

upon his bosom. I heard these other words, which I believed were from saint Bernard,<sup>5</sup> *Servite Domino in illa charitate quæ foras mittit timorem; meritum non intuetur*,—‘Serve God in the charity and love which expels fear; he does not turn his eyes upon our merits, but upon his own goodness.’ These admonitions were given to me very opportunely, for I felt that truly I was not in a loving and filial fear, but in a servile dejection. I had not sufficient constancy; and, instead of groaning for my offenses, committed against God, I was grieved to see myself removed from the midst of life and led away to Judgment, without having sent before me any good works. Now these words changed me in a moment; they banished my vexations, and threw me into a fire of love so vehement that, before having [102] returned to myself, I pronounced with great impetuosity these words of saint Bernard: *Non immerito vitam ille sibi vindicat nostram, qui pro nobis dedit et suam*,—‘Not without reason does he ask our life, who has given up his own for us.’ Finally, God so greatly enlarged the soul of his poor servant, that I returned full of joy to our village,—at the entrance to which, as I believed, they were to beat me to death.”

Having learned that some old men wished to return to their village, this poor Father asked permission to accompany them; they send him without tinder, without shoes, and amid the snows of the month of December; and, after all that, they command him to carry on this march of 30 leagues a bundle of smoked meat, which would have served as burden to a stout porter. He had no answer to make; all the Savages are like carriers or packhorses. Steadfast charity and patience beget strength where there is