

him have no difficulty in believing that a miracle cured him of a disease, and that an extraordinary grace has called him to the Faith of [172] Jesus Christ; there is nothing so innocent, nothing so candid, nothing more modest than this good Neophyte. The Ursuline Mothers, who have often seen him and conversed with him, affirm that they have never had any complaint to make of his actions, so scrupulous is he; never has he refused any employment, no matter how low or how vile, or how foreign it might be to the usages among Savage men. If any act were assigned to him which savored among them of the occupation of a woman, after simply making a very modest statement, he swallowed that embarrassment,—not after the manner of a Barbarian, but with an altogether Christian spirit.

The Ursuline Mother who understands their language, knowing the innocence of his life, asked him on a certain day whether he often approached the holy Table. "I would not dare," he answered, "to present myself there of my own accord; I have many desires to, but I say in the depth of my heart, 'I am unworthy of it.' If Marie" (this is the Mother's name) "judged me fit for it, she would say to me: 'Michel, receive communion;' since she says not a word to me of this, it is a sign that I ought not to do so." This meekness is very lovable.

Some of his comrades urging him [173] to go to war this Spring, he answered them that he could not go thither without the order of him who directed him. "We see plainly," they reply, "that thou art a woman, and not a man." He lowered his eyes and restrained his words, but his heart was piqued; he went, some time afterward, to unburden it in the