

days and on Sundays, to recite it all together; they do this in two choirs, who respond to each other with such sweetness that it is easy to see that that sort of prayer causes special delights to their souls.

I shall conclude this Chapter with the death of a Christian woman, which, without doubt, must have been most precious in the sight of God. Her name was Christine Tsorihia, and she had been baptized in the year 1639. She was the mother of that excellent Christian of whom I have already spoken, Estienne Totiri; and I can truly say that, from the moment of her conversion, she had always progressed in the practice of the highest virtues of Christianity,—but, above all, in a love for the sufferings [91] and afflictions of this life, which, she said, seemed to her full of sweetness since she had known that this afflicted body will one day rise again, to enjoy a glory that will be without end. She received the Sacraments with sentiments of a piety full of affection. Among other things, she had a very tender devotion to the blessed Virgin. I have no doubt that in Heaven she will enjoy forever the fruits of that devotion; but I know not whether, even before death, she did not feel the sweetness thereof. At least, this is what happened to her some hours before her death. When her agony approached, she had already lost the use and sense of her sight. She suddenly exclaimed, as if astonished and ravished with admiration: “O my son, seest thou not the rare beauty of that great Lady, all brilliant with light, who stands at my side? Seest thou not that beautiful book that she carries open in her hands? Hearest thou not those words of love? Oh, how much better she speaks to me than our brothers, the French!