

dead; for it was then dark, rain was falling, and the roads were very difficult. In fact, on the following day I saw from afar the child, carried on the shoulders of that charitable christian woman. I ran to meet them; she laid down her burden, And, as if God had prolonged his last moments merely that he might thank me, the young child looked at me, smiled, lifted his eyes to heaven (I speak without metaphor), and expired. Thus he would never have had time to be baptized, even without the rites, had I not, in spite of the reasons alleged to hinder me, gone to him on the day before — which was the very day of the feast of my patron, *St. Peter* [*crossed out in MS.*]. What an agreeable gift for my name-day, My Reverend Father, to add nothing more!

The eldest son of the family, 19 or 20 years of age, also filled us with the purest delight. I had previously seen him, and had instructed him all the more willingly because he appeared to be more anxious for it. Until then, however, his baptism had been deferred. He also falls ill, and I prepare him in earnest. Seeing that he cannot recover, I baptize him, and name him Pierre Regis. I bring him the Holy viaticum immediately afterward; and, while I am making him say his act of thanksgiving, he gives up his purified soul to God. He had seen his uncle, his aunt, his sister, and his brother die christians; and there remained only his mother, an old widow, who was not yet baptized. The evidences of zeal that he displayed for her edified us exceedingly, because, forgetting himself, he had nothing else to recommend to me except to have pity on his mother, and to baptize her soon, for fear of accident. He repeated his entreaties at least 20 times,