

to the gravity of The scandal given. Drunkenness is the great vice of the savage; but, thank God, we have Many who never touch intoxicating Liquor of any kind. Those who do Drink do not do So often, and, taking all into consideration, our Iroquois are much better christians than the french.

Before giving you an account of the exercises of our mission, I must tell you, my reverend father, how I was adopted into The Iroquois nation. It is a necessary formality, for a missionary would not be an acceptable person in the village were he not a member of the tribe. Two months after my arrival, I invited the elders to a banquet. The spread consisted of a whole carcass of Beef, bread in proportion, two boisseaux of peas, and a quantity of tobacco. When all were assembled, Reverend father de Lauzon, who had lived many years in this mission, made a Long speech for me. Three Iroquois orators answered in turn. When the speechmaking was over, one of the elders arose and announced that a name must be given to the "black robe," for this is the appellation by which the Jesuit missionaries are known. After having gone over all the names of former missionaries, he determined that I should hereafter be called *hatériate*, and I now go by no other name in the village. Ask God in your prayers to give me the grace of realizing to The fullest extent of its signification,—for *hateriata* in Iroquois means "The Brave,"—the magnanimous man. It now remained to assign me to a lodge, and to adopt me into a family. I had the honor of being enrolled in The family of the bear. You must know that in the village there are three families: that of the bear, that of the wolf, and that of the tortoise.