

this Magician go away." The father and mother, and all those present, were much astonished at this rebuke,—so innocent, but yet so efficacious that they made that juggler withdraw, not wishing to grieve this sick child. But their astonishment increased when, on that very day, this child asked to be carried to the Church, asserting that she would get well,—as, in fact, it happened. This event has been the means of converting the father and the mother, who have adopted their daughter's faith, and have received Baptism after her,—blessing God for having called them with so much gentleness.

A young girl of fifteen years, among the most accomplished in the country, still a Catechumen, had been taken captive toward the end of last year's Winter; the enemies, however, had spared her life, and she remained with them in her captivity. She was the daughter and sister of two excellent Christians, who had no greater regret in the loss which they had incurred, than that this poor captive had not [30] yet been baptized. She, too, in her captivity did not forget her faith, and often exclaimed to God: "My God,—and the God of my mother and my sister, who know you better than I, and who serve you so faithfully,—have pity on me! I have not been baptized; grant me this favor before I die." One day, when this poor afflicted one was in a field of Indian corn, which she was planting for those whose slave she was, she heard voices from Heaven which were singing a ravishing music in the air, from the chant of our Vespers, which she had formerly heard. She looks about her, supposing that some Frenchmen would accost her; but she sees nothing else. She kneels down, and prays to God