

The zeal with which God has filled me for my Savages caused me to be much alarmed in the year 1697, when I heard that a Tribe of *Amalingan* Savages were coming to settle at a day's journey from my Village. I had reason to fear that the juggleries of their charlatans,—that is to say, the sacrifices that they make to the demon,—and the disorders which are the usual consequence of those rites, might make an impression on some of my young Neophytes; but, thanks to divine Mercy, my fears were very soon dissipated, in the manner which I am about to describe to you.

One of our Captains, celebrated in this country for his valor, having been killed by the English, from whom we are not distant, the *Amalingans* sent several men of their Tribe as envoys to our Village, to dry the tears of the relatives of this illustrious dead man,—that is to say, as I have already explained to you, to visit them, to make them presents, and to declare by the usual dances the interest that they were taking in their affliction. They arrived on the eve of Corpus Christi Day. I was then employed in hearing the confessions of my Savages, which continued all that day, the following night, and the next day until noon,—when the Procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament began. It was made with great order and piety, and although in the midst of these forests, yet with more pomp and magnificence than you would suppose. This spectacle, which was new to the *Amalingans*, touched them, and struck them with admiration. I believed it my duty to profit by the favorable mood in which they were; and, after having brought them together, I made them the following address in savage style.