

In the fourth place, famine was for a long time our guest; and I scarcely ventured in her presence to question our Savages, their stomachs not being like barrels which sound all the louder for being empty; they resemble the drum,—the tighter it is drawn, the better it talks.

In the fifth place, my attacks of illness made me give up the care for the languages of earth, to think about the language of the other life whither I was expecting to go.

[184] In the sixth place, and finally, the difficulty of this language, which is not slight, as may be guessed from what I have said, has been no small obstacle to prevent a poor memory like mine from advancing far. Still, I talk a jargon, and, by dint of shouting, can make myself understood.

One thing would touch me keenly, were it not that we are not expected to walk before God, but to follow him, and to be contented with our own littleness; it is that I almost fear I shall never be able to speak the Savage tongues with the fluency necessary to preach to them, and to answer at once, without stumbling, their demands and objections, being so greatly occupied as I have been up to the present. It is true that God can make from a rock a child of Abraham. May he be forever praised, in all the tongues of the nations of the earth!