

you call savages, who are poor and without sense.

Then we did not cease to wonder that you should so kindly think of us and ask the great master of our lives to introduce us into heaven. You were like those great and influential voices among you who approach, with greater success than ordinary people, him who raises his head higher than the others,—whom you call “king,” and we *the high mountain*,¹⁶—whom you try by your influence to reconcile to his children, at whom he was angry. You wish that this great king of heaven be not angry at us, and that he love us, and, when we die, permit us to enter into the happy land of souls. You are like those great trees, and we the weak plants which creep upon the ground, which cannot rise except by attaching themselves to the higher trees. We pray you, therefore, that, in uniting us to yourselves, you may raise us even to heaven. You are still speaking to us in this great *white bark*; and you place before us a present of a metal, white and precious, on account both of its weight and its likeness to the chemise of her who brought forth her child without knowing man.¹⁷ There are, you say, in this chemise some bones of the good christians whose souls have gone to heaven after having lived well, by following the voice of the great master of our lives,—the voice which *Iessous* has come from heaven to repeat to us upon earth. When we saw these bones, we thought that you, from your own country, perceived that our cabins, collected in a village, were continually surrounded by nations come from the depths of the earth, to drag us thither and treat us there as slaves in horrible pits, where the fires are never extinguished. You had pity on us, in giving us, in these