

Winter,—his zeal knowing no obstacle at any season of the year.

During the prevalence of contagious diseases,—when they shut on us everywhere the doors of the cabins, and talked of nothing but of massacring us,—not only did he go unswervingly where he felt there was a soul to gain for Paradise; but, by an excess of zeal, and an ingenuity born of Charity, he found means of opening all the ways that had been closed against him, and of breaking down, sometimes forcibly, all that opposed his progress. But that which imparted a more heavenly aspect to every such procedure, and did not result from human sagacity, was this, that, from the moment of his entry, he won over fierce spirits by a single word, and accomplished all that he had set himself to do. Nothing repelled him; and he always looked for good, even from souls the most hopeless.

He had a way of recourse to the Angels, all his own, and experienced their most powerful assistance. The Savages, to whose aid he went at the hour of death, have seen him accompanied, as they said, by a young man of rare beauty and majestic glory, who remained at his side, and [44] urged them to obey the instructions of the Father. These good people could tell no more, and inquired who was this companion who had so stolen away their hearts. They knew not that the Angels do more than we in the conversion of Sinners, although ordinarily, their operation is not so evident.

His strongest inclination was to aid the most depraved, however repulsive the disposition that any one might possess, however vile and insolent he might be. He felt for all alike, with the bowels of a