

where, the more there is of God, the less there is of the creature,—not that it is not an excellent country, being in the same latitude as France; but, as it is not yet well cultivated, it bears more fruits for Heaven than for the earth.

OF HER PATIENCE, AND OF HER DEATH.

IT seems to me that patience may be said to be one of the strongest marks and most authentic proofs of virtue. What means is there of being humble, of being poor, in the gospel sense, of being [189] obedient and of possessing many other virtues, if one is not armed and well protected by the buckler of patience? From the time when Our Lord told this Canadian Amazon that she would live thenceforth only by faith and crosses, she did nothing but waste away,—being attacked with an asthma, a disease of the lungs, and an oppression at the chest, which caused her to cough incessantly. She spat blood, and could scarcely move without pain. In her last illness, she told Mother de l'Incarnation in confidence that she had not been well since those blessed words. Her fever scarcely ever left her; her ailment made her suffer, but never complain. She never asked for any special favors, never absented herself from observances, but kept her Rules punctually; neither Rome, nor Bankers,⁶ nor dispensations were needed for her. As she had a beautiful voice and understood Music well, not only did she sing and chant the psalms, but she also led the Choir, for which office she doubtless had aptitude; for she succeeded in it marvelously, notwithstanding her lung troubles. Her [190] perseverance in this exercise, down to the time of her death, made it evident that her patience