

be very happy in Heaven." After some prayers, his mother said to him, "My son, I must carry thee to Sainte Marie, so that the French may restore thee thy health." "Alas! my mother," said to her this little innocent, "I have a fire burning in my head; could they indeed quench it? I no longer think of life,—have no desire of it for me; but I will warn you of my death, and, when it is near, I will pray you to carry me to Sainte Marie, for I wish to die there, and to be buried there with the excellent Christians." In fact, some days later, this child warned his mother that his death was near, and that it was time to carry him to us. It is the custom in these countries, when any one is near death, to make a solemn feast to which are invited all the friends and the most considerable persons,—about a hundred. The mother would not [27] fail in this obligation,—desiring also to apprise all the people of the sentiments which her son had toward the Faith. This child, having seen the preparations for the feast, said to her: "What! my mother, would you have me sin so nigh to my death? I renounce all these superstitions of the country; I wish to die a good Christian." This child believed that that custom was among the number of those forbidden; and although his mother, an excellent Christian, assured him that there was no evil in that, he would never believe her, and could not resolve to comply with her wish, until the Father who has charge of that Mission had assured him that in that feast there was no sin. This little Angel was brought to us; and he died in our arms, praying even till death, and telling us that he was going straight to Heaven, and that he would pray to God for us; and he even asked his mother