

ardor was so great," says the Father, "for retaining the prayers or the truths that I taught them, that they spent the [100] nights in repeating their lessons. The old men became pupils to their little children. The Catechumens, very little versed in our science, were forced to play the Doctor. Some would write their lessons after a fashion of their own, using a bit of charcoal for a pen, and a piece of bark instead of paper. Their characters were new, and so peculiar that one could not recognize or understand the writing of another,—that is to say, they used certain signs corresponding to their ideas; as it were, a local reminder, for recalling points and articles and maxims which they had retained. They carried away these papers with them, to study their lessons in the quiet of the night. Jealousy and emulation sprang up among them: the little ones vied with the older ones who should soonest learn his prayers; and those to whom I could not give all the time they asked me for, reproached me therefor.

"But it seems to me the Angels took especially great pleasure in seeing the ardor and spirit of the smallest children: they all ran after me to [101] be instructed; they came to prayers every morning and evening; they clasped their little hands, knelt down, and pronounced after me very sedately what I made them say; and they continued this exercise every day, of their own impulse, or, rather, by the impulse of him who bade the Apostles to let them come unto him, since theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

The third proof is found in the love they feel for their Father and Patriarch. The Savages, who are commonly rather cold in their passions, have very often made him feel the warmth of their affection.