

which we admire every day, and for which we will bless God forever in Heaven, without weariness and without distaste. I cannot, however, omit a sufficiently prevailing sentiment of many good Christians, who—having lost all their property, their children, and what they had most precious in this world, and being even upon the point of undergoing a voluntary exile from their country which they were forsaking in order to avoid the cruelty of the Iroquois, their enemies—thanked God for it, and said to him: “My God, may you be blessed; I cannot regret these losses, since the Faith has taught me that the love which you have for the Christians is not in regard to the goods of this world, but for eternity. I bless you in my losses, with as good a heart as I have ever done; for you are my Father, and it is enough that I know that you love me, that I should be content with all the evils which can happen to me.”

But what most astonishes me in these encounters is, that these feelings do not come at a late hour, after nature and passion might have possessed the first [33] emotions of the heart; grace often anticipates them, and becomes mistress even of the first impulses, which incline toward Heaven more readily than to the things of earth. May God be forever blessed for this.