

and so render myself unworthy of his favors. I take only too much care of myself," added he; "and if I saw that my powers were failing me, I should not fail, since your Reverence bids me, to come to you; for I am at all times ready to leave everything, to die, in the spirit of obedience, where God wills; but otherwise, I will never come down from the Cross on which his goodness has placed me."

These great aspirations after sanctity had grown with him from his infancy. For myself, having known him for more than twelve years,—in which he opened to me all [42] his heart, as he did to God himself,—I can truly say that, in all those years, I do not think that, save in sleep, he has spent a single hour without these burning and vehement desires of progressing more and more in the ways of God, and of helping forward in them his fellow-creatures. Outside of these considerations, nothing in the world affected him,—neither relatives, nor friends, nor rest, nor consolation, nor hardships, nor fatigues. God was his all; and, apart from him, all else was to him as nothing.

He took some sick people, and carried them on his shoulders for one or two leagues, in order to gain their hearts, and to secure the opportunity to baptize them. He accomplished some ten or twenty leagues during the most excessive heat of Summer, along dangerous roads, where the enemy was continually perpetrating massacres. All breathless, he would hurry after a single Savage, who served him as guide, that he might baptize some dying man, or a captive of war who was to be burnt that same day. He has passed whole nights in groping after a lost path, amid the deep snows and the most biting cold of [43]