

become a Christian for any human consideration,—it is to avoid the flames of the other life; it is to be the child of God, and to go some day to heaven: this is the purpose of Pieskars.” Having said this, he threw himself at the feet of the Father, asking for holy Baptism, which was granted him, to the joy of all those who delight in the salvation of these peoples. Since his Baptism, he has lived in the practice of Christianity,—going about boldly, consoling the Christians, and confounding the Unbelievers by his example. This man is from the Island. The other one of whom I shall speak is of the petite Nation of the Algonquins,—less thwarted [127] by men, but perhaps more violently attacked by Demons.

While he was still a Catechumen, Father Buteux told him he must no longer beat his drum,—for his trade was that of the Jugglers, or Charlatans of the country, whom some call Sorcerers. This good man resolved to obey him, but he intended to play a witty little trick at the burial of his drum, so he begged the Father to come and see him the following day. As the Father was approaching the cabin, this Charlatan took his drum, and exciting himself after the manner of the Jugglers, he made it resound so loudly that the Father, hearing it far away, stopped suddenly. A Savage, set to watch by our Catechumen, accosted him, without seeming to notice anything unusual; the Father asked who was beating the drum. “It is,” said he, “one named Wabiriniwich, who is breathing upon some sick person, and singing to him.” The Father, hearing him name his Catechumen, turned away thoroughly indignant, imagining that this man had deceived him. The Savage invited him to enter, but the Father would