

rather amusing thing that Father Paul Ragueneau wrote me on his voyage. As he had to observe a perpetual silence with these poor barbarians, not understanding their language, his conversation was usually addressed to Heaven. Now as he was sometimes speaking to the God of Heaven, and uttering from his heart some ejaculatory prayers, these simple people were very anxious to know to whom he was addressing his speech; they set themselves to watch, some on one side, [334 i.e., 330] some on another, to discover who it was, and when they perceived nothing, they redoubled their watchfulness, changing their positions, and looking now here, now there, in amazement. The departure of the ships hurries me, but before finishing I will tell what I have learned recently of the death of Father Charles Turgis.<sup>33</sup>

It is about three years since he was sent with Father du Marché to the islands of *Mishcou*, chiefly to minister to the French who were going there to establish a residence, and incidentally to do what they could with the Savages they happened to meet. They lived there together about a year in fairly good health, at the end of which—the affairs of this residence having obliged Father du Marché to avail himself of a ship that was going to Kebec, to communicate to me some matters of importance,—Father Turgis remained alone. Afterwards, having been invited, an opportunity being given by other ships, to withdraw thence, as there was little probability of the return of his companion, or the coming of some one in his place,—I had in fact sent one from Kebec, but he could not land at *Mishcou* on account of the contrary winds which prevailed at that time,—and as, be-