

same moment both the life of the body and that of the soul.

Another child in the cradle, whose father and mother had died excellent Christians, was about to come under the care of an aunt who was an infidel. She was carried a distance of ten leagues from us, to the place where this aunt resided, and where she soon became sick unto death. The Infidels urged the woman to have recourse to diabolical remedies. "No," she said to them, "she is a child destined for Heaven;" and when she saw her in the agony of death, she cried out: "God of the Christians, I do not know you; but I offer you this little baptized one, because they say that she is your daughter. If those who teach the road to Heaven were [44] here, they would tell her what road her soul must follow when it quits the body. You, who are her father, lead her yourself, for fear that she may stray. For my part, I shall bury her body in a separate place, and it will have nothing in common with the Infidels." This little innocent soul is now in Heaven, and she who had manifested such charity on her behalf, almost without knowing it, came to us from her country on two or three different occasions, told us her desire, and finally received Baptism, with so much consolation that her heart spoke out of her lips. "My God," she exclaimed, "could it be possible that I should ever forget this day and the holy promises that I have just made to you. Nothing is hidden from you, and you see in the depths of my soul that I would rather trample under foot a thousand porcelain collars, than commit a single sin against you."

Some days after his Baptism, a Christian met an