

hands of his executioners; his suffering, his ignominy begins; he dies on an infamous gibbet; and he is no sooner lifted up, than *he draws all things to him*. The Cross dispels the darkness that covered the face of the earth: it unveils the great mystery of life and death, of God, of our duties and our eternal destiny; in a word, in all that till then had been hidden from the wisest of pagan antiquity. The Cross teaches us to suffer for the cause of justice, to bear wrongs for the glory of God, to die for his love. How admirably has the Gospel been styled by St. Paul *the word of the Cross*."

Louise had a tender devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament of the altar. That great mystery of the love of God, who deigns to lower, and as it were, annihilate himself, and "whose delight is to be with the children of men" (Prov., viii. 31), seemed to touch the good Indian woman most profoundly, and to fill her heart with the liveliest gratitude. Every morning she attended the holy sacrifice of the Mass with the greatest recollection. For a long time she went regularly to the missionary's cabin to ask explanations and instructions on the Holy Sacrament of the altar, without his supposing it to result from any motive but a desire of instruction. It was not till after the death of Louise, that he learned that when she had fully comprehended the meaning and seen the explanation of the principal ceremonies and rubrics in the celebration of