

of his afflictions we were almost the only persons who visited him. Therefore he told us that we were his sole consolation on earth. After having for a long time suffered a severe Purgatory, [89] and after having endured as a penitent, he fell into I know not what loving anguish, and seemed to have no longer any sorrow but that caused by the absence of his God. "When shall I see thee?" he frequently said to him; "*Kikwiroumir*,—I am anxious for thee; thine absence afflicts me. Ah, would that I might belong to thee! I am not angry at my sufferings, but I cannot bear thine absence. I love thee, and I see thee not. Speak to me a little, O my God! and say these words: 'Let him come; let him see me;' and I shall be satisfied, for I shall be with thee." For my part, I believe that, if an Atheist or a libertine had known that man in health, in his illness, and in his death, he would have been compelled to admit that there is but one God who can transform a heart so gently and so firmly, and who can mingle the joys of Heaven with the bitterness of earth. After all, there can be but Heaven, and a man or two on earth, who have had any knowledge of these workings; the rest of the world—whether Greek, or French, or Barbarian—have not seen what passed in the secret recesses of that soul.

[90] How many times have we seen persons weeping bitterly who have approached us with such words as these: "My heart is sad, and I cannot sleep in peace, because my daughter wishes to marry a person who is not yet baptized." "I feel as much pain when I see my people keep aloof from baptism, as if I abandoned my country and my own life." "Formerly I imagined that death was the greatest of all