

them in their minds while they carried their baggage to the water's edge, at the place where they were to embark. If they forgot a word, they dropped everything, ran to the Father, and threw themselves once more on their knees asking that he would again make them recite the prayers. A Christian of Tadoussac who witnessed this fervor on their part, said to them: "Take courage, my friends. If you love prayer, he who has made all will not abandon you. Go; it is all right. Pray to him every day; above all, hold no communication with the Demons; and try to return here next spring, so that you may be properly instructed."

While the Father was teaching another party, belonging to a small tribe that had come from far [241] inland, he showed them the picture of a damned soul. A good Neophyte who had heard him speak on the subject, and was animated with zeal for the salvation of these good people, exclaimed: "Give me, my Father, give me that picture, and let me speak." He took it and, addressing the whole audience, said: "Look at that picture. You do not know what is depicted on it. It is a Magician, a beater of drums, such as most of you are. Do you see how he is chained? Look at the flames that surround and burn him. He is filled with rage and fury. See what you will be; see how the Demon whom you obey will treat you." The Captain of the band was frightened by this discourse, and exclaimed aloud: "It is true that formerly I engaged in such practices, but I have cast them off. I have burned my drum and all the instruments that I used. I love prayer, and I declare to you that I wish to be instructed with my people."