

undertaking everything which he saw for the glory of God.

It is very true that his humility caused him to embrace with more love, more joy,—and, I may say, with more natural inclination,—the humblest and the most painful duties. If we were on a journey, he bore the heaviest burdens; if it were necessary to go through channels, he rowed from morning till evening; it was he who first sped to the water, and left it the very last,—notwithstanding the rigors of the cold and ice, when his bare legs were all red therefrom, and his body all chilled. He was the first to rise, [75] to make the fire and to cook, and the last of all in bed, finishing by night his prayers and his devotions. And, however harassed he was; whatever fatigues he endured, over roads which cause horror, and in which the most vigorous bodies lose courage; after all the labors of the day,—and sometimes thirty days in succession without rest, without refreshments, without relaxation, often even not having the means to take a single meal with leisure,—he nevertheless found time to acquit himself of all which our rules would require from a man who should not be so urgently employed, omitting none of his usual devotions, whatever occupation might come unexpectedly upon him. Accordingly, he sometimes said that God gave us the day for dealing with our neighbor, and the night for conversing with him. And what was most remarkable in those fatigues which he took upon himself is, that he did this so quietly and so cleverly that one might have supposed, to see him, that his nature had found its motive therein. “I am an ox,” he said, alluding to his name, “and am fit only to bear burdens.”