

they took off his scalp, and gave him a blow with a hatchet on the head from which they had removed it. The late Christian awaking after this dream, spoke to René, his companion. "Ah, my comrade," said he, "it is now, if we were not Christians, that we should be obliged to have recourse to our songs and feasts, in order to efface the calamity of my dream. But it is not that which is the master of our lives,—it is he of whom they have taught us, and in whom we believe, who alone disposes of it [30] according to his good pleasure." And thereupon he related to him the dream that I have just stated. We have reason to think that this same dream returned to him several times afterward; for members of his family declared that often in the morning they heard him speak on awaking, and say, *Art thou the master of it? No, no, it is only God who shall dispose of it.* Now that which he had dreamed having happened to him in every point, and the report being abroad in the country that he had died on account of not having observed his dream,—which, menacing him with enemies, commanded him to make a sacrifice or feast of 2 dogs,—this was very likely to revive in the mind of the poor René, as well as those of the other good Christians, the general belief and deference that all these Tribes render to a dream, as to the master of life and of death. However, it pleased God to deliver him from this temptation, and to strengthen thoroughly his spirit and his courage. He was the first to solve the difficulties which are therein presented, and which are not trifling.

As we were in his cabin this winter, the news was brought to him that one of his sons had been taken by the enemy, [31] and led away alive into their