

Christians, who had flocked to our place at the news of her death, left it only with tears [31] in their eyes, and in their hearts the desire to live and to die like her.

That is not all. This good woman has done more in Heaven for her relatives than she had done on earth. They all wish to follow her; and already one of her sisters, who is the head of the whole family, has forestalled the others, and has received the name of the deceased in baptism.

Since then, the Christians who have died not only at the village of la Conception, but at that of Saint Joseph, five leagues from our House, have wished to be buried in our cemetery. And the devotion of the living has been so fervent that the intense cold in the severest part of winter, and the depth of the snows, have not prevented them from carrying on their shoulders a burden that they considered only an agreeable one, because they thought that they were paying this last duty to bodies which would one day rise again with them in glory.

Moreover, on every Sunday in the summer, from fortnight to fortnight, and on the great festivals of the year, it was very consoling to witness the arrival at this [32] House of the Christians from a distance of ten or twelve leagues around, who assembled there often for three or four days,—at least, those whose strength and age permitted of their so doing. It is then that, seeing themselves all of one mind, they speak heart to heart; they animate one another; they hold Councils for the advancement of Christianity, for the establishment of Faith in their country, and for plans that God alone may be adored therein. Sermons are not wanting, and we then endeavor to make them practice what is most holy in the Church.