

For my part, I returned thanks to God from the bottom of my heart, on seeing the fulfillment of what I had desired with the greatest ardor; I answered them in a few words that I was touched by their repentance; that I always looked upon them as my children; and that, after having visited my own Mission, I would come to fix my dwelling among them, that I might help them by my instructions to reënter the way of salvation, from which they had perhaps strayed. At these words a great cry of joy arose, and each one eagerly expressed to me his gratitude. During the two days that I spent in this Village, I said Mass in public, and performed all the duties of a Missionary.

It was about the end of August when I embarked to return to my Mission at *Cascaskias*, which is 150 leagues distant from the village of the *Peouarias*. On the very first day after our departure, we found a *Scioux* canoe which was broken in some places, and was drifting; and we saw a camp of warriors, in which we judged, at a glance, that there were possibly a hundred persons. We were justly frightened, and were upon the point of turning back to the Village that we had left, and from which we were only ten leagues distant.

These *Scioux* are the most cruel of all the Savages; we were lost if we had fallen into their hands. They are great warriors, but it is principally upon the water that they are formidable. They have only small bark canoes, made in the form of a gondola; these are scarcely larger than the body of a man, and can hold only two or, at most, three persons. They paddle kneeling, using the paddle sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other,—that is to say,