

escape, that they might be encompassed there and slain. He ate with marvellous appetite the juicy flesh, relishing broth made of the blood, the common drink of the Indians. The Jesuit father loved to follow the beaten trails of the animals, and walk in the forest where they retired to rest from the heat of the sun. He remarked the immense droves which, at the approach of winter, set forth to seek a more genial clime; and their return with the spring, when it became to him "a diverting pastime to view them in herds, of many hundred each, feeding in those green meadows." He observed how the hunter pursued only the wounded, fearing to affright the useful animal from the country. He saw the women as they painted the skins, working them in the stained quills of the porcupine; and with curious interest remarked the art which enabled them, without salt, to preserve the meat for a considerable length of time.

He asked of the Indians there, "Who made the heavens?" "If you have seen them," they replied, "you must know; but how would you have us speak of a country none ever visited? Is it not useless to ask of a place so high above our heads? You may go to your gods, mounting up to their dwelling, when you die, but we do not go there; we only depart to the land of souls, where, with our arrows and bows, we will still chase the buffalo."