

It was a profound satisfaction to these good Mothers to see that their prayers were heard,—considering that, since they have been in New France, not one Savage has died in their Hospital without baptism. Mother de saint Ignace, who has blessedly passed from this life into the other, had so especial a care for this, that she could not sleep soundly, if the souls of these patients were not in safety, so far as charity can place them therein. These good Sisters courageously follow in this path; they have been burdened with more than eighty French and Savage patients during the course of the year. This house of God is a great help to the entire country; and there is no one in the country who does not bestow a thousand blessings upon their Foundress.

But since we have alluded to the death of Mother Marie de saint Ignace, [161] I think that I am obliged to say something about it here. This good Mother, after having conducted her daughters to Canada, and having governed them there for six years, was stricken with an asthma,—or, rather, with an aggravation of asthma (for she had felt it since leaving France),—together with a continually disordered stomach, which caused her violent pains for the space of fifteen months; and yet never did she forego on that account the care and service of the sick. When any of them were in danger, she had her bed carried into the ward where they are received, that she might watch over them with one of her Sisters, and console them; but, if she were unable to go thither, she inquired several times at night concerning their situation,—especially in what regards the last passage of the soul to its Creator. When some fresh meat was given her on account of her sickness, she ate