

mended him, when he should be in Heaven, to pray earnestly for all those of our mission, and especially for his kinsmen. "Ah, very gladly will I do so!" Then, addressing his kinsmen, he said to them: "My kinsmen, I am going to Heaven; I will pray there for you; but do you love prayer." He then commended to me his daughter: "Take care of her, I beg thee; I can no longer take care of her." He has been for three weeks in the same danger and the same pains, and endures them with admirable patience. When he perceives me, he says to me: "Ah, how thou givest me Joy when thou comest to see me." I think that he will not recover, but that God will still for a Long time exercise his patience; he was the most robust man we had here. I inform you in detail only of this one Sick man's feelings. It is enough to tell you that they are very nearly the sentiments of most of the others; and that The continual Admiration which I feel for all these sick people leads me to reflect: "Could one see such patience, such resignation, such consciousness of God, in the most virtuous persons of france?" The other savages who assist our sick people—and who suffer, so to say, with them—show the same patience. As soon as I see any one grieve for The sickness of a relative, I have him assume the feelings which he ought to assume,—of patience, resignation, and charity to console his relative in the contemplation of Jesus Christ. Monique, of whom I have often spoken to you, who has already lost here two of her Children, manifests a quite extraordinary patience with her eldest son, our francois de sales, for whom she expects only death. Although she offers Long prayers for his health,