

panied by excessive pain; and she displayed a courage worthy of a truly Christian soul.

She could hardly move when I brought her the viaticum, but her faith gave her strength. She rose from her bed, knelt on the ground, and, in a dying voice, exclaimed: "Here, my Lord; I firmly believe that it is you who come to visit me. I die in that Faith, and in repentance for having been so long without knowing you. Have pity on me." Several of those who were present could not restrain their tears. She alone showed on her countenance the joy that she felt in her heart, and the content of a soul that breathed only Heaven. On the following day, she fell into a deathlike stupor, and had neither eyes nor ears except when they spoke to her of praying to God; for then [30] she would revive, and, even in her death agony, took pleasure in adoring him whom she now enjoys.

She was pregnant five months, and that was our sole regret, that the death of so saintly a mother should deprive her child of the happiness that we hoped for it. We made a vow of a Novena in honor of saint Anne, that she might obtain Baptism for it. God was pleased to grant our prayers, at the very moment when we had lost all hope. The child came into the world, and lived only a few minutes, but still long enough to make him live forever in Heaven. We named him Ignace at his baptism. The mother soon followed this little Angel, and their bodies went together to the grave.

It was then that we saw ourselves compelled to consecrate a cemetery near our Church, which was to receive as its first seed so blessed a deposit. The burial was solemn, and so replete with devotion that the