

it is his affair more than ours. Meanwhile, he has chosen for us, among a thousand, two young men of that nation, whom he has drawn from their country, and [90] whom he has called to the faith by ways all full of love. We have given to the one the name of Louys; the second is called Michel, from the name of the Mission of Saint Michel, in which he dwells. His surname is Exouaendaen.

They are both captives of war, who, having been taken when quite young, have been preserved alive, and have found in this country the blessing of the faith,—which makes them cherish their captivity more than they have ever felt love for their native land. Above all, the guidance of God over the second one has appeared to us lovable.

He was touched to the heart from the first time that he heard mention of God; but, as those who had adopted him as a son were all infidels, we made no haste to speak to him so soon of Baptism, for fear that he were not devoutly enough inclined for it. He, besides, did not dare to ask it, esteeming himself unworthy of it,—or, at least, not realizing that, being a poor, forsaken one, we might wish to cast our eyes on him for a grace for which he saw that we showed so much esteem. Thereupon he falls sick with a languor that continued to consume him, and with a species [91] of paralysis, which obliged us to speak to him as to a man who must be prepared as soon as possible for Heaven. “These are,” he answered, “the desires of my heart: and if you wait until I die, to baptize me, gladly will I face death to-day, in order to see myself as soon as possible a Christian.”

His thoughts after his Baptism were no longer of