

the tricks of his trade. When this wretched man—whose soul is a thousand times blacker than the name that he bears, and who is a very firebrand against the Faith and the French—arrived at the village of saint Michel, he secretly gathered the Captains together, and said to them: “My brothers, I have always had as much love for you as I have had hate for the Iroquois, our common enemies,—whose cruelty I experienced, as you know, last year, when I was their prisoner on two occasions, and escaped each time from their hands, when they were about to burn me alive. I learn that your village is moved by the discourses of the black gowns; that several have already received Baptism; that a larger number desire it; and that you yourselves lend ear to discourses that, in sooth, charm them at first. But you are doubtless ignorant, my brothers, to what these promises of eternal life tend. I have been among the French at [102] Quebec and at the Three Rivers. They have taught me the very substance of their doctrine. I know everything about matters of the Faith. But, the more I fathomed their mysteries, the less clearly did I see. They are fables, invented to inspire us with real fear of an imaginary fire; and, in the false hope of good that can never come to us, we involve ourselves in inevitable dangers. I do not speak without having had experience of it. Some years ago, you saw the Algonquins in such numbers that we were the terror of our enemies. Now we are reduced to nothing; disease has exterminated us; war has decimated us; famine pursues us, wherever we go. It is the Faith that brings these misfortunes upon us. That you may not doubt that what I say is true, when I went down to Quebec two years ago, to