

holy Mass, my heart leaps for joy; it seems to me that I am called to some great feast." This worthy man often goes to visit and console the sick,—enter-taining them with holy discourses, and with the hope of a better life. It happened to him on a certain day that, having broached a spiritual topic, he stopped quite short,—losing, as they say, his star. He had some idea that the Demon was trying to disturb him; he leaves the cabin, withdraws in private, offers his prayer to God, and in a moment his spirit saw itself quite free, and his memory as fortunate as before. He returned to his patient, continuing his discourse with a greater facility than that with which he had begun it.

A Savage, baptized for some time, arrived on one of the days of this past Winter; [158] the Father who had just celebrated Holy Mass having appeared, he said to him: "My Father, I must tell you what happened last night in my cabin. When I had fallen asleep, it seemed to me that a Demon approached me; I saw and heard him,—he was mocking at my manner of reciting the rosary, and aping me with ridiculous gestures. He was trying to disgust me with prayer: trying to persuade me that it was severe and vexatious. As soon as I saw him, I made the sign of the Cross, but he did not flee; on the contrary, the more I made it, the more he imitated me. Finally, seeing his obstinacy, I made an effort which awoke me. I began to say insulting things to him. 'Be-gone, miserable spirit, wretched and wicked; it is thou who deceivest men, and dashest them into the fires wherein thou thyself burnest without hope of ever getting out of them. Thou wouldst deceive me and render me a companion of thy treachery and