



thought of getting married. Anastasia probed again: Was Kateri given over to slander, a fault widespread among the dis-taff Indians? She did not know what it was, either in theory or in practice. And never was she heard to speak evil of people, not even of those who spoke evil of others, not even of those who spoke evil of her.

It is not surprising then that the young convert became an intimate friend of this exceptional woman. She took for line of conduct to go with her to the fields and to the woods, quietly saying her rosary all the while. She thus wanted to avoid anything or anyone who could draw her attention away from the God of love. During the day, the two Indians chatted together as they roughhewed timber or reaped maize. About what? About God, about the means of being agreeable to Him and of serving Him better. Anastasia spoke to her companion about the lives of the saints, the hatred they had for sin, and the penances they practised to atone for their failings. Kateri learned more in a week by working with her teacher than in months with others.

When the autumn rain fell heavy and fast or later when the winter cold detained her in the village, her heart led her to the little bark church, where she spent hours in loving conversation with her Lord. The rest of the time, in the quiet of the long house, she made small, useful articles, happy with God