

*vivam, ut ita mori tandem me velis. Ita, Domine, calicem tuum accipiam, et nomen tuum invocabo. Jesu, Jesu, Jesu.*

He suffered much from the Infidels, who several times conspired against his life, supposing him the author of all the disasters of the country; and they gave presents to assassins to kill him. The Demons visibly persecuted him, and there is hardly a trial through which he did not pass. He was very much given to prayer; and as the day was wholly his neighbor's, he employed almost entire nights therein; of a humility so profound, [113 i.e., 115] that one who had not known him would not have taken him for a Priest,—nor yet for a Superior, as he was for some years. On entering the Society, he asked to be received in it as a lay brother, and did not wish to study Theology, although he was repeatedly urged to, even by the Superiors. On journeys, he carried the heaviest burdens, or paddled; he put his feet into the water, often very cold, in order to spare others the trouble; and carried them in the canoes,—saying, to cover his humility, that in this he found pleasure. On journeys, he made fire for the others, and did the cooking, with so much dexterity that you would have judged that he did it with natural inclination. “I am,” he said facetiously, alluding to his name, “an ox, and am good for nothing but toil.” Thus he practiced together both humility and mortification, which furthermore caused him to take upon himself many and very severe penances; the discipline daily, and often twice or thrice in a day; frequent fasts; a haircloth garment, with iron points; perpetual vigils, etc.; and yet, to judge by what he wrote on the subject in the last years of his life, he thought that he treated himself too delicately.