

I fear to be tiresome,—but I think that to see so many good sentiments in the soul of a barbarian, is to be convinced that God is everywhere like unto himself, and that he is not less the God of the Scythians than of the Greeks and Romans.

This good Christian,—having returned some months ago from a journey that he had made to the Khionontateronons, whither he had gone to assist our Fathers in the preaching of the Gospel,—seeing himself wearied with travel, [139] took a sweat (this is a certain kind of bath which these Savages use, with which to refresh themselves). Having entered this bath, it was a pleasure to hear him,—not singing of dreams, and war songs, as all his fellow countrymen do on this occasion, but animating himself to a new combat; resolving to die for the defense of the Faith; promising God to scour the whole country, and announce everywhere his holy name. In a word, what is deepest in the heart is the most ordinary subject of his conversation, of his songs, of his most affectionate intercourse.

He has done, this year, everything that one can expect from an excellent Christian; he has thrown himself into the apostolic occupation at the height of all these squalls, which he has always faced with the eye of Faith. There is no region in the country where he has not assisted our Fathers in the publication of the Gospel; he has everywhere openly borne witness to the truth which he knows; and all these infidel peoples have been constrained to avow that the Faith and the law of God was not beyond their possibilities,—[140] seeing a Huron like them, who from his birth has been nourished and brought up in the same customs as they, seeing him not only pro-