

I tell him in [37] my heart, to finish despoiling me,—to cut and strip off my flesh to my bones, and to take away my wife, whom I love more than myself. It seems to me that I should serve him still more perfectly; for the more do misfortunes fall on me, the more do the truths of our Faith seem lovable to me, and things pertaining to God are clearer to my eyes.

Charles Tsondatsaa, who last year escaped from the hands of the enemy after having lost all his goods, and also a brother, and a son whom he loved above all, while speaking one day to the Infidels, said, "No, I never came back so rich from any journey; but God took everything from me in one moment, in order to teach me that all that is nothing, and that my hopes should be in Heaven. You do not know, you Infidels," he said to them, "what should be said and done to console one who is afflicted. Your words are without effect, and Faith alone promotes true joy. After our defeat, I went down to the Three Rivers, where I saw myself surrounded by my brothers, the Montagnais, Algonquin, [38] and French Christians. All spoke to me in an unknown tongue, and nevertheless they consoled my heart. I saw one raise his hand to Heaven, and he told me what I could conceive without being able to understand him; and at the same time I felt an invisible hand which soothed my mind, calmed my troubles, and made me find an ineffable happiness in spite of all my losses. Our Faith has not been taken away from us with our goods; it is still entire in our hearts, and our constancy will show all the Infidels that we are so sure of Paradise that, to speak truly, we esteem nothing else."