

whose love for Jesus' sufferings was no less profound than manly, desired to undergo for Him, all that men have ever suffered or shall ever suffer. He had made a vow not to fly from martyrdom, but to endure it with heartfelt joy. "Never," says Mr. Parkman, "did knight of his Order have to confront a death so frightful, but he remained perfectly faithful to his terrible vow." "Brothers, said he to his companions at arms, we must love these savages with all our hearts, since we know them to be redeemed with the Blood of the Son of God." In the year 1640, a great cross appeared to him, coming from the direction of the country of the Iroquois, and one evening, as he was praying before the Blessed Sacrament, he saw in spirit, upon his own garments, and upon those of all the missionaries, without a single exception, deep stains of blood. All had not the glory of dying for the faith, but Father Jérôme Lallemant justly queries if their life amongst the Hurons be not equivalent to martyrdom; and, alluding to what makes of this life an ever recurring death—he adds—"I pray God not to spare us. I pray Him to prove us even to blood, provided that our lives, sacrificed in His service, never fail to contribute to the increase of that kingdom of souls, which he acquired as His own, through His Precious Blood."

Like these labourers for the Gospel, venerable Mother of the Incarnation had a very especial devotion to the Adorable Blood of Our Lord. Love of this Blood the sacred price of the Redemption, is a great sign of apostolic vocation, and this is how God bestowed it on the illustrious woman of whom we speak.

"On the eve of the feast of the Incarnation of the year 1620," she writes, "one morning as I was about to give myself up to my concerns, having earnestly commanded myself to God, by means of my habitual aspiration. "*In te Domine speravi non confundar in æternum.*" I was suddenly arrested, both interiorly and exteriorly; every thought of business departed from my memory. Then, instantaneously, were the eyes of my understanding opened, and all the faults, imperfections and sins which I had committed since I came into the world were represented to me both as a whole and in detail—with a precision and a clearness which brought a sense of a certainty,