

in a loud voice: "I no longer have a head; I could not pray; the Hiroquois, by taking away my head, have deprived me of my mind. When I shall see great kettles boiling, filled with the flesh of our enemies, when my stomach and my belly [16] shall be stuffed with it, then my mind will return." Rage and revenge, which are the appanage of Demons, reign in the hearts of these Barbarians, who from wolves become lambs when Baptism has clothed them with the grace of Jesus Christ.

A small party of these good Neophytes, wishing to show that the Faith does not deprive of courage those who embrace it, resolved to go to war with the pagans. Both sides prepared for it in their own way. The Christians had recourse to God, while the pagans resorted to feasts and dances full of superstitions. They cried aloud, they sang, they yelled, they assumed a thousand postures of men enraged, in order to excite themselves against their enemies. All started in company. Hardly had they gone half-way when the children of Belial separated from the children of God—either through a misunderstanding, or through fear of entering their enemies' country. They gave up the idea of hunting men, and took to killing animals. Our good Neophytes, pursuing their design, secretly discovered a band of Hydroquois about equal to their own forces. They stopped short, and consulted together whether they should take them alive or [17] put them to death, in case God gave them the victory. On the one hand, the glory of bringing back prisoners alive dazzled their minds; for the sweetest pleasure that a Savage can enjoy is to drag his enemy after him, bound and fettered, to make a joyful and triumphant exhibition