

they will come to it, little by little. I know several who honor prayer; but we are about thirty grown men who do not waver more than you do. We remained firm last Winter, against the assaults of the wicked. A thousand attacks were made upon us, but our courage was not overthrown. Come, then, my brother, take courage, and all thy people also. Fear no longer. We are not half believers only; we believe entirely. Pray [43] to God for us during our journey." This said, they parted.

The Christians of saint Joseph went still further. Having learned that Reverend Father Vimont was going up to the three rivers, and that he would find Christian Hurons there, they begged him to take with him some packages of their smoked meat, in order to give a banquet to those good Neophytes, as a token of the love and affection they had for them. This was done in our house, amid the joy of these new children of God,—whose conduct in this act of charity was all the more edifying that it is unusual among these Barbarians, who love only their own nation, and have a supreme contempt for others.

I will conclude this chapter by relating an act of gratitude as artless as it is naturally expressed. When Monsieur the Governor went up to the river of the Hiroquois to give orders for commencing the fortifications of which I have already spoken, a Christian Captain went to him and made him this speech: "We Savages, since we were not brought up in [44] your country, do not know what honors are paid to great Captains who work for the defense of the land. Therefore, I know not what I should do, and still less what I should say. I seek, and I find nothing on my tongue but these few words: 'Go, great Captain,