

after having been beaten by his mother, said nothing else amid his tears but: "My God, I offer you the blows that I have received from my mother; have pity on me." The poor mother began to weep with her child, and to pray to God with him.

A good old man, called René Tsondihouanne,—whose life abounds in meritorious actions, and is ever spent in godliness, and who, wheresoever he goes, preaches both by example and precept, and greatly furthers our Christianity,—was asked by one of our Fathers how many times a day he thought of God during a journey from which he had recently returned. "Only once," he replied very simply; "but it was from morning to night." The Father asked him whether that conversation [86] with God took place mentally. "Not at all," he said; "I find it better to speak to him, and thus I am less easily distracted." A few days afterward, the same Father found out what kind of conversation that good old man had with God, during a journey that he made with him; for, when they set out, the good Savage began to say the prayers that he knew; then, having gone on ahead, he gradually raised his voice. The Father, who was curious to hear him, followed him quite closely, and was much astonished to hear the delightful colloquies that he uttered. At times, he thanked God for having called him to the Faith; again, he praised him for having created the forests, the earth, and the sky; at other times, he deplored the wretchedness of the Infidels. Then, suddenly, he thanked God for having brought the Preachers of the Gospel into these countries. "Yes, my God," he said, "you have drawn them here with ropes stronger than iron,—since neither discomfort, nor calumnies, nor sufferings,