

animals; thou disposest of them. If thou choose to give me some, I will believe in thee; if thou give me none, I will still believe.' While I walked along, this idea came to my mind: 'Where wast thou a hundred years ago? Whence didst thou come? Thou wast not, and here thou art. In truth, it is admirable. Love, therefore, him who has made all.' It seems to me that I do love him," he said.

One of our Fathers asked a little Savage, five years old, where his father was. The child pointed to him with his hand, but his father said to him: "My son, look up to Heaven; that is where thy Father is. It is God who is thy true Father;" and continuing, he added, "I give thee every day to him who has made all; and I beg him to make thee Religious, so that thou mayst know how to pray to him,—for my greatest sorrow in this world is that I do not know how to pray aright to him. I think nearly always of him, and it seems to me that I love him; but I do not know many things that should be said to him."