

little Christian girl who had come out of her cabin to play with her little companions, barefoot in the snow. She remained somewhat too long, and was so benumbed with cold that she [84] began to cry, and returned to the cabin with tears in her eyes, uttering no other words of complaint than these: "My God, have pity on me; I offer you the cold that I feel in my feet, and that causes me to weep." She repeated this the whole way.

This poor little innocent died shortly afterward, with sentiments of piety that made me admire the goodness of God toward so tender an age. Throughout her illness, she wished to be carried every day to Mass, as she could not stand; and she had to be obeyed up to the very day of her death. She said her prayers so devoutly that all who saw her were moved by her devotion. In the worst of her sickness, she never failed to say her *Benedicite*, for the slightest thing which she was made to take, even were it only a drop of water. Her mother, who was greatly afflicted at seeing her at the last extremity, began to weep, and said to her: "My daughter, art thou, then, about to leave us?" To this the child replied: "Yes, my mother, but to go to Heaven and to be blessed there. Pray well to God, and you will come after me." Her [85] death-agony was long. After she had, to all appearances, lost consciousness, her mother saw her lips move and, approaching her, she heard her say in a dying voice, while giving up her soul: *Jesous taitenr*,—"Jesus, have pity on me." Her name was Marguerite Atiohenret and she was ten years of age.

I also saw, this Winter, a little child four years old, the son of a very good Christian woman, who,