

ther Buteux, a Savage had given this wretched man a blow from an axe, during the night, which dashed his brains out of his head. So thus he passed into the other world.

On the eighth of the same month, November, Monsieur Giffart<sup>8</sup> baptized a little savage child, aged about six months, believing him so near death that we could not be summoned; yet he lived on for some time. His wife nursed this poor little child, and cared for it as if it had been her own. One night, awakening full of astonishment and joy, she said to her husband that she believed this little Angel had gone to [32] Heaven; "No," he replied, "I have just now been to see it, and it still lives." "I beg you," she answered, "to go and look again; I cannot believe that it is not dead, as I have just seen in my sleep a great troop of Angels coming to take it." So they went to see it again, and found that it had passed away. They were very glad that they had helped send to Heaven a soul that will bless God throughout all eternity. On the sixth day of January of this year, one thousand six hundred and thirty-five, Father Lallemant applied the waters of holy Baptism to a little girl about nine or ten years of age, who is being reared in the house of a French family. This child had some one ask the Father to admit her into the Church; he examined her in regard to her belief, and, seeing her sufficiently instructed, knowing besides that she [33] had no relatives who could take her from the hands of our French people, he made a present of her to the little Jesus on Epiphany; she has continued to do well since then, fleeing from the Savages, so that she cannot be induced to speak to them.