

he continued on his way without saying anything else; he entered the Chapel, and never did he say his prayers with greater devotion. When he came out, he showed us a wound that horrified us all. We tried to give him some relief, but hardly had he gone out when he fell a second time, and hurt his head badly. "It is the all-powerful God, to whom thou hast just prayed, who has rewarded thee by that fall," the Infidels said, reproaching him. "Yes, indeed," replied the good man, "he has nothing but love for me, and will be satisfied with this passing pain as a punishment for my sins; but he prepares for you, who blaspheme unceasingly against him, eternal torments that will be accompanied by nothing but despair."

One of our Fathers took pleasure one day in listening, without being perceived, to a good [41] sick Christian who was exhorting his daughter to embrace the Faith. "Yes, my daughter," he said to her, "do not at all doubt that there is a God whom the Christians adore. No other than he could give me the consolation that I now feel in my illness. I am as satisfied as if I were cured; and I tell him with pleasure to dispose of my life as he pleases, because I feel quite sure in my heart that I shall lose nothing by losing this body. It is undoubtedly because our souls possess something more precious than this life, whatever may be our love for it."

The exhortations of the father had their effect. He first won his daughter to God, and afterward one of his sons, who was still older. Finally, the mother wished to follow her children; and they all live together in a sweet state of innocence that would be delightful in the midst of France.