

Meanwhile, a Pagan had crept at night into the cabin of this good Neophyte, to seek some girl or woman, according to their former custom. This truly Christian man reproved him with an Apostolic freedom and zeal. The Pagan—who did not dare to do him any injury, because he is a man of authority—inflicted, through some fury or I know not what frenzy, a knife-wound in his own thigh. When our Neophyte [52] saw the blood flowing abundantly, he said to him: “What, have my words turned into a knife? Adieu; I am going away. I see very well that, if I were to speak much longer to you, my words would soon become a javelin that would kill you.” Thereupon, he decamped and went to hunt in another place, where his wife and his daughter fell ill. As he always carried holy water with him, he gave a little of it to his wife to drink; and with some more of it he made the sign of the Cross on the forehead, and on the breast of his little girl, saying to them: “Lift up your hearts to God and say to him: ‘Cure me, if it be thy will. Thou canst do all things. If thou say of me: ‘Let her be cured!’ I shall be cured. If thou wilt not cure me, follow out thy own purpose. I do not believe in thee only that my health may be restored.’” “I knelt beside her,” he added, “and I said to him who has made all: ‘They are sick, as thou seest well. Do all as thou willest. If thou say that they will be cured, thou wilt do me a pleasure. If thou say not a word, I will say but this: ‘Take them to Heaven.’” I know not,” said he, “what are the thoughts of him who has made all; but I do know that one of them was suddenly cured and the other became better at once, and shortly [53] afterward she recovered her-