

fell upon their knees. "Her hands are folded;" immediately all folded theirs. "She is looking at our Captain, who died on the Cross for us;" all raised their eyes and looked attentively at the Crucifix. "She is praying to God;" at once they began to repeat the prayers they knew. Then, having made their petitions, they stood up, and making a low courtesy to this Lady, proceeded to kiss her, with more simplicity [100] and candor than grace; and then they went away quite content. It is not the custom of the Savages to salute each other with a kiss; but as Madame de la Pelterie quite often embraces and kisses these poor girls on meeting them, these good creatures imagine that this act is of price and value, as they say, and that they must imitate her, in order to do right.

The Mothers speak in their account only of those who have died in their House. They do not see the results that proceed from their Hospital: for those who recover their health, go back to their cabins, without often letting them know the good which this charity has wrought in their souls. A part of what we related in the chapter on the Residence of Saint Joseph ought to be attributed to this House of Mercy; for the Savages, having received therein help in their sicknesses have been firmly won to God. I know one, among others, who was taken to this House by one of our Fathers, who went for him to the woods, where his Countrymen had abandoned him: this good young man, [101] having recovered his health through the care of these good Mothers, was so deeply affected, that he not only urgently solicited his baptism, but resolved to remain all his life among us, in order to be more fully instructed therein; and his relatives