

the Mission. I remember that in [49] my sickness, when they believed me to be near death, one evening, watching with me, he begged that, when I should be in Paradise, I would pray for the Mission of Saint Joseph, of which he then had the care. He entreated for that above everything else, and in a way that I cannot describe, but which gave me to understand that he thought of nothing but the welfare of his Mission. It was often a source of admiration to me that he never spoke ill of any Savage, however insolent he might have been. Often, too, when I spoke to him of some fault in them that had displeased me, he would listen quietly, and either excuse it or say nothing; nor have I ever seen him manifest, by word or action, even the least passionate feeling toward any Savage. He thought only of the concerns of his Mission. He was ignorant of France, as if he were a man who had never belonged to it; and news of it, which reached him once in every year, made so little impression on him, that it was immediately forgotten. It was only by great effort that he brought himself to make a reply, from which he could not spare himself, to certain letters. [50] He seemed to have been born only for the conversion of the Savages, his fervor in that respect increasing every day. It was a matter of keen regret to him when some little child escaped his vigilance, and died without Baptism; the intelligence surprising and afflicting him as another would be afflicted by the death of one of his nearest relatives. His zeal was unwearying: he would often leave his meals or sleep, for the sake of his Christians. I have seen him, many times, set out in fearful weather, to walk with great difficulty from one village to another, even