

is a great pity not to be able to say all that one would like to. I contented myself with saying to him, "Thou hast no sense; dost thou not know what thou hast just been doing? thou art jesting." But this is nothing; Your Reverence will soon see them become complete turncoats, addressing their vows and making their offerings to all the sorcerers of the country, however many there be. They will even have recourse to demons, and will do things [120] so extravagant, that one will have reason to say that their love of life has turned their heads.

On the 7th, we returned from Ossossané, Father Garnier and I; and the next day, the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, we all together renewed the vow we had made last year on the same day, to supplicate more earnestly than ever this mother of mercy to intercede with her son for the conversion of these peoples, whose misery pierces our hearts. Towards evening the Father Superior called together the old men of our village, and addressed to them a short exhortation in order to encourage them,—recalling to their memories the promise they had made, inspiring them to have confidence in God alone, and to observe his holy law, which they themselves had considered so reasonable. He recommended to them also very particularly the points he had proposed to the inhabitants of Oenrio, in which they all acquiesced, as usual, promising to observe them. They are inveterate sinners, who, after their good promises, do not hesitate to resume the way of their past lives. The Father, upon this occasion, [121] having spoken to them of Heaven and of the great rewards that God reserves for his faithful servants, an old man named *Tendoutsahoronc* told him