

even permit the Jesuits to remain at the house of one of their confrères,—who, being curé of the place, had his private lodging near the parish church; they did not put the seal thereon, because there was nothing there to seize. The missionaries, driven from their own house, found quarters as best they could. The superior, sixty-seven years old, departed on foot to find a lodging, a long league away, with a confrère of his, a missionary to the savages; and the French who met him on this journey groaned to see persecution begin with him.

As soon as the savages learned that he had arrived among them, they came to show to him and to Father Meurin, his associate, the share which they took in the distress of their Fathers; the news of their condemnation had already caused many tears to be shed in the village. They were asked why they were thus treated, especially in a country where so many disorders had been so long allowed. The old missionary, after several repeated interrogations, finally replied: *Arechi Kilecouègane tchichi ki canta manghi*,—*It is because we sternly condemn their follies.* They comprehended the meaning of this answer,—indeed, they knew that the Jesuits, in whatever place they may be established, consider themselves bound by their profession to combat vice; and that, in fighting it, they make enemies for themselves.

The Christian savages proposed then to send their chief men to Monsieur Neyon, commandant, and to Monsieur Bobé, subdeputy-commissary of the country, to ask that at least Father Meurin, their missionary, be kept in his mission. The two Jesuits told them plainly to do nothing of the kind, because this proceeding would be scoffed at and ineffectual,