

out: "Here enters he who has done what we admire." All squatted like monkeys on the fir-branches, without much shame; they took their pipes, filled one for the sick man who was cured, and thanked me. At the very first compliment, I seized the opportunity to make them understand that the master of life and death was the sole and great God, the creator, who is adored by all nations except by them; that the cure was to be attributed neither to the physician nor to his remedies, but to him who has made all, and who, by thus manifesting his power, showed them that prayer did not kill men, as they pretended. These arguments did not strike them with sufficient force; all, even to the sick man, made only barren promises, the effect whereof has yet to be seen.

Here, on the other hand, is something much more consoling. There was an entire family of truly predestined mistassins, whose lovable candor attracted the missionary's attention still more. It was necessary to go to seek them a league from the village; 5 or 6 little savages, singing hymns, guided me to the spot. There I saw a young child about eleven years old, who was dying. I taught him our mysteries without any trouble, promising myself to instruct him thoroughly if he recovered. He replied concisely to my questions, adding that he did not understand, but that he believed what I myself believed. I was delighted, and did not hesitate to baptize him privately. A matron whom I had baptized at Christmas, with her two children, and who made such use of the grace she had received that she sacrificed herself, and generously died in the service of the sick in question, hastened after us, and undertook to bring me the child on the following day, alive or