

thing, and prepared to do nothing, if so his Superior willed it. A Humility so profound that, although eminent in every respect, not only did he regard himself as the most unworthy in this Mission, but it was his conviction that God was terribly punishing his unfaithfulness, when he perceived that any one thought highly of him. That, to him, was one of the keenest sufferings that could befall him; and I know that oftentimes, on such occasions, that he might give to these same persons a low opinion of him, he made known to them his failings, and [39] whatever would produce in him a greater loathing of himself,—believing that, in consequence, he would be held in abhorrence.

His prayers were so full of reverence for the presence of God, and so peaceful in the hush of all his own powers, that he scarcely seemed to suffer the least distraction, though engaged in occupations most apt to dissipate his thoughts. His Prayers, from the outset, were but a series of colloquies, devout emotions, and acts of love; and this ardor grew even more intense until the close.

His mortification was equal to his love. He sought it night and day: always lay on the bare ground, and bore constantly upon his body some portion of that Cross which during life he held most dear, and on which it was his desire to die. Every time that he returned from his Mission rounds, he never failed to sharpen freshly the iron points of a girdle all covered with spur-rowels, which he wore next to his skin. In addition to this, he would very often use a discipline of wire, armed, besides, with sharpened points. His daily fare differed in no way from that of the Savages,—that is to say, it was the scantiest