

train himself beforehand in the language, and he being the greater part of the time without an Interpreter, he was constrained to instruct those whom he could, rather by signs than by word of mouth, as he himself relates in one of his printed letters. This, joined to the evil tricks which were played on him then by the Hurons,—who feared the removal of their trade, as did those of whom we shall speak presently,—did not permit him in so [61] short a time, to do what he had desired for the service of God.

Then, fourteen years afterward, the two Fathers of our Society who have had charge of this Mission set out from this House of Ste. Marie the second day of November of last year, 1640.

When they had arrived at St. Joseph, or Teanaustaiæ,—the last village of the Hurons where they were to make provision for their journey, and find guides for the way,—those who had given them a promise having failed them, they could do nothing else than appeal to Heaven; after having offered a prayer, Father de Brebeuf met a young man who had no thought of making this journey. I do not know by what impulse he addressed him; however, having said to him only these two words, “*Quio ackwe,*” “Come, let us go away together,” this young man, without opposition, immediately followed them, and remained their faithful companion. They had with them two of our French domestics, as much to assist them in their journey as to make a show of trading with their [62] help, and to pass as merchants in the country, in case that without this inducement the doors of the cabins should be shut against them, as in reality happened.

They slept four nights in the woods; and on the