

"See how much they look alike," speaking of the Father and of me, "they are two brothers." In short, the people of the village where our Fathers had lived, addressing Father Brebeuf, said to him: "Open thy heart to us, conceal nothing; where dost thou wish to live in our country? Dost thou wish to live in our Houses or have one apart?" "I wish to have a separate one," said the Father. "Very well," answered they, "we will all go and build our houses around thee; we separated, and broke up our villages on the death of the Frenchman who was killed in our country; [180] and every one went away, some here and some there. As soon as thou shalt have chosen thy place, we will return with thee, and thou wilt defend us; for what would we do without thee?" This shows how our Fathers were loved by these poor people. Oh, how I wish I could describe my feelings on seeing these poor barbarians so lovingly caress those whom they did not know! Oh, if they could only penetrate into our purposes! God be forever blessed! I beseech him to open their hearts. As for me, I hope that, if a single village is converted, the fire will not be long in spreading to a great many others; and that the neighboring tribes, which are very populous, will wish to warm themselves with the Hurons at this divine flame.

On the last of July, the fête day of our Holy Father Ignace, Sieur de Champlain and the captains of the vessels here, having come [181] to receive Indulgences in our little Chapel, so many Hurons came also that we were compelled to close our door, saying that we were having a feast, in order to prevent them from entering. It is a maxim among them that they will never put their feet in the cabin of any one who is