

heart a very deep sentiment of confusion and regret; but why, on that account lose my peace of soul? Has not God said to me, by the mouth of his minister: *I forgive thee?* Have I not as He demanded of me, made a sincere avowal, an entire submission?

Am I not, moreover, ready to accomplish all that may demand of me in His name, the priest to whom I have confided my soul?

Does *the future*, in its turn, try to alarm me?

I smile at those foolish dreams of my imagination; has not God charged Himself with my future?

What! the circumstances that await me tomorrow, or in ten, twenty years hence, are all arranged, prepared with maternal care by my heavenly Father, and I could fear lest they prove not good for me!

O my God! remain, remain the sole master of my destiny, and grant that my future may be as thou hast decreed!