

infidel woman, who pulled him gently by his robe, and said to him: "I am thine." "Thou takest me for another," he replied. "Thou belongest to the devil; [45] I have nothing to do with him."

A young Pagan, who had frequently been refused by a Christian girl, sought for an opportunity of meeting her alone, when she went for wood in the adjacent forest. "No one sees thee," he said to her, "why shouldst thou be ashamed to sin with me?" "Kill me in the midst of these woods," replied the Christian maiden. "No one sees thee now. Why shouldst thou have a horror of thy crime? For my part, I would more willingly suffer death than commit the sin to which thou solicitest me." The scoundrel did not repeat his request; "Cursed race of Christians!" he said as he withdrew; "they are everywhere inexorable." We would never learn of the fidelity displayed on many similar occasions by our Christians, who are often content that Heaven alone should be their witness, were it not that the Infidels themselves are the first to proclaim these virtuous deeds. Some do this by laughing at what they consider excessive simplicity in losing (so they say) the pleasures of an age that can never return, through fear of an imaginary fire that they have never seen; others are touched [46] to the heart by it, and speak of it only with respect, judging thereby that the purity of the Faith has pleasures that surpass those of the senses and raise the soul above the common.

This reminds me of the tears shed some days since by a Christian young man, who wept for the sin of an aunt who was forgetful of her salvation. "You do not know," he said to us, "what a torment it is