

time, our Fathers set out to follow them, carrying on two different Missions,—one for the Algonquin Tribes dwelling on the Eastern shore of our fresh-water sea, and for the Nipissiriniens; the other for the Tribes of the same Algonquin language who dwell along the Northern shore of the same Lake. The former of these Missions is that which we call “the Mission of the Holy Ghost;” the second, which we commence this year, has taken the name of “the Mission of Saint Peter.”

To live among those Barbarians is truly to abandon oneself into the hands of God’s Providence; for, although some have an affection for you, a single person is capable of murdering you when he pleases, without dread of being punished by any one in the world.

Last Summer, an Algonquin, a Sorcerer by trade,—or, at least, one of those who make profession of invoking the Manitou, that [69] is, the Devil,—who found himself worsted in an argument by the Father, fell on him in a fury, threw him down, and dragged him by the feet through the coals and ashes; and, had not some Savages hastened to his assistance, this man would have ended by murdering him. That is what one has to fear, even from friends.

Alarms of the enemies also cause fear, and sometimes compel all the people to scatter in the woods. A poor woman penetrated so far into them last Summer, with three of her children, that they lost themselves; they were fifteen days without food, except the leaves of trees, and were reduced to the last extremity, when by accident they were found at the foot of a tree, awaiting death. God had preserved them there.