he remained prostrate on the spot, and was seized with a deep stupor. This good Christian no longer knew what counsel to take, unless to leave there his load, and to drag, as he should be able, that lame man over the ice. He throws himself on his knees in the midst of that icy plain, and says, lifting his eyes toward Heaven: "My God, you can heal him; I pray you to, if you accept my prayer." At the very time, he saw that he had been heard. His comrade returns to himself, and rises, as vigorous as if his fall and his wound had been nothing but a dream. Astonishment seizes both alike; but the Christian begins to speak, and, well recognizing the hand which did this act of wonder, "My comrade," he says to him, "I have prayed to God that he should take care both of thee and of me; it is he who has healed