

drive out those who love you more than themselves, since their lives are less precious to them than your salvation, which they come to obtain, from so great a distance, with so many labors. Our ancestors have been in some sort excusable if they have not adored this great master who has created the world, for no one [182] taught them; but you will be a hundred thousand times more severely punished than they, since you choose to remain in your misery, although one try to draw you out of it." All that this captain could answer was to say, "That is true," and turn the subject of conversation elsewhere.

You see how the Gospel has been received by these poor barbarians. Not that we do not almost always find, in whatever village we go to, some soul to draw away from the precipice, and whose salvation, which we procure, fills with sweetness all the bitterness which must needs be swallowed. And what further consoles us in that is, that we see manifestly the hand of God therein.

"On entering a village" (Father Garnier writes to me) "I learn that a feast is being prepared in a cabin, in the name of a dying child. I present myself there; I straightway meet with a refusal. I withdraw, and recommend this little innocent to Our Lord; some time after, his parents send to invite me to the feast; and that before they went to invite the public. I go in, and find a place quite near the [183] patient; pretending to feel the vein of his temple, in order to ascertain the state of his health, I fortunately sprinkle his soul with the blood of Jesus Christ, who called him to himself to be present at the feast everlasting.

"In another village, shortly after I had arrived, I