

"It is now," she said, "that I recognize the truth, that God cherishes those whom the world despises; for, he alone remaining to me,—whom I can and will please since the death of my husband and my mother (my brothers and my relatives having abandoned me [33] because I am a Christian),—I see well that he alone suffices me, and that he abundantly takes for me the place of father and mother, of relatives, and all."

Let us finish this Chapter with the tears—but tears of zeal—of a good Christian of the Village of la Conception, named René Tsondihouonne. This good man is nothing but charity and love for the faith: he goes the rounds of the cabins, visiting the sick, instructing the Christians, preaching to the infidels, confounding the impious; in a word, I may call him the support of this Church and the Apostle of his country. This winter, having begun to offer his prayers,—after a recital that he had heard of the fatigues and sufferings of Saint Paul, while working for the conversion of the gentiles,—he could not contain his tears; and, wholly transported outside himself, and addressing Our Lord, he made to him complaints of himself, with as much faith and fervor as if he had seen him with his own eyes. "Yes, my Savior," he said to him, "it is true that I am without zeal or love for you, and that I bear without result the name of Christian. I have suffered nothing in this world, and have done nothing in it to make you known. [34] Paradise is indeed given to those great Saints, who have shed their blood and who have died for the defense of the faith; Saint Paul has deserved it. But how can I lay claim to it, when I suffer nothing for you? No, my Lord, I do