

dying. On approaching the child, I heard his father, an excellent Christian and most devoted to the missionary, saying to him; "Do you suffer much?" "Oh, yes! much!" "Are you going to die?" "Yes, I think so." "Does that trouble you?" "No."

I had promised the child that he should not die without having received the Holy Eucharist, and the thought of making his First Communion had become a great joy for him. Seeing that his strength was diminishing, I resolved not to defer. The relatives and friends went at once to the little church, only a few steps distant, and thither they carried the little dying child. While I was preparing at the altar, the catechist of the country, a venerable old man with a white beard, tried to say the prayers before Holy Communion, but his sobs frequently interrupted them, and many of the assistants were weeping with him. *Kapeli's* dying eyes were fixed with a burning gaze upon the tabernacle.

When I turned around with the Sacred Host in my hands, and saw his face, over which the shades of death were already stealing, my emotion overpowered me, and tears fell on the foot of the ciborium, my first tears as a missionary. After his Communion, the child was rapt in fervent thanksgiving, and they bore him back to his father's home.

That night I was just falling asleep, about ten o'clock, when loud cries and weeping arose in the village. *Kapeli* had just died. At the last moment he had raised himself up from his couch, exclaiming: "Take me with you! Take me with you!" and then tranquilly expired in his father's arms.

Next day they gave him a beautiful funeral, after which the whole village gathered together for a feast. In our islands an abundant feast is the natural conclusion of funerals as well as of marriages, and loud bursts of merriment are not prohibited. They think no more of the newly buried. At Samoa the dead are quickly forgotten, more quickly than elsewhere. As for myself, I have doubtless kept the heart that I brought from my own country, and that is the reason I faithfully preserve the remembrance of my little choir boy.