

she felt no devotion toward saint Joseph; that made her tremble. Her Prioress told her, with a smile, that her tears and anguish were a mark [171] of that devotion. But this did not comfort her, because she did not feel the protection of that great Patriarch as she did that of his dear Spouse.

At the time of her greatest anguish, the Superior of the Ursulines of Loudun, on her way to the grave of the Blessed Monsieur de Sales, passed through Tours and lodged at the Monastery of our Canadian. All the Nuns, and she in her turn, kissed the sacred balm which saint Joseph used in curing that good Mother and bringing her out of her agony. There was not one of them that did not experience an odor and an influence from this balm, which was not of earthly origin,—except our Canadian, who was denied that grace; the odor of this balm neither touched her nostrils, nor produced any emotion in her heart. God knows with what grief her poor soul was seized. Then indeed it was that she believed that he whose friendship she sought so piously had repulsed her. If God takes his delight in men, the Saints do so no less. This great Patriarch took pleasure in seeing that innocent soul run after what she [172] already possessed in a nobler manner than her ardor laid claim to. At length, it was his will to comfort her.

That good Mother of Loudun, returning from her journey and passing again through Tours, entered the same Monastery, and gave a second opportunity to kiss the holy balm, which she always carried with her. Mother Marie de St. Joseph trembled upon approaching it, fearing a second rebuff; she pre-