

responding to the graces of God,—on that very day, promptly in the morning, he had knelt as was his wont in the middle of the cabin, commending his soul to God and offering himself, together with his whole family, to whatever it should please Our Lord to dispose for him or his. Toward noon, having left his cabin with three of his little nieces, to go to his field, he did nothing but instruct them by the way; then having reached the place, and seeing there the fruits of the earth, uncommonly flourishing: “Let us kneel,” he said, “and thank God for these good things which he gives us; [193 i.e., 195] it is the very least that we can do, since he continues his blessings upon us without ceasing.” After they had prayed to God, he had them gather some squashes; and, as soon as possible, he sent them back, all three burdened, to the house,—telling them that they were not in a secure place; that, as for him, he was going into the woods to cut some sticks of Cedar to finish the canoe which was to carry him to Kébec; and that on his return he would continue to work in his field for the rest of the day, this work being necessary. But what! there it was, in fact, where death was to find him several hours later.

Last Sunday, he had come to our house,—now distant about three leagues from his,—with his wife and his two children, in order to offer his devotions there as usual. After having confessed and received communion, he had sent for and had offered to Our Lord the first fruits of that same field in which he has since been killed; and God no doubt even then accepted both the gift and him who was making the offering,—having found him ripe [194 i.e., 196] for heaven,—inasmuch as so few days later he has willed