

wish to die a Christian, and to be buried with your people. Believe me, *Nikanis*, my heart has always said that your doctrine was good, I like to hear it. While thou art here, teach me. Thou art always so busy that one cannot talk to thee; I will come to see thee, I will listen to thee attentively; I am old, it is time I was thinking of myself." The simple man said this to me in a voice that touched my heart. In truth, I sometimes drink a very bitter cup, as I pass among the cabins at the time when the ships are anchored here; for small and great ask me, with reason, "why I do not teach them any more? why I do not come to see them? why I do not call them together?" I put them off from day to day, and meanwhile three long months pass before I am free. As to this good old man, when I was urging him to talk in favor of our Religion in the cabins, he answered me that he was afraid the young people would misconstrue his meaning,—[308 i.e., 304] that he feared lest, if he instructed them, his use of the language or of certain words might convey a different meaning to them, and that some misfortune might thence happen. As for me who could speak well, he said, nothing would pass my lips that was not entirely proper. It is one of the fears of these barbarians that they will not speak or pronounce well what has been taught them, placing the whole force of the doctrine in the words. But I explained to him that God looked at the heart and not at the lips; and if the mouth should make a mistake, nothing serious could happen from it, provided the heart was right. He was satisfied with this answer. I told him I had written to a great Captain in France (it is thus we call people of influence), for they have no other title