

not what consoles me, but the knowledge that my daughter is in Heaven, and can no longer offend God. Though I cannot refrain from weeping, God sees very well that my heart is at peace, as regards her who is dead; and it fears only [81] for the two who live, for they are in danger of damnation, and so am I."

During the past five years that this good woman has been a Christian, she has always lived in innocence and fervor; and, although she is one of the busiest housewives in the country, she has never failed a single day in her devotions, which are very long,—for she sometimes remains two or three hours in prayer as motionless—without her eyes even wandering once—as if she were without feeling. Her husband told her one day that she remained too long at her prayers, and that she came back chilled through by the cold. "Thou hast never reproached me," she said, "because my load was too heavy, or my burden too great, when I came back from the woods bringing fuel; and nevertheless I come back more benumbed with cold than when I return from prayer. Why should I not do for Heaven what I do for this life?" In fine, this good woman has done so much by her prayers that she has won over to the Faith her husband, who was quite averse to it.

While on this subject, I remember what another Christian woman said, [82] some time ago, very innocently to one of our Fathers. "While I was returning from a certain village," she said, "it occurred to me to say my rosary on the way; but the cold, and the discomfort caused me by a piercing wind that blew in my face, led me to give way to the promptings of the flesh, when it suggested that I