

In fine, they regarded him as an abomination,—even to the degree that whatever he touched was, as it were, polluted and contaminated among them, so that he might not use any of the articles in the cabin. He had his thighs and legs cracked and split by the rigor of the cold, not having wherewith to cover himself.

He had, in this retreat, some communications with God which I will faithfully translate from the Latin of his memoir.

“It seemed to me,” he says, “on a certain day, that I happened to be in the assembly of several of our Fathers, whose virtue I had honored while they were in the world. I recognized only three of them distinctly,—Father Jacques Bertric, Father Estienne Binet, and Father Pierre Coton.⁴ I knew some more clearly than others, according as I [99] had more or less intercourse with them in Europe. I begged them, with all the strength of my heart, to commend me to the Cross, to the end that it might receive me as disciple of him who had been fastened between its arms. I adduced an argument which had never come into my mind, even while I was offering prayers or meditations at the Cross,—I alleged that I was a fellow-citizen of the Cross, since I had been born in a City whose principal and Metropolitan Church was dedicated to the Holy Cross.

“While still in that same retreat, I found myself all at once in the shop of a Bookseller, stationed in the Holy Cross Cloister, in the city where I had my birth. I asked him if he had not some Book of piety and edification; he answered me that he had one, on which he placed great value. At the same time when it was put in my hands, I heard this voice: ‘This Book contains *Illustres pietate viros et fortia bello pecto-*