

and [56] blood had not inspired her with those sentiments for she was the daughter of a very bad father whom God had removed from the face of the earth by a public punishment. What fury must not that man feel on seeing from amid the flames his child in the midst of glory? which he had forfeited through having ever been leagued against the Faith and against the truth, of which he had a considerable knowledge.

The Nuns of the Hospital, who have always had some sick French people under their care, also fed throughout the winter a small cabinful of Savages, who edified us greatly. The good Mothers with their accustomed zeal did not fail to make them pray to God every day in their own language; with both hands they bestowed charity, not only for the body but for the soul. I remember that, when I visited those poor people, a woman said from time to time: "But will my Father who is in Heaven pardon my sins? I hate myself. I would like to be torn to pieces for having offended him." "I am often sad," said another, "because I have no sense. I cannot remember the prayers that we are made to recite every day." When any one of them was asked whether it was [57] a long time since he had confessed, if a fortnight had passed without his having done so, he would complain that he was not heard often enough. It must be admitted that, if the Hiroquois did not keep our Neophytes away from our settlements, and if strangers did not come and mix with them, we would have choice souls as regards their candor and their simplicity. The Captain of Tadoussac was ill at St. Joseph, and he showed that God triumphs in the midst of barbarism. The Father who has charge of the Savages went to visit