

ment than the study of the language, and conversation with the Savages. Ah! how much pleasure there is for a heart devoted to God to make itself the little Scholar of a Savage and of a little child, thereby to gain them for God, and to render them Disciples of our Lord! How willingly and liberally God communicates himself to a soul which practices from love to him these heroic acts [72] of humility! The words he learns are so many treasures he amasses, so many spoils he carries off from the common enemy of the human race; so that he has reason to say a hundred times a day, *Lætabor super eloquia tua tanquam qui invenit spolia multa*. Viewed in this light, the visits of the Savages, however frequent, cannot be annoying to him. God teaches him the beautiful lesson he taught formerly to Saint Catherine of Sienna, to make of his heart a room or temple for him, where he will never fail to find him, as often as he withdraws into it; that, if he encounters Savages there, they do not interfere with his prayers, they serve only to make them more fervent; from this he takes occasion to present these poor wretches to this sovereign Goodness, and to entreat him warmly for their conversion.

Certainly we have not here that exterior solemnity which awakens and sustains devotion. Only what is essential in our Religion is visible, the holy Sacrament of the Altar, to the marvels of which we must open the eyes of our Faith without being aided by any sensible mark of its grandeur, any more than the [73] Magi were in the stable. But it seems that God, supplying what we lack,—and as a recompense of grace that he has given us in transporting it, so to speak, beyond so many seas, and in finding a place