

I have not confessed for a long time." His companion was still more grieved. "What will become of me," he said, "of me who am not yet baptized?" Our Lord preserved them from evil encounter. That poor [260] man, although sufficiently courageous otherwise, could not endure the hand of the Surgeon,—who, in truth, caused him pain, for the wound was severe, and in a very sensitive place. They reproached him that he had no courage. "My arm," he said, "has no sense; it shrinks away when it feels pain. Do not you others do the same, in your sufferings?" The interpreter answered him that in France they bound those who could not endure the cure of their wounds. "Very well," he said; "since I am among the French, I must adapt myself to the French fashion; bind me, and make me keep your customs." In fact, they seized him so effectually that he could no longer move either his hand or his arm; but never did this good man take offense,—imagining that he must adapt himself to the French usages, since he lived with them. He endured for several days that severe treatment, without giving any sign of impatience.

His companion, unable to remain at rest, stole away in order to go and kill some beavers or bustards. Approaching a little pond, he saw a quantity of game arise in great confusion; he suspected, indeed, that it was beaten up by some hunters. Having [261] slipped into the rushes, he heard some cries or songs of birds, which were answering one another; fear seized him, for it is the custom of the Hiroquois and other Savages to call one another by the cries of screech-owls during the night, and by the warbling of other birds during the day. Advancing a little