

Even the child's mother, on a journey in which I happened to be with her, told me that it was because of this sign of the Cross that he had been killed; and the old man who had given the command that he should be slain,—one day when they called me to his cabin to eat, when I previously made the sign of the Cross,—said to me: “That is what we hate; that is why they have killed thy companion, and why they will kill thee. Our neighbors the Europeans do not do so.” Sometimes, also, when I was praying on my knees during the hunt, they told me that they hated this way of doing, and on account of it they had killed the other Frenchman; and that, for this reason, they would kill me when I came back to the Village.

I ask Your Reverence's pardon for the haste with which I write this, and for the want of respect of which I am thus guilty. You will excuse me, if you please; I feared lest I should fail at this opportunity, to discharge a duty which I ought to have performed long ago.