

nor a thousand dangers of death, can make them leave us and return to their own country, where they could live in comfort." Sometimes, the good old man spoke in a lower tone, and the Father could catch [87] only words here and there. Then all at once, as if inflamed with fresh ardor, he would exclaim: "Oh, my God, how great you are, since the earth is vast, and you feed all mankind! Oh, my God, how good you are; since you have pity on sinners, have pity on me! Open the eyes of the Infidels, who are blind, and who, although they see those trees, those forests, that Sun, and that light, see not that it is you who have created everything." And he went on in that strain for two or three whole hours.

On reaching a dangerous spot, he suddenly altered his tone, and in quite a different accent he addressed himself to God: "It is you, my God," he said, "who guide my steps here, and who see the dread within my heart. No, no, I will not fear death; and I abandon my life to you, if it be your will that I should fall into the enemy's ambushes. Whither should I flee to avoid death? And where can I be in greater safety than under the guidance of your hand? If I die to-day, I hope that to-day I shall see you above, in Heaven." [88] In a word, that good old man was all ardor throughout the journey; and the Father who accompanied him assured me that his words were like glowing coals, which inflamed even himself.

Another Christian of long standing, who also serves us as a Dogique, said, while rendering an account of his conscience, that frequently for whole days he thought of nothing but God, and could hardly think of anything else. "But sometimes," he added, "it happens to me as to a traveler who walks at night by