

In one of his winter journeys through the snow, attended by a party of Indians and sledge drawn by dogs, Mgr. Faraud was arrested by a low moaning sound which proceeded from a little girl lying under a hollow tree covered with icicles. Her hands and feet were already frostbitten, but she was still sufficiently conscious to tell him that her parents had left her there to die. It is a common practice with the savages to make away with any member of the family who is likely to become a burden to them. The priest put the child on the sledge, carried her home, and, with proper treatment, care, and food, she recovered. She was instructed and baptised, receiving the name of Mary. This child became the priest's consolation and joy, a visible angel in his house, gay and happy, and a source of happiness and edification to others. She was one of those chosen souls on whom God showers His choicest favours, and whom He calls to a close familiarity with Himself. But after a time the priest was obliged to leave on a distant mission, having been called to spend the winter with a tribe who wished to embrace Christianity, and whose territory lay at a distance of several hundreds of miles. What was to be done with Mary? To accompany him was impossible—to remain behind was to starve. There was at that time, among his savage catechumens, an old man and his wife whose baptism he had deferred till the following spring. This seemed to be the only solution of the difficulty. They had no children of their own; they would take charge of Mary, and bring her safe back to "the man of prayer" in the spring. Bitter was the parting between little Mary and the priest; but there was the hope of an early meeting in the following spring. The spring came, and the priest returned; but the old savages and Mary came not. For weeks the priest expected them, and then started to seek their dwelling, about fifty miles distant from his own. He found their house empty, and the man could nowhere be discovered. But in searching for him through the forest, he descried an old woman gathering fuel. It was his wife. Where was Mary? The old woman made evasive replies until the sternness of the priest's manner terrified her into confession. "The winter had been severe"—"they had run short of provisions"—"and— and—" in short, *they had eaten her*.

But if the difficulties, disappointments, and sufferings of the missionary in these American deserts are great, requiring in him great virtue and an apostolic spirit, his consolations are great also. The grace of God is always given in proportion to His servants' need; and in this virgin soil, where spurious forms of Christianity are as yet unknown, the effects it produces are at times astounding. The missionary is alternately tempted to elation and despair. He