

was heroic; also it can be said that this patience was transformed into a compliant love toward the adorable purposes of God in regard to her guidance.

If any one pitied her, she was made ashamed; if one wished to do her a service, she was thrown into confusion. The others, according to her account, had much more need of succor than she. When her illness was at such a height that she was forced to remain in bed, she rendered such winsome obedience to her Nurses, she received their services with so much gratitude, she showed herself so compliant with their way of governing her, that there was not one in the house who did not deem herself happy to serve her. After passing more than four years in ailments which seemed, from time to time, to give her some slight respite, at length,—on the day of the Purification of the blessed Virgin, of last year, 1652,—she felt the stroke that was to carry her off.

All her ills redoubled, she had no rest either day or night, and yet [191] she did not cease to go to the Choir for the purpose of receiving communion, and taking part in the holy conferences that were held there from time to time. On the fourth day of March, she became so critically ill that the Viaticum and Extreme Unction were administered to her; but God left her a month longer in Purgatory—for so I call the last days of her life.

Note, if you please, that—her Monastery having been burnt and reduced to ashes, in the year preceding her death—the poor Ursulines were lodged in a hole, so to speak. Their beds, or their cabins, were one above another, as one sees those shelves in the Merchants' shops where they arrange their merchandise. She had her bed on one of these shelves.