

pleasure in making her say what she thinks of God, and the sentiments she feels toward him. In truth, God alone can inspire her with them. "When I think," she said, "of the blindness of the *Illinois* in not adoring or loving so great a God, I am often afflicted at it." When I asked her whether she truly loved him, she replied with sighs that she was ashamed not to love him as she should. "He is great, and his love for us is great; I am so insignificant, and my love for him is so small. But at least I desire to love him much," etc. . . . On another occasion I asked her whether she loved the Blessed Virgin, and what she said to her. "I know not whether I do wrong in calling her *my mother*," she replied; "I pray to her with every endearing term, to be pleased to adopt me as her daughter. What should I do were she not my mother, and did she not look upon me as her daughter? Am I capable of guiding myself? I am still but a child, and know not yet how to pray. I beg her to teach me what I should say to her, that she may protect me against the Demon — who assails me on all sides, and would cause me to fall had I not recourse to her, and did she not receive me in her arms, as a good mother receives her frightened child." She also told me, very ingenuously, that she begged her not to be angry at her for bearing her beautiful name of Mary; that she always remembered, while saying her rosary, to pray to Our Lady's beloved son Jesus, our Captain, that she might not sully the Holy name that she bore, and that he might not be angry at her for calling Our Lady her mother. "No," I said to her, "she is not angry because you call her mother. Continue to speak thus to her; she will cheerfully