

## CHAPTER IV.

## CONTINUATION OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

WE have had but few cases of sickness this year, and still fewer deaths. Disease would soon have killed all, had it continued to rage as furiously as we have seen it do.

A good and truly Christian woman was attacked by a rather violent illness. As soon as she felt its stress, she said to one of her countrymen: "I beg you to bring a Father to me. I would like very much to confess, and to prepare myself for death, while I still have possession of my senses." The Father went to visit her, and, seeing that she was not far from the Chapel, he had her carried thither, in order to give her the holy Viaticum. [26] A sick person among the Savages is soon raised and soon bedded. When this poor creature had confessed, she said to the Father: "I am exhausted; my strength fails me. I am not sorry to see myself near death; my body is cast down, but my soul is content; it seems to me that I am going to Heaven. Nothing disturbs me; death causes me no fear; I suffer much, but that will soon pass. I have always in mind the last words that my son said to me, when he was dying. He called me and said: 'My Mother, I am going to Heaven; believe firmly in God; never abandon the Faith; do not lose the Hope that you have in him who has made all. For my part, I die in the belief of my Baptism that we shall see each