

her poor sisters with grief, and our hearts with joy; she left a sweet perfume of her virtues to the French and to the Savages. Being in an agony as the paroxysm suffocated her from time to time, then gave her some freedom of breath, she was so composed that she said, at times, "This last stroke is indeed long in coming." She was asked now and then if her heart were at peace; but one needed only to look at her face to see the peace of her soul. At length, feeling death near, she exclaimed: "This is the stroke! Adieu, my Mother," said she to her Superior, and with that breath her life ended. Some of the inhabitants told us, after her death, that they looked upon it as a favor that this saint had crossed the sea, to come and leave so sacred a deposit in their country; and they [105] believed that, by her merits and by her prayers, our Lord would bless these regions. If two brave Sisters—with their dowry, so as not to be a burden—would come to take the place of this dove, they would still find the perfume of her virtues. "We are too few in number," say these good Mothers, "for all the burdens that must be borne at this end of the world." Two generous souls could here gather palms that would approach to a minor Martyrdom: for the dangers of the Ocean, the prison floating at the will of the tempests, the poverty of a wholly new country, the rigor of the winters, are tyrants which do not take away the joy of steadfast souls; but which fill their garlands with lilies, roses, and palms.