

say, in order better to deal your blow, not only that I go to prayers, as if I had been invited to a feast, but that I run to them still faster: for, in truth, the feasts make almost no impression on me, since I know that we have souls more precious than our bodies. If you infidels leave everything for a good morsel, know that a good Christian will never be ashamed to leave everything for prayer; you think of nothing but the earth, and our thoughts are for Heaven."

The same woman, kindling a fire one morning when it was very cold, thanked God because he had created the forests and woods, wherewith men might warm themselves. Her husband wished to mock at her. "Thy father," he said to her, "for whom thou lightest this [65] fire, does not thank thee, although he sees thee; why are thou so simple as to thank God, whom thou hast never seen?" "I am under obligation to my father," answered the wife, "and the little that I do for him in that is not considerable; but the favors which God does for us are continual, and he can have received nothing from us which obliges him to do us so much good. It is enough that we know that he hears us, and that he sees us, although we do not see him, to oblige us to render him our thanks."

In this connection, I remember an answer as full of wit as of faith, which a Christian, named Charles Ondaaiondiont, made some time ago to the blasphemy of an infidel. This infidel was taunting the Christians, saying that, if God were omnipotent and so jealous of his honor, he ought to have rendered himself visible, so as to be recognized for what he is; and that he ought to have opened to our view, on one