

How her words penetrate deep into my heart! [92] How amiable she is, and how beautiful it is to see her!" The good woman spoke to one of her sons, an excellent Christian named Paul Okatakwan. "My mother, you are dreaming," said the young man to her; "I see nothing, and how can you see what you say you do, since your eyes are closed?" "No, no, my son," replied the mother; "I am not at all mistaken, nor do I wish to deceive thee. See on the other side those young Frenchmen who accompany her; they are the handsomest I have ever seen. What rich clothes they wear! But listen rather to what that Lady says to me! Oh, how beautiful it is to see her." Thereupon she passed away in death. She was the second who was buried in our Cemetery of sainte Marie, for she was carried there from her own village, where she died, about six leagues distant, according to the wish that she had expressed in her lifetime.

We were more than eight months without knowing these particulars of her death; for her son Paul did not pay more heed to that vision than if it had been a dream, thinking that there could be no other sight but that of the [93] eyes. One day, by accident, he related the whole story to his elder brother, Estienne Totiri, who finally told it to us some days ago, as he was about to leave for the war, saying that, as for him, he believed that those young Frenchmen of such rare beauty were Angels from Heaven, who accompanied the most blessed Virgin, for whom his mother always had such a tender devotion.