

touched thereby that, going to find one of our Fathers, he said to him with emotion full of tenderness: "Are we not ashamed—we, who have more knowledge than these peoples—to lead a life so base, and to behave so coldly in our prayers? This good Christian woman has given me a valuable lesson, without seeing me or speaking to me." A good Christian widow, being near death, left her son to a French family; some persons asking her the reason why she did not give him to those of her own nation, she said: "I am sure that my son will be a Christian, living with the French; this is all the good that I desire for him." The Father who went to visit her in her sickness, seeing her consoled in her abundant sufferings, was deeply moved at hearing these words issue from her lips: "No, no, I am not grieved at my sufferings, but rather because I have offended God. He looks at me, and sees what I endure; I do not tell him to take kind thought for my body, but rather to have pity on my soul. [245] When shall I see him? When shall I leave this life?" She asked several times that they would show her her coffin, so little apprehension did she have of death,—something so rare among the Savages that it is not permitted to name a dead person in their cabins; the Faith and grace have powerful effects in a faithful heart.

The Onontchataronons,—commonly called by the French, "those of the Iroquet nation,"—who were instructed last year at Montreal, came down this year to three Rivers; I will mention two or three who, in truth, have given excellent tokens of their salvation and predestination. Jean Baptiste Manitou-nagwy, baptized last year at Montreal, has continued