

shall be all the happier in Heaven because I now die in misery.”

These poor dying people blessed us, even while confronting their miseries; for there was not one of them who had not received from us more love, and more helpful charity, [16] than they had experienced from even their nearest relatives. For this reason they looked on us only with eyes of love, as upon their Fathers; and, being made recipients of our charities during life, they were well assured that these would be extended to them even after death. For some of our Fathers, and of the Frenchmen who were with us, had charged themselves with the care which no one else—not even the nearest relatives of the dead—would undertake, of laying out, and burying these poor people,—forsaken indeed by their fellow-men, but whom we could call the beloved of God, since they are now his children, however barbarous and wretched they may have been. *Ecce quomodo computati sunt inter filios Dei, et inter sanctos sors illorum est.*

There were some of these poor Christians who, perceiving that a wretched death was near, sent for us in their miseries. “Ah!” they said to us, “I entreat thee, my brother, bury me now, at once; for my life is over, and thou seest plainly that I am numbered among the dead. Now, what I fear is this, that, if I should die before being buried, other poor people, as destitute as I am, may rob me [17] of these rags that cover my nakedness, to put upon themselves. It will be a consolation to me, on going down to the grave, to know that, after death, my body will not suffer that humiliation, of which I have