

all that was taught him, that he confessed as clearly as if he had been a Christian from his infancy. That woman confessed after him, and greatly astonished her Confessor. The God of Heaven is the God of every one; his eyes regard as kindly the cabins of bark as the Palaces or Louvres of marble. These poor people requested instruments of piety, with which to lacerate their bodies,—such hatred and horror had they for their sins.

A worthy Neophyte, who did not come down this Spring, has been greatly afflicted and consoled in the sickness of a child whom he loved as his little Benjamin, who, likewise, was born to him in his old age. This poor little one had languished for four or five months, drawing daily near to death; and every day his father made a sacrifice of him to God. "Thou hast given him to me," he said to him; "if thou wilt take him again, he is thine. I [208] am very glad of it, since thou wilt have it so. My grief is, that he suffers much,—it is for thee to determine his life or his death." A Juggler, seeing the child's distress, promised the father that, if he would allow him to beat his drum and breathe upon his son, he would cure him in a little while. "Thou promisest this," answered him that good old man, "but thou wilt not do it,—both because I know thine impotence, and because thou shalt never approach my son. It is from him who has given life that we must ask health, and not from the Demon, who seeks only our misfortune." When he then manifested regret at having lost an image before which he said his prayers, the sorcerer urged that he might show it to him. "I had," he said, "enclosed it in this pouch; I have looked for it several times with diligence, and