

He had cured him of his diseases,—having, perhaps, consideration for my prayers, and for [189] the obedience that I rendered to his commandments: but, because I grievously offended him some time ago, he has justly chastised me through the death of my son. I am not sad or grieved at his death, for he is in Heaven; but I am grieved to have offended him who has made all.” As soon as this little child was buried, that good Neophyte called those who had been present at his death, and at his burial; made them a magnificent feast, after their fashion; and subsequently distributed to them the most beautiful things and the best that he had in his cabin, with these words: “The honor that you have done to a blessed child, and the sins which have caused his death, give me joy and sadness. Behold what my joy gives to your love, and what the sorrow for my offenses robs me of in order to perform you an act of thanks.” The belief that the souls of their children are in Heaven infinitely comforts them in the distress which they feel at their death. A mother weeping and, as it were, in despair, will suddenly stop her tears, if the Father, affectionately chiding her, reproaches her for mourning at the happiness and glory of her child.

In conclusion, these peoples have manifested [190] a great affection for the Father: they also said that his life was very different from the lives of their sorcerers, and that the God whom he adored had indeed another power than their Manitou. “It must surely be,” they said, “that the God whom this Father announces to us, is powerful, since he so perfectly cures the greatest and the most contagious diseases,—which the Manitou or Genii, whom our sorcerers