

of several flourishing missions, and has induced many a savage to cast aside every semblance of religion. There were a certain number of Monsonis, neighbors of the Kristinaux, and not a few other Savages among those who dwell about the upper end of lake superior, who had received holy Baptism, and who have been replunged through drunkenness into their former superstitions. I must, however, say, in justice to the French with whom I have journeyed, that they have not mingled in this infamous traffic; and that in spite of all the reiterated demands of the savages They have preferred to ignore all offers of barter from the tribes than give them brandy in exchange. Notwithstanding the shameful vices of these poor infidels, God has allowed them still to retain certain notions which, perhaps, might help to determine them to range themselves on the side of religion. They acknowledge the immortality of the soul. After its separation from the body it goes to join those of the other deceased savages; but these have not all the same dwelling-place—some inhabit enchanting prairies, where all kinds of animals are to be found. These they have no trouble in slaying, and with the viands of the chase they are perpetually regaling one another. No wonder if everywhere, on these plains, you see kettles swung over the fire, and dances and games,—all told, that is their paradise. But before reaching it, there is a spot of extreme peril,—the souls have to cross a wide ditch. On one side of the way, it is full of muddy water, offensive to the smell and covered with scum; while on the other the pit is filled with fire, which rises in fierce tongues of flame. The only means of crossing