

Rev. Anthony Godeau, Bishop of Gratz. This little book, with a picture of St. Bruno, the illustrious founder of the Carthusian Order, to which some indulgences were attached, and a rude wooden cross which I had made, I always carried about me, so that, whenever death, which I had ever present before my eyes, should strike me down, I could most cheerfully die with the Holy Scriptures which had ever been my greatest consolation, with the graces and indulgences of my most holy Mother the Church, whom I had always greatly, but now most tenderly, loved, and with the cross of my Lord and Savior.

And now the middle of October was come when the Indians leave their villages to go and hunt deer, which they take by traps, or kill with their guns, in the use of which they are very skillful. This season, to the Indians one of relaxation and enjoyment, brought its new burden of sorrows for me; for I was given to a party, who were first amazed at me, then ridiculed, and at last began to hate me.

Mindful of the character imposed upon me by God, I began with modesty to discourse with them of the adoration of one only God, of the observance of his commandments, of heaven, hell, and the other mysteries of our Faith, as fully as I was able. At first, indeed, they listened, but when they saw me constantly recur to these things, and especially when the chase did not meet with the desired success, then they declared that I was an Otkon,* who caused them to take so little game. But what turned their ill-will into perfect rage and fury, so to speak, was this: It is a custom with all these nations to have recourse, in their hunting, fishing, war, sickness,

* Demon.