

we are at the 30th of May, and the corn has hardly begun to grow, and this only in some places; many have not yet planted seed, and others complain that their seed is rotting in the ground; we have had almost continual rain for 15 days.

On the 1st of February, we departed to go to *Ossossané*, Father Pierre Pijart and I; [172] we remained there until the 13th, and baptized five persons; we instructed several others, but, finding them not yet in danger, we did not consider it wise to hasten their baptism. We found a great change in the cabin of one *Tondaiondi*; while the little sorcerer *Tonneraouanont* was there, we had always been very badly received, especially upon the subject of baptism. We had been loaded with insults there; and but recently the Father Superior had done his best to win a poor sick woman. But, besides that she had listened very coldly when he talked to her about Paradise and hell, her father had not shown any inclination to have her baptized, and had given the father to understand that they did not attach much importance to what we taught them,—that, as for them, they had, as well as we, a certain place where the souls of their dead relatives went, *Ahahabreti onaskenonteta*, “We have,” said he, “a certain road that our souls take after death.” Since the death of this little sorcerer, God had (it seems) changed their hearts. We had scarcely any hope of finding this patient still alive, whom her relatives had abandoned, as it were, after the departure of the Father Superior. In [173] fact, we found that her leggings and moccasins had already been put on, according to the custom of the country, and her mind was so far gone that we judged her thereafter incapable of baptism.