

in his first voyage only delights along his way. Show us only thy wounds," they add to the Father; "they tell us—more efficiently than thou wilt be able to do when thou shalt thoroughly know how to speak our language—that we are bound to serve and adore him of whom thou expectest one day that he will restore to thee both the life which thou hast so freely exposed for him, and the fingers which they burned for thee so cruelly, [76] while journeying here for his service." It is thus that the providence of God draws his glory from our losses, and that the faith of these good Neophytes continues to grow stronger, spontaneously, finding from day to day new motives for believing the truths which we come to announce to them.

René Tsondihouanne, speaking one day of the most blessed Sacrament in an assembly of Christians, said to them: "Yes, my brothers; let us believe without any doubt that Jesus Christ is in the Host,—that he is near us, and within us, when we receive Communion. He has chosen to conceal himself, like a child newly conceived in the womb of its mother. If the mother did not believe that her child had life when it is concealed from her eyes, and if she had too much curiosity to see it before its term, never could she see it except dead, and she would cause her own death. Thus, whosoever shall refuse to believe, unless he see him, that Jesus Christ is in the Host, never will deserve to see him. Let us wait till he himself is willing to reveal himself; and then we shall behold him with as much joy as a mother sees her child whose time she has patiently awaited without precipitating it."

[77] This thought much surprised me, hearing it