

it is not reasonable that I, who am English, should build a Church without putting in it an English Minister to take care of it, and to teach you prayer, I will give you one with whom you will be content, and you shall send back to Quebec the French Minister who is in your Village."

"Thy words astonish me," responded the Deputy of the Savages, "and I wonder at the proposition that thou makest me. When thou camest here thou sawest me a long time before the French Governors did; neither those who preceded thee, nor thy Ministers, ever spoke to me of prayer or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs, my beaver- and elk-skins, and of those alone did they think; it was those that they sought with eagerness; I was not able to furnish them enough, and, when I brought many, then I was their great friend, and that was all. On the contrary, my canoe having one day been misguided, I lost my way and wandered at random for a long time, until at last I landed near Quebec, at a large village of the Algonkins, where the black Robes were teaching. I had hardly landed when a black Robe came to see me. I was loaded with furs, but the French black Robe did not deign even to look at them; he spoke to me first of the Great Spirit, of Paradise, of Hell, and of Prayer, which is the only way of reaching Heaven. I listened to him with pleasure, and I enjoyed his talks so much that I remained a long time in that Village for the sake of hearing him. In short, the Prayer pleased me, and I besought him to instruct me; I asked for Baptism, and received it. Afterward I returned to my own Country and I recounted what had happened to me; my people envied my happiness, and wished