

A good Christian woman was very far away in the woods, with a [242] son of hers, who was attacked by a disease that caused both the Mother and the child a great deal of trouble. She gave the Father great consolation, when she explained to him how the poor young man had quitted this life to go to Heaven. "I often said to my son," related the poor Mother, "'Have courage, my child; endure thy sufferings patiently; thou wilt soon exchange them for eternal content. Dost thou not believe in God? Dost thou not remember that thou hast been taught that there is another life, and that those who love God will be happy?'" "I remember it very well," replied the sick youth, "but, alas! I am very sad because I cannot make my confession. Ah! how willingly would I confess myself, if there were a Father here." "Be not afflicted, my child; God will have mercy on thee. Love him; he is all goodness; be sorry for having offended him." "I have great hope in his goodness," replied the poor boy, "I shall die in the hope that he will have pity on me." And, casting his eyes on the poor Mother, who was so sorrowful because her son was about to leave her, "Be not sad, my mother," he said to her in the midst of [243] his sufferings. "Weep not because of my death, for I am going to a better life than that which I now leave. Commend my soul to God so that I may not stray from the right path." Finally, when the good child was dead, the savages who were present there buried him. They knelt at his grave, said their prayers, and recited the rosary for the repose of his soul.

The Father who instructed them fell ill and threw himself on his bed,—that is, on a Bearskin spread