

them, that these Savages were much humbled by the neglect in which they had been left; that in many encounters they had been beaten by their enemies, for want of powder, which was no longer furnished to them by the French; that they seemed deeply impressed by the unworthy manner in which they had treated Father Gravier, and that they earnestly wished for a Missionary.

This news made Father Mermet, Father de Ville, and myself decide that we must avail ourselves of the favorable disposition in which the *Peouarias* were, for putting the Mission again on its old footing. Providence afforded us a very natural way: it was necessary that one of us should make a journey to *Michillimakinac*,—that is to say, to more than three hundred leagues from here,—in order to confer with Father Joseph Marest, my brother, about the affairs of our Missions, of which he is the Superior. In making this journey, we could not avoid passing through the Village of the *Peouarias*; and we hoped that the presence of a Missionary might induce them to renew the solicitation which they had already made, and also the signs of repentance which they had given.

As I was thoroughly acquainted with those Savages, Father Mermet and Father de Ville intrusted me with the undertaking. Accordingly I set out, on Friday of Easter week in the year 1711. I had only one day to prepare myself for so long a journey, because I was hurried by two *Peouarias* who wished to return home, and by whom I was glad to be accompanied. Some other Savages went with us as far as the Village of the *Tamarouas*, where I arrived on the second day after my departure. I left