

ills, and now I would find it agreeable." "I have but one sorrow in the world and that is that I cannot remember these prayers and know not what to say to God. It seems to me that my heart speaks to him, but my mouth cannot pronounce what it says." Such fruits are not of the growth of nature; they are found and gathered only in the garden of grace.

This new world is of the same nature as the old; it has its good and its bad aspects, as well as Europe. The latter predominate in America, as well as in other parts of the World. I know not where war, disease, and other plagues had their [91] origin; but I do know that they afflict these Savages, as well as the French. Since the Faith has come to dwell among these peoples, all things that make men die have been found in these countries. Although they have not been defeated in their wars this year, still they have not enjoyed peace. Sickneses have divided their days with health; but in these vicissitudes God has always shown himself their Father. The small-pox that caused such havoc nine years ago did good to some souls, while afflicting their bodies. Formerly, one heard nothing but drums, cries, and yells; one saw nothing but feasts and sweats in the cabins where the sick lay. But now one hardly knows, in the places where the Christians reside, what has become of all those songs and noises. Our sick have recourse to God, but with such confidence that that contagion—which, as a rule, is fatal to aged persons—has not carried off one; and they attribute this good fortune to him who holds both life and death in his hands.

[92] I cannot conclude this Chapter without mentioning a little girl who remained for two years at