

me: and yet I cannot, and would not dare to, complain of the rigor with which God treats me. I see well that it is only love and goodness; and that there is not in this world a pleasure similar to that which I feel when he leaves me least in repose, and constrains me a thousand times to tell him that I am altogether his."

Another, named André Ochiendarenouan, told us that the one thing in this world which gave him a most lively idea of the great happiness of Paradise, was the thought that if in this life, on saying these two words, *Jesus taitenr*,—"Jesus, have pity on me,"—he felt so much contentment in his heart, that it surpassed all the pleasures together which ever he [59] had felt within the seventy years since he was in the world,—it must indeed be that in Heaven there were ineffable satisfactions, since God awaits that opportunity to make us enjoy his mercies; and since the pleasures which we taste in telling Our Lord to have pity on us are only while we await that great blessing which we shall possess in Heaven, the hope of which alone so sweetly fills our whole hearts throughout this life.

A good Christian woman, in a similar frame of mind, profoundly astonished one of her infidel kinswomen, who was exhorting her to renounce Christianity, and was assuring her that it was beyond doubt that all that we preached to them of Paradise was nothing but fables. "Suffer me, I beg thee, to die peacefully in my error," this good Christian answered her; "even though I should be deceived,—which is not the case,—it would be a very agreeable deception. Why do you wish to rob me of a real benefit, which is not alone in expectation, but of