

might yet remain on earth to receive her. It mattered not; she had resolved on keeping her word that she had pledged to God. She sought means of escape; and a friend of hers, a captive, promised to accompany her. The resolution was taken; they made ready their little baggage, which could not be very extensive, since it must not impede them in difficult places, either in walking or running. The night determined on for their departure had begun to invest in darkness the land and the forests, when this poor woman attempted to take farewell of her little son. The Savages are too fond of their children,—they often trust to convince them by reason, of what, at so tender an age, they can only acquire by fear; she [131] spoke to him in these terms: “My child, I am not of this country, having been taken captive in the country of the Algonquins, and brought to this village. Thy father married me: but, my dear son, it would delight me to see once more my own country. For that reason, I have resolved to leave thee; do not sorrow, for I love thee much.” The child began to weep, and said to her: “My mother, I will go with you; do not abandon me.” “My child,” the mother replied, “thou canst not follow me; thou wouldst be the cause of my death. When I shall have gone away, address thyself to such women as are of my country: they will teach thee what thou oughtst to know: render to them obedience. And, when thou shalt be old enough to come to me, remember that thou hast a mother in the land of the Algonquins, who loved thee with all her heart; but on no account betray me, for thou wouldst be the cause of my being burned.” Having made her Adieu, not without mutual tears and sighs,