

As a Huron who had come down to Kebec was about to go out hunting, he was wounded in the leg by a shot from an arquebus, the trigger of which was inadvertently pulled by a companion. He was at once carried to the hospital, where his wound was promptly dressed; but it was so severe that his leg had to be amputated. Now, as he was granted baptism because he was considered in danger of death, he exclaimed: "What a happy accident, that opens the gates of life to me! Had I not been wounded, the Hiroquois would perhaps have cast me into hell, while this blow takes me to Paradise." The Mothers sought to console him with the hope that he would recover [83] his health. "You are doing your best," he said, "but I feel that I am dead. I no longer fear the passage, for, as I am baptized, I am going to heaven, where I shall pray for you and for the person who has sent you to this country." Those good Daughters do not forget their good Mother. Not a sick person enters their house, not a person leaves it, without being charged to pray to God for her. That worthy Neophyte, who died on the 18th of January, will not forget in heaven the promise that he made on earth.

The Hospital has been greatly burdened this year, especially since the arrival of the ships. It must be confessed that these good Maidens are never happier than when they are performing the duties of their Institute, by deeds of charity that are truly heroic. Nevertheless, some sick persons had to be refused on the arrival of the Ships, for neither the room at their disposal, nor their strength, could suffice for all. But let us not wander from the Savages.

Here is praise which is all the truer that it comes