

Two Christian Savages having allowed themselves to be beguiled by drink, the Father in his sermon reproved drunkenness,—which would be as common in these countries as it is in the depth of Switzerland, if there were liquors. One of those Savages stopped the Father in the midst of his discourse. “What thou sayest is true, my Father; I became drunk. I have no sense; ask God that he show me mercy. I will speak only to those who are of my own country,—it is not for me to harangue in this village; I address my discourse to the youth who listen to me. Come, then; take example not by my sin, but by my grief; and remember [168] that, if I who am old acknowledge my crime, you ought not to dissimulate yours. I condemn the deed that I have done; it is a precipice upon which I have cast myself: do not fall on it.” His partner, hearing this discourse, began to speak: “It is I who am a wicked fellow,—it is I who have no sense; I have offended him who made all. Young men, be wiser; do not follow the road in which I have gone astray. Walk straight ahead, and pray with the Father, that he who made all may think kindly of me.”

The Father meanwhile kept silence, being much edified by the fervor of these good Neophytes. All things have their time; this fire will only too soon cease to shine and warm. It must not be stifled; but he who should attempt to kindle it by violence would stir up his own gall, and not the love of God.

Last Spring, the Christians of saint Joseph armed three shallops and some canoes, in order to go and scour, not the country, but the great river; and to give chase to the enemy, who appeared from time to time in various places. They were escorted by some