

will give thee ten Beavers." "Thou knowest well," replied the Father, "that we do not come to see the sick in order to get presents from them, but rather to give to them." "I know it very well, and therefore come and see me again about noon." He wished to have himself sung to by this Juggler; but the Father had the latter come to him privately and so frightened him that he did not sing nor blow upon this poor wretch, as he expected to do. The Father having returned to see him about noon, found that he had either been touched by the prayers of his children, who are in Heaven, or else that he was acting the hypocrite, for he promised wonders. But as [104] he was extremely proud, the faith could not enter nor make a long sojourn in his soul. *Quomodo vos potestis credere, qui gloriam ab invicem accipitis.* Pride places great barriers between God and the soul, and closes the door to Faith as well as to Charity. Some days afterward, he sent for the Father, and told him that he had been assured he would recover, if he would sleep with a hat on, begging him to give him one. When they tried to divert him from this superstition, this haughty spirit, impatient of contradiction, flew into a passion and uttered insults against the Fathers and against all the French, calling them liars and impostors. They tried to restore him to reason by gentleness; but he spitefully turned over, and would not answer a word. A little later, his brother, seeing he was nearing the end, said to a young French boy that he should inform the Fathers of it, but he forgot to do so. As death was rapidly approaching, another Savage came and rapped at the Fathers' door; but one of them was saying the holy Mass, and the other was otherwise