

After these devout Christians had washed and kissed many times the honored remains of their father, they buried him in the very place where, the night before, he had celebrated the holy Sacrifice of the Mass,—that is, in the place where the altar had stood before the burning of the Church.³²

By such a precious death did the apostolic man finish, on the 23rd of August in this year, a course of thirty-seven years spent in the arduous labors of this Mission. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his life. His fastings and his continual hard work had, at the last, weakened his constitution; he had walked with some difficulty for about nineteen years, owing to the effects of a fall by which he broke, at the same time, the right hip and the left leg. Then it happened, since the callus was growing wrong at the place of fracture, that it became necessary to break the left leg again. At the time when it was most violently struck, he bore that painful operation with an extraordinary firmness and an admirable tranquillity. Our Physician,³³ who was present, appeared so astonished at this that he could not refrain from saying: *Ah! my Father, let at least a few groans escape; you have so much cause for them!*

Father Rasles joined to the talents which make an excellent Missionary, the virtues which the evangelical Ministry demands in order that it be exercised to any profit among our Savages. He had robust health; and I do not know that, excepting the accident of which I have just spoken, he had ever had the least indisposition. We were surprised at his facility and his perseverance in learning the different Savage tongues; there was not one upon this continent of which he had not some smattering. Besides