

mancer. They no longer invited him to the feasts,—as if he were a very wicked man, whom they mistrusted. It is a dishonor, when one is among them, to be excluded from these banquets; but he gave himself very little concern thereat. In short, I recognized the love or the aversion that people had for our belief, by the pleasant or evil looks they cast upon him,—he having this consolation, the sweetest that a man can have in this world, of seeing himself loved or hated for Jesus Christ. Finally,—the false reports that the Devil scattered against the Doctrine of Jesus Christ, having passed away,—those who felt some desire for their salvation listened willingly. He preached with a truly apostolic freedom, boldly rebuking [102] their vices before the most prominent and the proudest of his nation.

“Who do we think we are?” he said one day. “Do you wish me to proclaim what your greatness is?” He took a chick-pea in his hand, and, holding it suspended over a large brazier, he exclaimed, “Behold what we are in the hands of God! If this pea I hold with my two fingers should become full of pride,—if it were capable of receiving my commandments, and should refuse to obey me; if it told me that it had nothing to do with me, who am holding it over this fire,—would it not deserve that I should let it fall into this brazier? Now this is what we must expect from the hand of God who sustains and preserves us, if we refuse to embrace the Faith and to obey his wishes.”

He worked day and night for the conversion of these poor people, he strove with God, with us, and with them. He offered tearful prayers; he went into the depths of the woods, and there inflicted chas-