

were so faithful to his heart, that they had no sight for the objects which might have soiled purity. His body was not rebellious to the spirit; and in the midst of impurity itself,—which reigns, it seems, in this country,—he lived in an innocence as great as if he had sojourned in the midst of a desert inaccessible to that sin. A woman presented herself one day to him, in a place somewhat isolated, uttering to him unseemly language, and breathing a fire which could come only from a firebrand of hell. The Father, seeing himself thus attacked, made upon himself the sign of the cross, without answering any word; and this spectre, disguised beneath a woman's dress, disappeared at the same moment.

[84] The purity of his conscience was like the apple of the eye, which cannot suffer the least little dust, or a single grain of sand. From the year 1630, he writes that he felt in himself no attachment for any venial sin, nor the least pleasure in the world; that his will was as averse to it as to his greatest enemy; and that he would rather choose all the pains of hell than the least sin. And yet a little after, on the same day, he adds these words: *Ne me Deus tanquam infructuosam arborem succideret, oravi ut me dimitteret adhuc hoc anno, et promisi me meliores fructus allaturum*,—"For fear that God should cut me off at the root, as a fruitless tree, I have prayed him that he still suffer me to stand, this year; and I have promised him that I would yield him better fruits than in the past."

It once escaped him to tell one of our Fathers, that, since he had been among the Hurons, he had not sought even a single time his own taste in eating. As for me,—though I have been very