

the sick were as content to die, as to live, and by their patience, piety, and devotion greatly lightened the little trouble we took for them night and day. As for our Fathers, they enjoyed a blessing which is not a common one in France, that of daily receiving the Holy Sacrament of the Altar,—the Father Superior, or some one else, carrying it to them during the night. It was from this treasure house that they drew so many holy resolutions, and so many pious sentiments, which made them delight in, and tenderly cherish their condition, and prefer their poverty to all the comforts of France. Father Jogues was no sooner out of danger, than Father Chastellain entered that condition. He was harassed by a burning fever which made him very restless, and which possessed him until the 7th of October. The Father Superior twice bled him very successfully, and once Dominique, who sank so low that we gave him Extreme Unction,—his disease [67] was a purple fever. As for Father Garnier, his fever was not so violent, and we did not consider it otherwise dangerous, except that it occasioned him great weakness. The Father Superior tried twice to bleed him, but the blood would not flow; it was thus that God guided his hand, according to necessity. In the midst of all this, they certainly endured a great deal, and we felt much compassion for them, for the relief that we could give them was very little. If a bed of feathers often seems hard to a sick person, I leave your Reverence to imagine if they could rest easily upon a bed which was nothing but a mat of rushes spread over some bark, and at most a blanket or a piece of skin thrown over it. In addition to this, one of the most annoying things, and one which it was almost