

senger. But I have received it at last, that consoling letter, and it would be hard to tell you how much pleasure it afforded me.

How shall I thank you for the beautiful present you have sent to our impecunious church! It was for the embellishment of God's altars and for His own glory that you made the offering of this magnificent veil, Our Lord, consequently, will take it upon Himself to reward you; but I must add my own most heartfelt thanks for those many motives of consolation you suggest in view of my sufferings and sorrows. Often have I myself dwelt on these motives of consolation, and despite every endeavour I have been unable to sear up the heart's wound caused by Father De Lauzon's death. It still bleeds and will bleed afresh for many a day yet. Daily and hourly every object that meets my gaze reminds me of the loss I have sustained. I need all my faith to bear up under the weight of sorrow and anguish which oppresses my soul. I trust, however, that all you have had the kindness to write, my dear Mother, when well considered and pondered, will, with the healing hand of time, restore me to my former frame of mind.

I must confess, my very dear Mother, that the Good God has so afflicted me this year in my body, that had not all my other subjects of sorrow been so deeply graven in my heart and soul they would easily have passed unheeded.

Not to speak of the wretchedness resulting from a winter the most rigorous ever experienced in Canada, my attack of gout was more acute and lasted longer than any previously. I was not able to leave my room throughout all the cold season. It is only since the month of June that I have begun to enjoy tolerably good health; but even now not a day passes without my feeling some twinges of the gout. The evil has reached my knees,