

The conversion of an old man aged eighty years, of the Village of saint Joseph, is of this number. One of our Fathers, being in a cabin of infidels, hears the bell ring which was calling the Christians to Mass. "It is necessary," he said, "that I go to prayers;" and adds, smiling, [96] "as for such a one" (naming this old man), "he has no desire to come thither." "Why not?" answers the infidel; "come, now, let me go with thee!" The Father is surprised to see this man following him and presenting himself to enter with the Christians; but as he supposes that it is only a piece of merriment, he sends him away for another time. The old man patiently waits at the door, and, Mass ended, asks that they have pity on him, and that at least they teach him some word of prayer. At evening, he presents himself again, and continues without growing weary of the delays which were imposed upon him. Finally, his constancy enables him to find admission to the place intended for the Catechumens. The feast of Christmas having come, this man urges that he be baptized; the Father, wishing to try his faith still further, and to postpone his Baptism longer, sends him away to our house at sainte Marie, if he desire to be baptized. This was binding him to a condition that was impossible, in the Father's judgment,—obliging him to make a journey of five or six leagues, at the most rigorous time of the year, and through snows three and four feet deep, from which often the most robust young men find it hard to extricate themselves. But [97] the faith of this good old man gave him strength, and all those mountains of snow could not quench his fervor.

Seeing himself baptized, he thinks no more but of