

"Thou knowest Jesus, pray to him for me, for I do not know him; I know only our Manitou." I told him to say these words often from his heart: "Oh Jesus, who art good, have pity on me." He died a short time afterward.

The Montagnais held him as [110] one of their great sorcerers or consultants of Manitou.⁴³ I shall know for certain, some day, whether there is any jugglery in their doings or not. At present, I can only say that some of them say "yes" and others "no." That is to say that there is nothing sure.

Last year I was master of two pupils; I have become rich, for I now have more than twenty. After the departure of my teacher, I gathered up and arranged in order a part of what he taught me, and what I had written here and there, accommodating myself to his humor, he often dictating only what happened to suit his fancy. Having thus brought together the greater part of my riches, I began to compose something in the way of a Catechism, or on the principles of the faith. Taking my paper in hand, I began to call a few children by ringing a little bell. At first [111] I had six, then twelve, then fifteen, then twenty, and more. I have them say the *Pater*, the *Ave*, and the *Credo*, in their language. I explain to them, very crudely, the mysteries of the Holy Trinity and of the Incarnation, and at every few words I ask them if I speak well, if they can understand perfectly; they all answer me: *eoco, eoco, ninisitoutenan*, "yes, yes, we understand." Afterwards I ask them whether there are several Gods, and which of the three persons became man. I coin words approximating to their language, which I make them understand. We begin the Catechism by this