

The penetrating gaze of Father Saint-Jure made short shrift of reading the countenance of his visitor, and discerning all its spiritual richness. In their turn the priest, the mystic and the psychologist in him were intrigued. Reassured this expert curate of souls must certainly have been. In truth nothing remained for him to do, except to lay down the immediate course to be followed by this woman cast in an heroic mould; and this is exactly what he did, according to Dollier de Casson, "with great forcefulness and opening his heart to her, assuring her that never had he seen so many signs of God's will as in her call; and she should no longer dissemble it as before, that was God's work, which she should namely maintain to her family and before the whole world."

This considered and conclusive judgment of Father Saint-Jure's caught up Jeanne Mance. She felt herself breathe again with certitude, her heart recover its joyous, creative tranquillity. She had indeed received a gift beyond price. A mark of approval had been vouchsafed her against which none would dare to set himself. The way had been long, weary, overcast with shadows. All the more could she now appreciate that midnight hour decision of hers.

In the moment of her exaltation her common-sense did not leave her. Vehemently, while taking her leave, she begged Father Saint-Jure to continue his direction of her spiritual exercises until her departure. It goes without saying that she obtained his consent. So much courage and living faith could only arouse the further interest of the clear thinking divine.

(Jeanne arouses the interest of fashionable society and her fame penetrates to Court circles.)

Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance was in due course commanded to meet "Madame la Princesse," the famous and beautiful Charlotte de Montmorency, wife of the premier prince of the blood, Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé. The Princess, as it happened, could rightly have pleaded at that time that she was far too pre-occupied with other pressing matters to interest herself in anything at all. For was not this the end of autumn, 1640, when she was busy matchmaking for her eldest son, Enghien, the Great Condé? She insisted on his immediate marriage with Mademoiselle de Brézé, Cardinal Richelieu's niece. The will of the mighty Cardinal counted for more in this marital alliance than love. The Princess was most aware of the fact. Her son, Enghien, loved another, that charming Marthe du Vigeon, who returned his love, and who later was driven to taking refuge and the veil among the Carmelites, under the name of Sister Martha of Jesus. The Princess knew only too well of the chagrined, sullen, even violent moods with which her son retaliated. Unlike his mother, he showed himself not in the least concerned with avoiding disappointing the Cardinal. He feared him little or not at all.

Jeanne Mance may have met the Princess at the Condé town mansion. It is more probable that they first confronted each other in the Carmelite convent of the Rue Saint-Jacques, the Princess accompanied by her daughter, Anne-Geneviève de Bourbon, who was to become the famous *frondeuse*,\* that Duchesse de Longueville known for her beauty and courage. Mother and daughter loved, and on occasion lodged in the first French convent of the *Filles de Sainte Thérèse*. They had showered it with gifts and continued to watch over it with solicitude. Such a meeting place seems all the more reasonable, when we know that the Carmelite convent of the Rue Saint-Jacques was not far from Jeanne Mance's lodging.

The Princesse de Condé was quickly won over to the cause of the Canadian mission. She was filled with admira-

tion, and let fall a hint of a possible important meeting in the future.

Doubtless, a short time after this interview, the occasion being favourable, the great lady did not restrain herself from relating to the Queen's intimate circle at the Louvre palace all that she had heard of Jeanne Mance's mission, and her own conclusions on the subject. She must have drawn a captivating portrait of Jeanne. In any case, from whatever source it came, the spirited story of Jeanne Mance and her project, Anne of Austria showed herself sympathetic. She declared herself desirous of making this heroine's acquaintance. The ladies of the court, hearing this, probably looked at each other in astonishment. It was not often that one saw Anne of Austria shake off her apathy and display a little less of that coldness of which everyone complained. So it came about that, one day, Jeanne Mance was presented to the Queen.

This curiosity, which Jeanne Mance everywhere provoked, had fortunate results, as we shall see, for her and her work. One came, in certain high and influential quarters, to identify her cause with that of far-distant Canada. To think of the country and its welfare was to think of Jeanne Mance and wish her well.

(To be continued.)

Richard Bedford Fenwick, grandson of the Editor, has now been called up to fight in the new Crusade for the freedom of our souls.

## REVIEW.

### "SISTER-IN-CHARGE."\*

By H. L. Montgomerie.

This is a pleasant little volume dealing with hospital life and the problems which constantly arise there with a great degree of urgency and which, on being dealt with, recede even from the memory of the nurses; when they have coped with them and met their urgency with the presence of mind and efficiency that emergencies call forth, nurses scarcely realise that they are episodes, crowded one on another, any single one of which would prove shattering and never-to-be-forgotten to people who have not had such constant and close acquaintance with such events.

The book presents both the gay and graver side of hospital life and, in this particular volume, such light and shadow is well balanced. The heroine, an enthusiast in her profession, leads a troublous existence between the vagaries of subordinates and the irascibility of the surgeon of her wards; but a house surgeon, blessed with a humour that never fails whatever the stress of circumstances, helps to enliven the most embarrassing and often distressing situations. The heroine congratulates herself on possessing a strain of Scottish blood and one might suggest that the surgeon also gives indications of this in the manner of his love-making for, until the latter part of the book, his true feelings towards our heroine are certainly not characterised by any degree of amiability; the lack of it, we are told, is the main feature observable in Scotch love-making, although no one has idealised love so well as the National poet of Scotland—Robert Burns. Perhaps here again the author chooses deliberately a play of light and shadow and the moods of the surgeon, with all his ardour for research and fine operative work, serve as a foil for the character of the ardent lover in which he appears in the later part of the book. We can recommend this volume as a good choice for a holiday season.

\* The "Fronde" was a shortlived revolt of the Parisian aristocracy against the King and his advisers.

\* Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd., 11, Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Price 7s. 6d.

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