

breast of [310 i.e., 306] one of our soothsayers has throbbled. Tomorrow you will have news; some Hurons will surely come." *Sieur Olivier* came to report this Prophecy to *Monsieur the Governor*, with whom I was at the time. We heard it with amusement, and yet we were certainly astonished the next day, at seeing these four canoes, which had not been expected, arrive. This reminds me that, when we were at *kebec*, two Savages, seeing that we questioned the coming of the ships, told us not to doubt that they would come; "You will have news of them tomorrow without fail, for our people's breasts have been throbbing very strongly." This proved to be true, for the next day a shallop brought us news of them. All this makes me conjecture that the devil enters into them and causes this throbbing, to more firmly bind them to himself, diverting them with these fine prophecies, which often enough prove false,—God thus disposing in order to show that they originate with the author of lies.

On the 28th, as I was visiting the cabins, I saw a sick child. I asked its mother if my brother had not yet baptized it; I had to laugh at the answer this simple woman gave,—“Yes,” said she, “he baptized her, but hardly any; baptize her more.” In instructing these simple [311 i.e., 307] people on the virtue of the sacred waters of baptism, some imagine that the more there is poured out, the more efficacious is this Sacrament; they are being disabused of this error.

On the 29th, *Monsieur the Governor* concluded to return to *Kebec* to dismiss the fleet, inasmuch as these last four canoes assured us that the French whom we were awaiting in the rear guard of the Hu-