

He had more than once expressed this desire formally, and asked his superiors to be considered a future missionary of New France. His holy ambition, however, brought opposition from his own family, who did not relish the departure to the ends of the earth, even in after years, of one so well loved. And yet his later life showed that considerations of this kind could have had little weight with Gabriel Lalemant; he was not one to allow the ties of flesh and blood to stand between him and duty. While his affection for his family had not cooled on entering the Jesuit Order, the religious training he was receiving in the novitiate was teaching him how to purify this natural sentiment and subordinate it to the higher love he owed to God. The following passage, found among his writings after his death, gives the true character of his love for his own. "I am indebted to my relations, to my mother," he wrote, "and to my brothers, and I must try to draw down on them the mercy of God. Never permit, O God, that any of my family, for whom Thou hast shown so much love, perish in Thy sight, or that there be one amongst them who will blaspheme Thee for eternity. Let me be a victim for them! *Quoniam ego in flagella paratus sum: hic ure, hic seca, ut in æternum parcas!*"

These were the sentiments which animated Lalemant when he entered on his religious career; and yet one is at a loss to find a reason for the young man's ardent prayer, for the later life of Gabriel's family was a striking instance of sacrifice and religious fervor. After the death of her husband, which occurred while her children were still in minor age, Madame Lalemant