

told her that there was no hope for her life,—that she had three mortal diseases; this innocent soul began to laugh, showing herself as joyous at the news of death, as another would have done at the news of life. We did not fail to report all this to the Savages, who took [103] rare pleasure in going to see her; she caressed them, smiling, which moved them exceedingly. Virtue has more eloquence than Aristotle or Cicero.

One of us asked her, one day, if she had no regret at having crossed the sea, at having left a house that could relieve her, and that would have found the proper remedies to restore her health; if the poverty of this country, the inconvenience of the dwelling, the absence of so many good sisters, the lack of food suitable for a sick person, did not cause her some sadness. This dear dove, looking at him with an eye which revealed the sincerity of her heart, said to him: “ My Father, if I were in France, and I should be offered all the honors capable of enticing a heart, I would leave them all that I might come to Canada, even if I were sure of finding here the disease that afflicts my body; for it seems to me that the resignation I experience in my heart, and the patience that I have in a very long and very painful sickness, have been given me by God, for the sake of Canada, to be offered by me to his [104] Majesty, without reserve, taking pleasure in coming to sacrifice my life to him in the service of the poor Savages.” If an Angel were capable of our desires, he would wish for ability to speak and to suffer like this maiden.

At last this beautiful soul was released from its body, on the fifth of the month of March; she filled