

wife strove with God and men for his Conversion. Before she was baptized, she was in great dread lest her husband might leave her. As soon as she enjoyed the freedom of the children of God, she lost that dread so completely that she even spoke of leaving him if he did not enter the Fold of Jesus Christ. Whenever he gave her any mark of affection or of kindness, she would say: "I am surprised that you can love me, since my belief is so different from yours. Why do you not send me away and take some Pagan woman, who will go into the fire with you? It is not well that, after our deaths, we should go to so different places,—you to Hell and I to Heaven." She won him over by kindness, teaching him to pray to God night and morning, and to recite the Rosary. When he sometimes sang while dreaming in his sleep, she would awake him, for fear that he might sing some superstitious song. This man,—who, in the bottom of his heart believed that the truths [56] that were preached to him were Real, and who, moreover, could not divest himself of the notion that Baptism would open the door of Heaven to him sooner than he desired to go there,—was a prey to unusual anxiety and great gehennas of soul. But finally, after four years of travail in slavery, he gave birth to his freedom, and took this resolution: "Even if I should die, I must be baptized." Through the grace of our Lord he is now baptized, and Baptism has not yet sent him to Paradise; I pray God that it may do so some day. The poor man was much afraid of finding too soon what happens but too late to good souls. *Heu mihi quia incolatus meus prolongatus est!* a pious person has said. Hardly was he born anew *in aqua et Spiritu sancto* than, speaking