

from the Calendar, which was defective. They all began to laugh, accusing, with love, their Father's hand, which had, they said, lost its way [213] in writing. It is very easy, in so many days and so many papers which must be given them, to miss a letter or a stroke of the pen.

The Father, having received his accounts, returns to his usual exercises: he preaches, catechizes, and exhorts, in public and in private; he visits the cabins, and notices how the prayers are conducted. He assembles them every day at the Church; they prepare themselves for Holy Communion, confessing with a candor altogether amiable; in a word, if the Pastor has trouble with a people so poor, so destitute of provisions, so wretchedly lodged, he has consolation in seeing the goodness of his fold.

Among the things which had occurred during the Winter, the deaths of some Neophytes have been very remarkable. They persevered in the Faith until the last sigh; they abhorred the superstitions in which they had been reared; in a word, they died like true Christians,—especially one, who was the support of that poor little Church. This good Neophyte falling sick, sent for all the Christians of his quarter; he tells them that his greatest regret was to die without confession, [216 i.e., 214] but that he hoped in the mercy of his God. He said, moreover, he did not wish to hide from him his offenses; and thereupon he told them all openly, asking pardon of all the Audience, with deep feelings of grief. “Walk not in the way of my sins,” he said; “follow the way of the Faith: persevere even till death, in prayer and in belief. Oh, how sweet a thing it is to go to Heaven!” He made his little will; there was