

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE MISSION OF SAINTE ELIZABETH AMONG THE
ATONTRATARONNON ALGONQUINS.

THE Iroquois, who make themselves dreaded on the great river St. Lawrence and who every winter for some years past have been hunting men in these vast forests, have compelled the Algonquins who dwelt on the banks of the river to abandon not only their hunting grounds, but also their country, and have reduced them this winter to come here near our Hurons, in order to live more in safety,—so much so, that a whole village of these poor wandering and fugitive Tribes came near the village of saint Jean Baptiste. We were obliged to give them some assistance, and for that purpose to associate with Father Antoine Daniel—who had charge of the Huron Mission of which I have spoken in the preceding Chapter—Father René Menard,[122] who, having a sufficient knowledge of both languages, had, at the same time, charge of this Algonquin Mission, to which we have given the name of sainte Elizabeth.

Amid this gathering of people—who, as a rule, have no other abode than the woods and the rivers—there were ten or twelve Christians who had formerly been baptized at Three Rivers or at Kebec, and others who had never heard of God.

The Father had not much trouble in winning the hearts of all after a few visits. “Take courage,”