

The Sorcerer asked me if I really did love the other life, that I had described as so full of all blessings; having replied that I did, indeed, love it, "And I," said he, "I hate it, for to go there one must die, and that is something I have no desire to do; and yet if I thought and believed that this life was miserable, and that the other was full of delights, I would kill myself, to be freed from the one and to enjoy the other." I answered that God forbade us to kill ourselves, or to kill any one else, and if we destroyed ourselves we would go down into a life of misery, for having acted contrary to his commands. "Oh well," said he, "thou needst not kill thyself; but I will kill thee, to please thee, that thou mayest go to Heaven, and enjoy the pleasures that thou tellest about." I smiled, and replied to him that I could not without sin agree to have my life taken. "I see plainly," said he, sneeringly, [286] "that thou hast not yet the desire to die any more than I have." "None," said I, "to bring about my own death."

At this time, our hunters having followed a Moose, and not having been able to capture it, the Apostate began to blaspheme, saying to the Savages, "The God who is sorry when we eat, is now very glad that we have not anything to dine upon." And another time, seeing them bringing some Porcupines, "God," said he, "will be angry because we are going to fill ourselves up." Oh, blasphemous tongue, how wilt thou be chastised! Oh, brutal spirit, how wilt thou be confounded, if God does not take pity on thee! May the Angels and holy Spirits redouble their Songs of honor and of praise, as many times as this atheist will blaspheme them! This poor wretch does not fail at times to have some fear of hell,