

mother's brother, for the death of one of her slaves—whom he cruelly killed, out of revenge for some slight vexation formerly caused him by his sister. The father and mother of this good christian had gone out together, the wife being armed as well as the husband, to kill the murderer; but the efforts of this girl succeeded so well that she diverted the blow, and prevented them from executing their design. The mother nearly died from chagrin at not having revenged herself, and she carried her spite so far as to come no longer to church. Her daughter took the liberty of reproving her for this. "I shall go to the church," she said, "if I am revenged." "God," replied her daughter, "forbids revenge, and wills that punishment be left to him." "Then let him make my brother die," said the mother, "and I will be a good christian. If he does not kill him, I will not cease to seek means to destroy him." "Oh, you offend God," her daughter replied with tears. After this great rage had softened to some extent, she ceased not to represent to her the scandal that she had given to our new church, and urged her to go to confession; and her constancy in enduring all her mother's rebuffs and hard words overcame the latter's obstinacy. One day she heard her father complaining to her husband of the ingratitude of the French, for whom he had made so many sacrifices, and to whom he had rendered good service—and he spoke truly, for without him the French would have been massacred here. He said that the French who had displayed the greatest friendship toward him would not even look at him since he was a christian; that the commandant, far from manifesting pleasure because he