

inscribed all their names, and the record of their sins; also he has seen hell itself, and men burning in the infernal fires. To all this, the Indians listen with the utmost attention, and in profound silence; it frightens the wicked, and consoles the good, and has excellent results. Some of them surprise their priest by inflicting the discipline upon themselves,—of their own accord, and in public. This arouses a contagion of fervor among those assembled: “the penance was so general that the innocent wished to share it with the guilty. Even the children were not spared; their fathers and mothers made them approach the altar, took off their little garments, and begged him who held the whip to chastise them. These poor victims went there cheerfully, and without shrinking, or shedding one little tear, they received the blows from the whip, which were gently delivered on their innocent flesh. Some of the mothers even struck with their Rosaries, in the manner of the discipline, their little children still at the breast. This flagellation would have been too long had not the Father put an end to it; he consoled them, assured them of the pardon of their sins, and warned them not to perform any other public penance without the advice of their Confessors.” Afterward, “the discipline was hung up on a nail in the Chapel,” as a warning.

A party of Sillery Indians go into the woods for their usual great hunt; and, at their request, Father Dreuilletes goes with them as their spiritual guide. They greatly edify him by their zeal in observing all religious duties, especially at Christmas. The poor Father becomes blind through the smoke of the cabins. An Indian woman attempts with a bit of rusty