

at last reached the bourne which had been the object of her prayers. This was in the month of October, 1677. Her sister had not yet a cabin to herself, and dwelt with her husband in that of a fervent Christian woman named Anastasia,<sup>1</sup> whose sole employment it was to prepare persons of her own sex for baptism. A hostess of this character and such exercises were greatly to the taste of Catharine. She was, moreover, charmed with all that she beheld done in the village, nor could she sufficiently admire the omnipotence of grace, which could transform wolves into lambs, nor chant the mercies of the Lord, to see men now dwelling in the purity of gospel morality, whose debauchery had more than once paralyzed her with horror.

Animated by new fervor at this sight, she gave herself unreservedly to God, renouncing in future the least thought of self, and began to run with great steps in the career of sanctity. Prayers, toil, spiritual conversation, was henceforward her sole occupation ; and after the example of Saint Anthony, she made it a duty to imitate every edifying trait that she perceived in those who composed this new church. She spent at the foot of the altar, all her spare time ; she lived solely by her own labor, and busied as she might be exteriorly, her heart was ever in constant communion with God.

She had not yet made her first communion when she arrived in the colony, and it is not usual in these missions to grant this favor to neophytes till after long trials. Catharine was fearful that she would be subjected to this rule, but her virtue, far more than her repeated entreaties, soon induced her director to make an exception in her favor, nor had he any reason to repent. The frequent communions, which she was permitted to receive, did not diminish in the least her fervor in preparing for them. It was enough to see her in her most ordinary actions to be roused to devotion ; but when she partook of the divine mysteries, it was impossible to be near her, and not be filled with most tender love for God.

When she was obliged to go with a hunting party, the distraction inseparable from that time deranged in nothing her interior life ; she built an oratory within her heart which she never quitted. She avoided company as much as she could, and when she could not, she imparted her recollectedness to others much more than she took part in their amusements. Yet there was nothing constrained in her manners, and her devotion was neither forbidding nor troublesome. She was even wonderfully dexterous in concealing from the public her private practices of

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<sup>1</sup> Tegonhatsihongo, Chauchetière, ch. ix.