

self of roughly beating a dog, and making it yelp aloud, so that the woman on awaking should again cover herself properly. If I told you how many girls and women and young men, entreated to evil even by menaces, have imitated Saint Joseph and the chaste Susanna, I should use repetitions; these acts, being reiterated, deserve to be published, for, in truth, they are heroic.

A young pagan, having stolen by night into a cabin, addressed a young Christian girl, and said these four words to her: "Believest thou in God?" "Yes," said she, "I do believe in him." "Dost thou believe in him in earnest?" "In earnest," answered the girl. "Good-bye, then," said the rogue, "I have nothing to say to thee."

A good Neophyte said to us one day, [46] that he was weary of this life, and felt that now indeed he was a prisoner,—that he thought incessantly of the life that never ends; that his heart was always with God.

One of our Fathers having spoken of our Lord in a household of Savages, and recommended modesty, a young woman, recently married, followed him and asked him in private, if she could rightly be separated from her husband and lodge with a female relative. The Father asked her if she hated her husband, and if he treated her ill: "By no means," said she, "but I would gladly be saved."

The same person, having gone with her companions to receive communion at the house of the Ursulines, the Mothers made them a little feast; this one only wept while the others ate. They urged her to give the reason for doing so, but she would in no wise speak of it. This having come to our ears, we