

most popular men in the Village of St. Ignace, before he had received the faith,—no sooner embraced it than he saw the affections of his whole Village changed toward him. Opportunities were sought for beating him to death, and,—these attacks not being successful,—that they might get rid of him with more impunity, he was vigorously accused of being in the number of those secret Sorcerers whom every one is permitted to slay as a public victim, and as the cause of diseases which become protracted, and for which a cure cannot be obtained.

This good Christian was not astonished, seeing himself so closely attacked at a point so sensitive; he braced himself against that storm, and the temptation has served only to give more luster to his faith and his courage. [39] “I begin to know,” he said openly in public, “that my heart does not deceive me, and that my faith is genuine, since it is an object of hatred. If they have formed the design of making me lose either life or the faith, let them hasten to slay me as soon as possible. My soul does not cling to my body, and I will not attempt to parry my death; I will lower my head before the man who shall choose to kill me as a Christian. Let them not seek pretexts, and let them have as little fear to deal the first blow at my person, as I have to receive it; they will see that the Christians do not pale at death, and that their faith is proof against that which is considered most frightful in this world.”

The good thing is, that his zeal did not stop there. He has converted his family,—his wife, his children, and his nephews; and since that time, he does not cease to publish to the infidels the excellence of the faith, which all admire in him, but which those who