

They continued to persecute me in various ways. They stoned me, they hooted at me on the streets, and everything that was done in town, any fire set, any mischief of any kind committed, it was all blamed upon me. Of course it was very unpleasant, but I managed to endure it with God's help. But what hurt me the most of all was that after a while my sister went away to Meriden to be housekeeper for a priest, and she was taken sick there. When she was dying she kept calling for me, but they would not send me word, and I did not know a thing about it until after she was dead and buried. Some of my friends here advised me to go to a lawyer, and compel the priest to give me her things, but after thinking it over I concluded to let matters be as they were.

I was the first French convert to be baptised, and when I was baptised,