

that they could communicate their temper to their intractable neighbors, the Esquimaux, who will never be tamed, except through a miracle, because, ensconced in their naturally hollow and impregnable rocks,—where they breathe only through a small air-hole, which also serves them as a window and a door,—and ever suspicious, they never allow any person of any nation to approach, not even if he be a basque; for there is now hardly any doubt that some basque fisherman, shipwrecked on their shores with some Eve, has been their unfortunate Adam.

Now our papinacheois—whom I consider better disposed toward God's kingdom than are their other distant countrymen—have, excepting in the terminations of the words, the same language as the savages of Chekoutimi; and all these different idioms also resemble algonkin to some extent, except for the accent. Formerly they had a pretty chapel in their village, which is situated on a large bay, 4 leagues from the new establishment of the Islets. It is still called “the bay of the Papinacheois.” As they have been notified of the time when I am to come to them, they send a canoe to get me at Tadoussac, when the mission at that place is ended. On arriving among them, it is incredible how the men and women, with their children, hasten to satisfy their hunger for the bread of the divine word. The more they importune for instruction, the more consolation do they give. All the exercises of the mission are performed in a poor bark cabin, made in their fashion,—open and exposed to every wind and to the rain; its floor consists of branches of fir, the odor of which causes giddiness. I have already had the honor of writing to Your Reverence the results that we might hope to