

through their help, always professing himself cured at the end of all these fine ceremonies,—although frequently he does not do this long afterward in this world.

The best of it is, that, in consequence of these losses, our Barbarians upon returning home do not hesitate to come and reproach us,—saying that this is precisely what they gain by believing; and that indeed they plainly see that our sole intention is but to ruin the places where we have made our abode, and thus, little by little, to ruin the whole country; that since we have been with them, and have told them of God, they no longer dream, their charms and Ascwandics have no more power, they are unlucky in everything,—in fact, there is no evil that does not accompany them.

[169] My task would be endless if I should recount all that has taken place like the above, as regards public ceremonies, the various dances, the feasts of Outaeroi and of fire, and like superstitions,—which have, I say, taken place this last winter in this one village whence I am writing, where, however, I can say with certainty that fewer of them have been observed than in any other village of the country. I cannot bring myself, seeing the length to which that would take me, to enter upon a narrative and exhaustive discussion of the other individual superstitions that one encounters every day. I will content myself with the following:

Some of our Barbarians, and, among others, one of our poor Renegades, were recounting one day to one of our Fathers the advantages that they possess in retaining and preserving their Ascwandic, or familiar demon. When the Father exhorted him to