

come near their country; poverty, sufferings, cold, and hunger, banish from it those monsters. They nevertheless have their temptations and their trials; diseases, and sorcerers, or soothsayers, do not [206] fail to afflict them. The grandson of a Christian having fallen sick, one of those fine physicians, seeing that he did not get well, offers himself to his father in order to breathe upon him and treat him in their manner. The Father dismisses him; but, as the sickness became aggravated, the Juggler urges his point, and manifests a great love toward the father and the child,—so that the man, turning to his wife, says to her: “Would there be great harm in allowing our child to be breathed upon by this man, who promises me to cure him?” “How?” his wife replies to him, “dost thou ask whether there is harm in a thing which the Fathers have forbidden us? This man shall not approach my son; his lips are full of the devil. I would rather that my child die, than be cured by a demon; if he die, he will go to Heaven; if he is breathed and sung over, he will go to the fires. I will never suffer him to approach my son.” This good woman was more zealous than intelligent upon this point; for her son was a little innocent, from whom all the demons and all the sorcerers in the world could not take away grace.

For the rest, her zeal worked wonders; she taught the prayers to those who [207] did not know them. The Father was listening to her one day, in secret, to hear how she was instructing an old man of seventy years, teaching him to make a good confession. This old man listened to her as attentively as one might lend ear to a great Prelate: he retained so well