

contribute to his apostolic training. The perseverance he displayed in studying English was especially observed and he spent entire nights in making himself familiar with that language which he foresaw would one day be necessary to him.

The moment he so earnestly desired could not long delay. Barely three years had elapsed since he had left the house of studies, when he was ordered to Hochelaga near Montreal. This was a quite recent foundation and this gave the young missionary an opportunity of feeling the effects of poverty. But far from being sorry, he rejoiced at it. « If at any time, he said, I am worse off and still poorer — as I hope I shall be — in a new foundation, my joy will be unbounded. With the love of Jesus Christ every trouble is a trifle. »

During his stay at Hochelaga, he came to Stc Anne de Beaupré. He spent only a few hours there, but that was sufficient to allow his zeal to be still more increased by the sight of the work done by his uncle whose name was still on the lips of all, while he was beloved in every heart. He went away full of health. Alas ! who would have said that we were no longer to see him here below !

Some weeks later, he sailed to the West Indies for the Island of St. Thomas whither he was sent to relieve a sick comrade. The designs of Providence were being fulfilled in him. « I see it, » he wrote as he was about to embark at New York, « gently accomplishing my destiny. In Europe I felt that God would send me away from the land of my forefathers . . . While in America I fully thought that it was only a passage. »

The voyage was a continual meditation for him. Everything served him as a step to raise himself to God : the immensity of the ocean, the winds and the waves. He wrote his impressions of his journey in a letter he sent to his sister and which is a masterpiece of resignation to the divine will. We extract but one passage from it. « Whither, he exclaims, am I impelled by the breath of Providence ? How mysterious is the future and how our plans resemble those moving waves ever uneasy and uncertain ! Will the ocean and a shark be my tomb ? Will my Superiors who have suddenly sent me to St Thomas, establish me there ? Shall I give up my mother tongue ? God's