

their war-songs. Every day their cabins resounded with the noise of their voices, that breathed of nothing but Mars and his arms. The Christians, who wished to lower the pride of these boasters, began to intone their hymns and canticles with so much grace and devotion "that they charmed me," says the Father; "and, although they repeated them very often, they seemed more beautiful to me every day." Much sequence must not be expected in this Chapter, for good sentiments contain more love than Rhetoric.

A good Neophyte who found himself far away in the woods, with a medley of Christians and Pagans, invited them every day to come to the prayers that he publicly offered in his cabin,—notifying them of the Festivals, that these might be observed in a more solemn manner than the other days, by singing hymns and saying their beads in a cabin set apart for the purpose, and by listening to the elders who might wish to speak in favor of the Faith. When this good man saw that some, who were less fervent, only half listened, [51] he plainly told them the truth about themselves. "When you will be at St. Joseph, you will go to prayers like the others; you will be considered very fervent, and they who think so will be mistaken. In whom do you believe? Is it in God, or in the Fathers who teach us? If you believe in God, why do you not pray to him as much among the trees as among men? God has made the trees as well as men. He is everywhere. If you believe only in men, you will not go to Heaven. The Fathers are men as we are; they do not say: 'Believe in us;' but they say to us: 'Believe in God.' They are only Interpreters, they are like people who relate true tales."