

to be on the brink of the grave. This good Neophyte, whom I named Simeon, was so suddenly revived in body and soul, after three or four years of weakness, in an extreme old age, that he caused astonishment to all his fellow-countrymen. 'You well know,' he would say to them, 'that, before my baptism, I was dead—I had ceased to live, I could not move; and, two days later, I was seen to be in health. This winter, I have killed four Moose which I hunted down; I have slain two Bears, and put to death a good many small Deer. I think unceasingly of him who made all things; I often speak to Jesus, [96] and he strengthens and comforts me. I am the only one left of my family, having seen my son, my wife, and my little nephews die. At first, I felt some sorrow at these deaths; but, as soon as I had begun to pray, my heart was consoled, knowing as I did that they who believe and are baptized go to Paradise. I thanked him who made all things that they had died Christians, and I feel a joy in my heart at the prospect of seeing them soon in Heaven. When my heart is inclined to lose itself in sadness, I kneel before God, and prayer makes me find my heart again.'

"Another man, still older, is so greatly given to prayer that he spends a part of the night in private intercourse with God, while the others are taking their rest. On one occasion, when I had lain down to sleep in his cabin, I heard him get up stealthily, hidden by the darkness from my eyes, but not from my ears. He began his orisons with the prayers that I had taught him, adding others so appropriate, and rendering acts of devotion so tender, that they delighted me. He tried to speak in a very low tone,