

turned to see her, she asked me a number of questions: "Will my soul have any [40] sense when it leaves my body?" said she. "Will it see? Will it speak?" I assured her that indeed it would lose none of these faculties, but on the contrary would have them in a much more perfect way; and that, if she believed in Jesus Christ without dissembling, she would know wonders and would enjoy great consolation. "Thou hast told me that I shall come to life again some day; shall I be like myself," she said to me, "like what I am now, or like some one else?" "It is thyself, it is thy own body which will live again, and which will be as beautiful as the day, if thou hast had Faith; if not, it will be horrible, all deformed and destined to the eternal flames." "What will my soul eat after death?" "Thy soul has no body, it has no need of the food here below; it will feast upon [41] joys beyond conception." "What shall I see if I go to Heaven?" "Thou wilt see what is going on down here,—the foolishness of such of thy people as will not receive the Faith, the beauty and the grandeur of him who has made all; and thou wilt pray to him for me." "What shall I say to him?" she asked. "Tell him to be merciful to me, to have pity on me; and to call me soon, to be with him in Heaven." "Then," said she, "it is a good thing to be up there, since thou wishest to die to go there. But perhaps I shall forget what thou tellest me." "No, thou wilt not forget it, if thou dost really and truthfully believe." "What will they do with my body when I am dead?" "It will be placed in a beautiful coffin, and all the French will bear it with honor to the place where we bury our dead." "Tell me once [42] more, will my soul