

hear creatures." *Magnus Dominus, et magnitudinis ejus non est finis.* Oh, how great is God, and how good he is! If the Savages could derive these thoughts and these sentiments from any other source than from the living Book, which is Jesus Christ, I would doubt if they are speaking sincerely; but they have neither printed book nor writing in their possession,—and, if they had these, they would understand nothing therein, for they have no intercourse with any man on earth who could give them these ideas. It is this that makes me say that this divine fountain of light and of love pours, of itself, or rather through the ministry of good Angels, these holy [99] thoughts and these gentle sentiments into hearts heretofore filled with barbarism, and now possessed by God.

As for Communion, when they began to instruct him upon this truly adorable mystery, he cried out, in utter astonishment, "O Savages, will you always be dogs,—will you never have any other nourishment than that of dogs?" And as he was recommended not to declare this doctrine to his compatriots, who do not yet possess the Faith,—“No, no,” he replied, “do not fear, I know very well that they are not all capable of understanding what you teach me. Hence I say nothing to them, except what must be said to madmen to cure them of their disease.” This unexpected answer made us laugh, for he gave it with considerable grace and candor. As he was about to approach this table, led by Monsieur Gand, his Godfather, God imparted to him a deep sentiment of humility. “It seemed to me,” said he, “that I was only a poor little flea, and I was surprised that so great a Captain consented to enter the heart of so insignificant a creature. I felt, never-