

families,—all filled with joy and satisfaction to see alive those whom rumor had placed among the dead. It is no longer only the trade of the world that brings them; [197] they come to receive the Sacraments, to offer for baptism their newly-born children, and the Catechumens,—in a word, they come to give account of their conscience, and of what they have done since they have seen their Fathers. All that takes place with a candor which is hardly conceivable, save to those who test it. The small and the great, the baptized and the unbaptized, knew all their prayers and the minor duty of a good Christian; even those who had never seen Europeans, were so well instructed that they lacked nothing more but baptism.

The Father who received them,—having been unable to be present at evening in their cabins to have them pray to God, inasmuch as they were in the fort, and as the bridge was drawn,—learned the next day from some Frenchmen that these good people had delighted them. “They have touched and confounded me,” said one of them; “they spent fully a quarter of an hour in their prayers, which they said composedly, softly, and without noise.” The Father wished to prove whether what this Frenchman said was true; he was present the next day in their cabins, and said to them: “Say your prayers, [198] as you say them in the woods: I have not come to offer them, but to respond to them with you.” Their Captain, named Paul Wetamourat, immediately addressing himself to one of his people, said to him: “Michel, since the Father does not wish to speak, offer the prayers for us, as thou dost every evening.” Upon this, the young man kneels in the middle of the cabin, and takes his Crucifix in his hand, all the