

visit, that it might ascend to Heaven. I will note a rather remarkable instance of this.

The Tontthrataronons, an Algonquin Tribe, numbering about fifteen cabins, were wintering upon the lands of the Mission of saint Jean Baptiste to the Arendaechronons. Father Claude Pijart, [93] on going to visit them, received from them every manner of hearty welcome. When the evening came, as he was almost asleep, he heard a plaintive voice; he asked what it was, they told him that it was a poor sick old woman, who was in the next cabin, and who was dying. The Father begged to go and see her; the head of the cabin, an important Captain, arose and lighted a torch,—that is to say, a piece of bark; and, the Father being at a loss for water for the baptism, this Captain quickly melted some snow for him. The Father entered, instructed this poor creature, and questioned her; she gave him full satisfaction, as if she had been long before instructed; he baptized her, and shortly after she died happily.

The Father found in all those whom he visited, a disposition of mind similar to that which he found in the Nipissiriniens; but it was much better in those who had traveled most, and had most frequented the warehouses of our Frenchmen at the Three rivers and at Quebeq for some years past. [94] We shall see that with time, and with the reinforcement that we are hoping for in this language, we shall be able to do more, in the future, for all these poor wandering sheep, as well of the one language as of the other.

I cannot believe that the lack of progress in this matter ought to come from the quarter whence they in France threaten us,—which is their inability to