

has no place here; where can the Faith enter their minds?

But, nevertheless, it would be impiety to despair of the salvation of these peoples,—the blood of Jesus Christ has been shed for them; the hand of God is not shortened. If from stones he can raise up children to Abraham, if he can render the barren fruitful, why will he not be able to draw from these deserts, and from the depth of this barbarism men whom he will train according to his heart, and whom he will place among the Choirs of Angels? What has been seen in the other regions of the world, what we ourselves see here with our own eyes, should animate our hopes, and cause us to entertain sentiments worthy of the goodness of God.

It is true that most of these poor barbarians grow hardened in their sins, and become from day to day more unworthy of God's graces; it is true that they rebel, on every occasion, against the hand of the physician who wishes to cure their [189] disease,—taking us to be the cause of all their miseries, and urging one another to make us die. It is beyond doubt that all human reasons more and more disclose to us new difficulties in this work: but from that very thing we derive our most powerful motives for hoping against all hope, as well as did Abraham. We manifestly discern that it is God who guides our affairs, and not one can deny this who will open his eyes to things which we see daily. These barbarians nearly all desired our death as passionately as they craved the preservation of their own lives; in their speeches they talked of nothing but slaughtering us,—that was an ordinary theme of their councils; nothing in the world is so easy to them, and even