

first words she could articulate were *Marie* and *Jésus*; she had hardly learnt to read before she showed a marked preference for books of edification; her favourite work was succouring the poor; her favourite amusement was "playing nun;" and her favourite holiday was paying a visit to the Benedictine abbey of Beaumont, where the abbess was her mother's cousin. Her first vision was in a dream, when, as she afterwards wrote, she saw Heaven open and Christ come toward her in human form: *Ce plus beau des enfants des hommes, avec un visage plein d'une douceur et d'un attrait indicibles, m'embrassa, et, me baisant amoureux-ment, me dit: "Voulez-vous être à moi?" Je lui répondis: "Oui;" et, ayant eu mon consentement, nous le vîmes remonter au ciel.*

No wonder that a child like this longed for the life of the Benedictines whom she saw so often and who were so kind to her; nor that her cousin willingly promised to intercede with Madame de Beaumont for her future admission to the order. She then confided in her mother, who also encouraged her. But there the matter stopped. She was meditative, timid and reserved; and it never occurred to her to open her mind in the confessional beyond what she thought a penitent should say there. She knew nothing of private spiritual directors, who would certainly have led her on. So the Benedictines lost a nun, to Canada's great advantage.

When she was seventeen her parents wished her to marry a silk manufacturer, almost as pious as her father. Her answer was idiosyncratic to the last degree. *Ma mère, puisque c'est une résolution prise et que mon père le veut absolument, je me crois obligée d'obéir à sa volonté et à la vôtre. Mais si Dieu me fait la grâce de me donner un fils, je lui promets, dès à présent, de le consacrer à son service; et si, ensuite, il me rend la liberté que je vais perdre, je lui promets de m'y consacrer moi-même.* Both vows were afterwards fulfilled.

Nevertheless, her marriage was a happy one. Madame Martin, as she had now become, was a very practical mystic, and a most capable partner in her husband's business. At the same time she lost no opportunity of shepherding his employees into the one true fold and making them her daily congregation. Doubtless, her pilgrim soul was often grieved by their stay-at-home contentment with the good green earth of rich, Touraine, where many a Mimmermus probably went to church, even in those ardent days, when religion was a *casus belli* for the whole of Europe.

At nineteen she was left a penniless widow by her husband's sudden death and failure. Tall, handsome and of commanding presence, capable in management and pious in every thought and deed, she had no lack of eligible suitors. But she would never consider re-marriage for