

brother, seeing that he only half understood us, joins the party (for he passably understands Huron), and serves us as interpreter. We use some Algonquin prayers that we had in writing from our Fathers who are at the Three Rivers,—and, among others, the act of contrition, which this dying man repeated with so good a heart that at last we called him Felix, in baptism: [163] in fact, he died a few hours later. These good people spoke to us of burying him in our manner, as our Fathers do at the Three Rivers: but the time for that has not yet come." Thus far the letter.

I hope that after a while we shall have workmen up here who shall know the Algonquin language, and who will be able not only to assist some bands of Algonquins who come to winter each year near our Hurons, but to pass beyond, two and three hundred leagues from here, where the language of the Algonquins is generally understood.

The two villages of saint Joachim and sainte Elizabeth also gave exercise to our evangelistic workers, the disease having prevailed in all places alike. "The greatest difficulty we have," one of our Fathers writes to me, "is not that of consuming the poverty of these wretches, but that of entering into their minds, which we see manifestly possessed, for the most part, by some demon,—even to the extent that some, at our approach, sometimes howl like wolves: [164] these, as I have proved, quickly become silent when we outwardly exorcise them *per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum*.