

also, in case their enchantments are too weak to injure me, tell them that I pray them to throw themselves with me under the safeguard of him who holds all demons in check." The poor man had remembered this lesson well, and hence he was rejoicing with his wife because his son was out of the clutches of these human wolves. Another time he came to me trembling with fear lest some misfortune should happen to him, because, his wife having carried the child to [61] a banquet, where she was going in his place, a Juggler took it from her and sang to it; then said aloud, to discredit us, that we were deceivers,—that Baptism had not cured this child, since there was no sign that it had been sick. I reassured him, and ridiculed this mountebank. Furthermore, the poor man has often shown me that he desired Baptism; I have given him some instruction, and to make him stationary I placed him in the company of some Frenchmen to cultivate the land, but he did not stick to it. Now as, a short time ago, he was in company with from thirty to forty Savages, who were going to war, I sounded him in the presence of his compatriots,—reproaching him with being afraid of them, and that out of regard for others he would not believe in God, although he had often assured me that he ought to believe in him. He answered me before all of them that he had had this desire, and that he had it still; that he would not be afraid to profess his belief before everybody. "But thou thyself," he replied, "thou hast deserted me on account of the difficulty I had with one of thy Frenchmen." I was very glad to hear this response, for there is [62] nothing which so deters the Savages from professing the faith as the fear of being mocked