

Could we put our confidence anywhere but in God in a Region where, as far as man is concerned, everything is lacking to us? Could we wish a nobler opportunity to exercise Charity than amid the roughness and discomfort of a new world, where no human art or industry has yet provided any conveniences? and to live here that we may bring back to God men who are so [75] unlike men that we must live in daily expectation of dying by their hand, should the fancy take them, should a dream suggest it to them, or should we fail to open or close the Heavens to them at discretion, giving them rain or fine weather at command. Do they not make us responsible for the state of the weather? And if God does not inspire us, or if we cannot work miracles by faith, are we not continually in danger, as they have threatened us, of seeing them fall upon those who have done no wrong? Indeed, if he who is the Truth itself had not declared that there is no greater love than to lay down one's life, verily and once for all, for one's friends, I should conceive it a thing equally noble, or even more so, to do what the Apostle said to the Corinthians, *Quotidie morior per vestram gloriam, fratres, quam habeo in Christo Jesu Domino nostro*, than to drag out a life full of misery, amid the frequent and ordinary dangers of an unforeseen death, which those whom you hope to save will procure for you. I call to mind occasionally what Saint François Xavier once wrote to Father Simon, and wish that it may please God to so act that at least the same thing may be said or written one [76] day even of us, although we may not be worthy of it. Here are the words: *Optimi è Moluco perferuntur nuntii, quippe in maximis ærumnis perpetuisque vitæ discriminibus, Joannes Beira eiusque socii*