

love and compassion of their hearts; they adored him on the wood of the cross without haste, without confusion,—uniting an outward modesty, not studied, to inward feelings which they cannot express. The mothers detached their little children from their breasts, in order to prostrate them and have them kiss the image of their Savior. In a word, the candor, the simplicity, the goodness, which render these people somewhat too rude in the sight of the world, guide them with great certainty to the port [149] of their salvation.

The Savages wishing to lodge in cabins in the forest, on account of the rigor of the cold, a poor sick woman, seeing that she would be distant from the Church, betook herself thither as best she could, and, having asked for a father, said to him: “I come to confess for the last time. The mountain is too steep,—I shall not be able to go down, and you will have too much trouble in going up; therefore I come to thank you, and to take leave of you. Pray for me, my Father, I shall see you no more in this world.” “But I shall see you,” the Father answers her; “I will go to visit you in your cabin,” in which he failed not. The poor sick woman was consoled by him in a matter which cannot be told; she said to him one day, “My Father, will you not have me receive communion once again before I die?” “I am willing,” he answered; “but it would be necessary to embellish your cabins a little at the coming of so great a Captain.” “Alas! what ornament could one bestow on a place so wretched? It is much better that I be drawn to his house.” No sooner said than done; two Neophytes offer themselves, wrap her in her blanket, bind her upon a sledge, and draw her