

left almost alone. The foul disease, small-pox, preyed upon them in such a virulent manner that, in a few weeks, eight of his children, all of them members of the Church, were carried away. But, if it was extremely sad to see the poor fellows thus drop one after the other, in the prime of life and the strength of manhood, it was also comforting beyond expression to see their victorious faith and to hear their words of consolation to the bereaved and mourning ones around them. Their complete surrender to the will of God, their trust in the love of the Heavenly Father and in the perfect work of Christ, was so beautiful to behold, that even the pestiferous abode was scarcely a barrier to visitors who came to it as to the loathsome earthly gate to heaven. Catholics and Protestants came to the house of disease, suffering and sorrow, to learn how to die, and to hear the testimony of the departing ones, so full of life only a few days before.

There is yet another death to mention, of one whom we remember as a blooming beautiful girl in our school at St. Pie, a good many years ago. She died lately, rather suddenly, after a visit of devotedness to a sick child. On her death-bed, surrounded by Christian friends, she was heard to commit all her children, some of whom are yet young, to the tender care of the Heavenly Father. A few minutes before she died, she exclaimed: Oh! what happiness! what glory in Jesus!

In view of such results of our labors, we ask the grace to toil on, even in the midst of difficulties and imperfections, bringing others to the same happiness and glory; hoping to have ourselves the same blessing in store for the last hour.

From Roxton Pond, Brother Brouillet goes every other Sunday to St. Pie, the old station where at one time so much interest centered. It is now somewhat neglected, though there still remain a goodly number of old Protestants. One of the oldest, Mr. A. Duclos, father of the Rev. P. R. Duclos, of St. Hyacinthe, and for many years an invalid, died there lately. Being an old resident and widely known in that neighborhood, his burial service was attended by a large number of Catholics as well as Protestants. The little chapel was quite too small to contain all that came. Addresses were made by Messrs. Normandeau and Riendeau, and listened to with profound attention by all Protestants and Catholics, the latter being eager to hear the truth on so solemn an occasion, and with a certain good conscience too, as in so doing