

# On the State of Christianity in New France, 1637-1653

Selections from the annual reports of the Jesuit missionaries in New France (*Jesuit Relations*)

## 1637 \_\_\_\_\_ INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE FATHERS OF OUR SOCIETY WHO SHALL BE SENT TO THE HURONS.

Father Paul LeJeune, S.J.

The Fathers and Brethren whom God shall call to the Holy Mission of the Hurons ought to exercise careful foresight in regard to all the hardships, annoyances, and perils that must be encountered in making this journey, in order to be prepared betimes for all emergencies that may arise.

You must have sincere affection for the Savages, looking upon them as ransomed by the blood of the son of God, and as our brethren, with whom we are to pass the rest of our lives.

To conciliate the Savages, you must be careful never to make them wait for you in embarking.

You must provide yourself with a tinder box or with a burning mirror, or with both, to furnish them fire in the daytime to light their pipes, and in the evening when they have to encamp; these little services win their hearts.

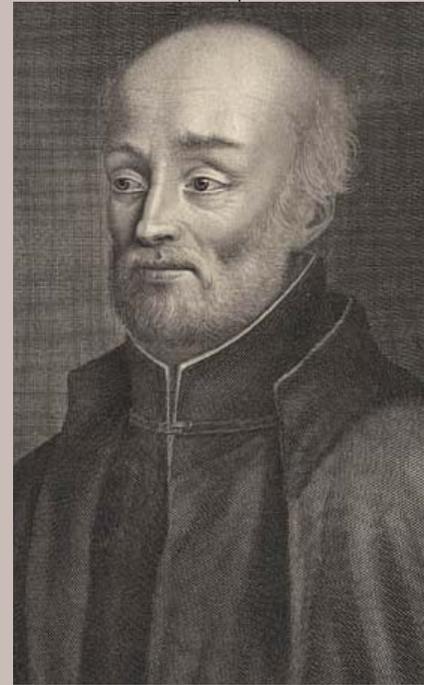
You should try to eat their sagamité or salmagundi in the way they prepare it, although it may be dirty, half-cooked, and very tasteless. As to the other numerous things which may be unpleasant, they must be endured for the love of God, without saying anything or appearing to notice them. It is well at first to take everything they offer, although you may not be able to eat it all; for, when one becomes somewhat accustomed to it, there is not too much.

You must try and eat at daybreak unless you can take your meal with you in the canoe; for the day is very long, if you have to pass it without eating. The Barbarians eat only at Sunrise and Sunset, when they are on their journeys.

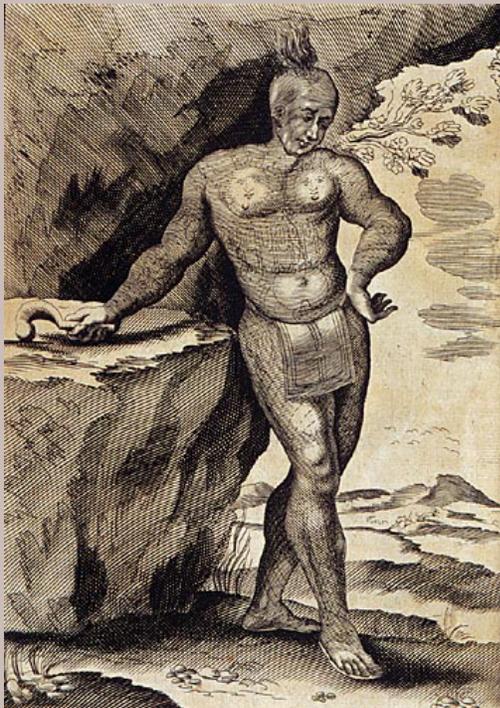
You must be prompt in embarking and disembarking; and tuck up your gowns so that they will not get wet, and so that you will not carry either water or sand into the canoe. To be properly dressed, you must have your feet and legs bare; while crossing the rapids, you can wear your shoes, and, in the long portages, even your leggings.

You must so conduct yourself as not to be at all troublesome to even one of these Barbarians.

It is not well to ask many questions, nor should you yield to your desire to learn the language and to make observations on the way; this may be carried too far. You must relieve those in your canoe of this



Fr. Paul LeJeune, S.J., 1656, author of fifteen of the annual reports on the Jesuit missions in New France



Huron Indians, engravings in François Du Creux, *Historiae canadensis, sev Novae-Franciae*, 1664



those who brought you, what sort of man you are. It is almost incredible, how they observe and remember even to the slightest fault. When you meet Savages on the way, as you cannot yet greet them with kind words, at least show them a cheerful face, and thus prove that you endure gaily the

annoyance, especially as you cannot profit much by it during the work. Silence is a good equipment at such a time.

You must bear with their imperfections without saying a word, yes, even without seeming to notice them. Even if it be necessary to criticize anything, it must be done modestly, and with words and signs which evince love and not aversion. In short, you must try to be, and to appear, always cheerful.

Each one should be provided with half a gross of awls, two or three dozen little knives called jambettes [pocket-knives], a hundred fishhooks, with some beads of plain and colored glass, with which to buy fish or other articles when the tribes meet each other, so as to feast the Savages; and it would be well to say to them in the beginning, "Here is something with which to buy fish." Each one will try, at the portages, to carry some little thing, according to his strength; however little one carries, it greatly pleases the Savages, if it be only a kettle.

You must not be ceremonious with the Savages, but accept the comforts they offer you, such as a good place in the cabin. The greatest conveniences are attended with very great inconvenience, and these ceremonies offend them.

Be careful not to annoy anyone in the canoe with your hat; it would be better to take your nightcap. There is no impropriety among the Savages.

Do not undertake anything unless you desire to continue it; for example, do not begin to paddle unless you are inclined to continue paddling. Take from the start the place in the canoe that you wish to keep; do not lend them your garments, unless you are willing to surrender them during the whole journey. It is easier to refuse at first than to ask them back, to change, or to desist afterwards.

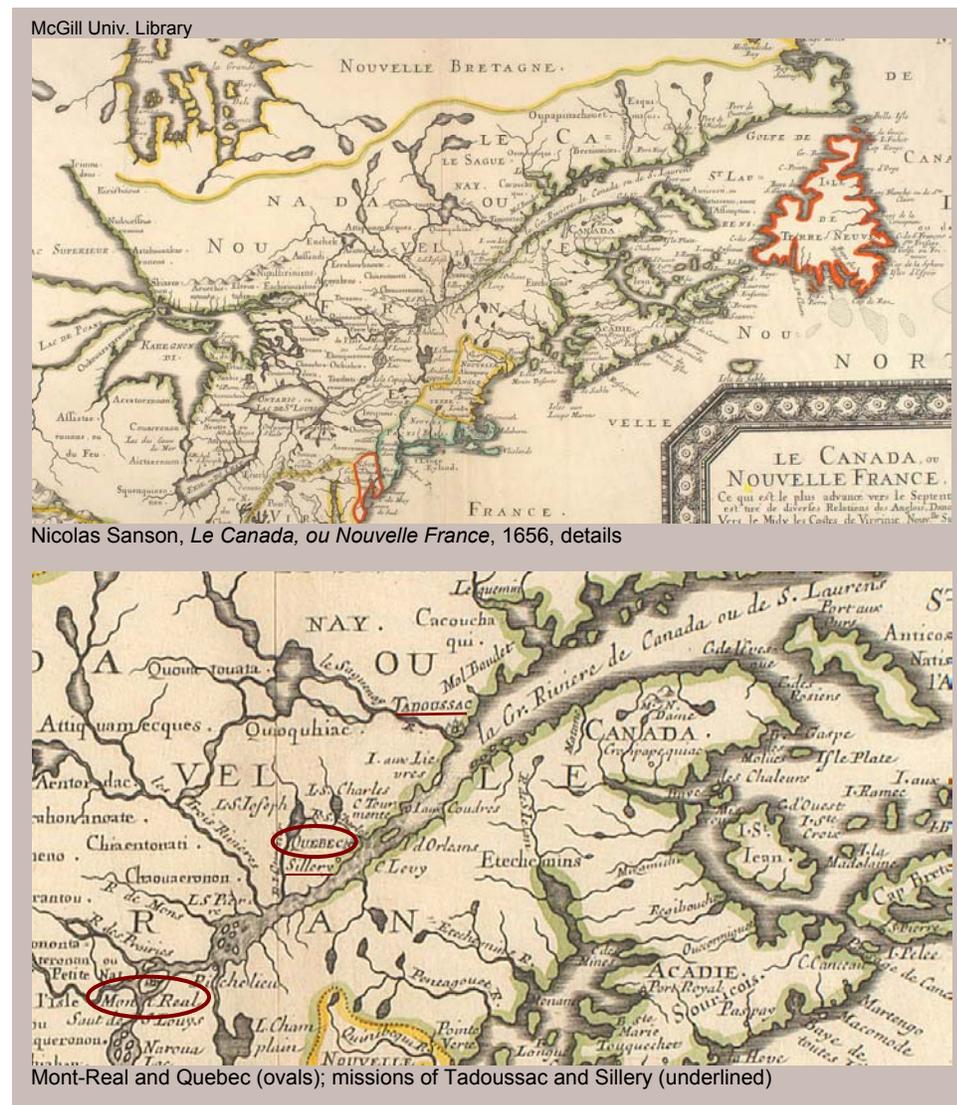
Finally, understand that the Savages will retain the same opinion of you in their own country that they will have formed on the way; and one who has passed for an irritable and troublesome person will have considerable difficulty afterwards in removing this opinion. You have to do not only with those of your own canoe, but also (if it must be so stated) with all those of the country; you meet some today and others tomorrow, who do not fail to inquire, from

fatigues of the voyage. You will thus have put to good use the hardships of the way, and have already advanced considerably in gaining the affection of the Savages.

This is a lesson which is easy enough to learn, but very difficult to put into practice; for, leaving a highly civilized community, you fall into the hands of barbarous people who care but little for your Philosophy or your Theology. All the fine qualities which might make you loved and respected in France are like pearls trampled under the feet of swine, or rather of mules, which utterly despise you when they see that you are not as good pack animals as they are. If you could go naked, and carry the load of a horse upon your back, as they do, then you would be wise according to their doctrine, and would be recognized as a great man, otherwise not. Jesus Christ is our true greatness; it is he alone and his cross that should be sought in running after these people, for, if you strive for anything else, you will find naught but bodily and spiritual affliction. But having found Jesus Christ in his cross, you have found the roses in the thorns, sweetness in bitterness, all in nothing.

## 1639 \_\_\_ OF THE GENERAL STATE OF CHRISTIANITY IN THESE COUNTRIES.

Father Paul LeJeune, S.J.



Surveying from afar the progress of Christianity in New France, and especially among the Hurons, it seemed to me, in very truth, a special work of divine Providence. But I have been far more strongly confirmed in this idea since I have had a nearer view of it. Who would not have said, when our Fathers first arrived in this country, that it would be best for those who could do so to establish themselves in the chief and more important localities, as we are now? . . . God so arranged matters, then, that we were obliged to settle at first in a little corner of the country, where we forged the arms necessary for war, I mean to say

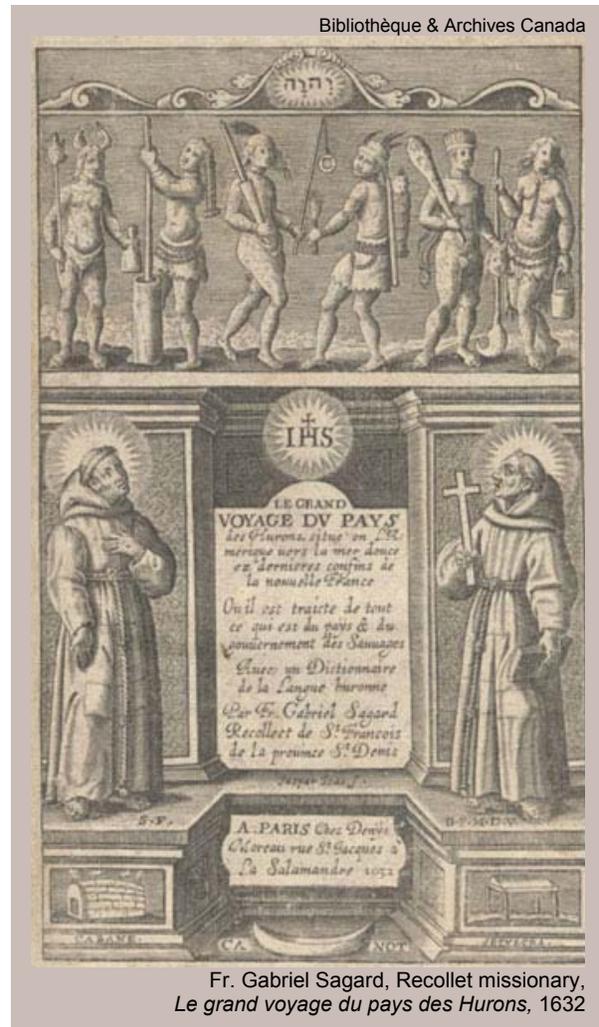
that we there devoted ourselves to the study and practice of the language, and began to reduce it to rules; in this it was necessary to be at once both master and pupil to oneself, with incredible difficulty. Thence, at the end of three years we went with flying colors, so to speak, to Ossosané, one of the principal villages of the whole country; the next year, to Teanaustayaé, the most important village of all, leaving and entirely abandoning the first residence, for lack of inhabitants there, and of persons capable of profiting by our labors,—nearly all being scattered or dead from the malady, which seems to be, not without reason, a punishment from Heaven for the contempt that they showed for the favor of the visit that the divine goodness had procured for them.

At the outset, we gave special care to the children and to elderly sick persons who were near death; these we did not allow to die without Baptism, or at least without instruction to those who most needed it, our Fathers freely entering all the cabins for this purpose. . . .

. . . If you go to visit them in their cabins,—and you must go there oftener than once a day, if you would perform your duty as you ought,—you will find there a miniature picture of Hell,—seeing nothing, ordinarily, but fire and smoke, and on every side naked bodies, black and half roasted, mingled pell mell with the dogs, which are held as dear as the children of the house, and share the beds, plates, and food of their masters. Everything is in a cloud of dust, and, if you go within, you will not reach the end of the cabin before you are completely befouled with soot, filth, and dirt.

Their words are often only blasphemies against God and our mysteries, and insults against us, accompanied with incredible evidences of ingratitude,—hurling at us the reproach that it is our visits and our remedies which cause them to sicken and die, and that our sojourn here is the sole cause of all their troubles. If you wish to converse, in order to instruct them, it will sometimes be necessary to wait whole hours before finding opportunity to say to them at the right time one profitable word; and after all your pains and your visits, a dream, which is, properly speaking, the God of the country, will undo more in one night than you will have accomplished in thirty days; and you may, indeed, as your sole reward, get a stroke from the hatchet or arrow. If they come to your cabin, do not imagine that you can easily refuse them admittance, or, when they are within, manage them in your own way. They sit down where they please, and do not go away at your pleasure. They must enter everywhere, and see everything, and if you try to prevent them, there are quarrels and reproaches and insults. And, in all this, one must act submissively; a blow from the hatchet is soon given by these Barbarians, and the bark set on fire; as to seeking redress for the crime, there is none in the country, and the most one could expect would be a few presents. In consequence, one must always be on the watch and be patient, and consider that here, still less than in any other place in the world, can one be sure of a moment of his life. . . .

. . . How much time and trouble is necessary in France to convert a single heretic, or, indeed, any Sinner, young or old? Ah! What is that in comparison with the conversion of a whole world, earthy and brutal to



the last degree, grown old in its errors and superstitions during so many centuries? We find ourselves here as if in the midst of a sea where a million persons are drowning . . .

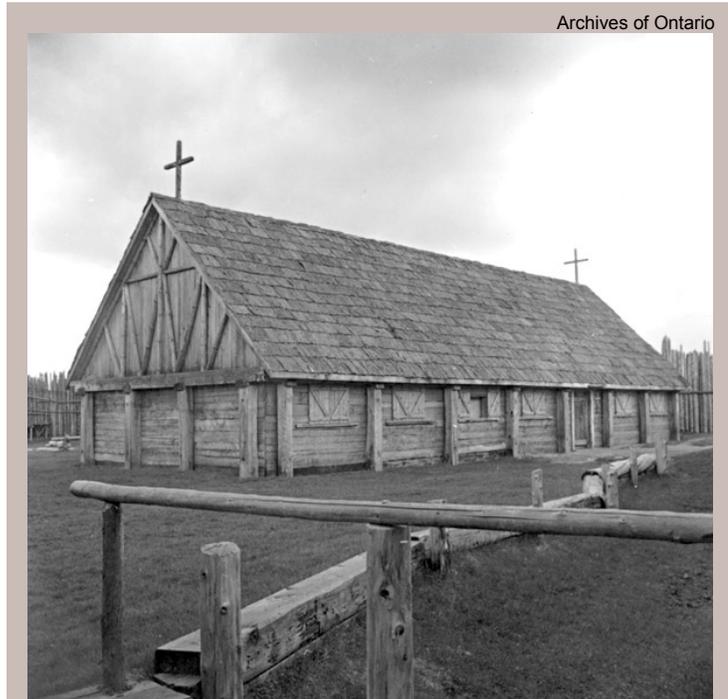
## 1646 \_\_\_\_\_ OF THE STATE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Father Paul Ragueneau, S.J.

The idea that I can give of this little Church, rising in the midst of barbarism, is to compare it to an army which is in the fight, and which, being separated into various squadrons, sees itself weakened on one side, but breaks through the enemy on the other; and, though it suffers losses, maintains itself invincible in its organization, and remains victorious in the field of battle,—not exterminating its enemy, which still goes on renewing the combat, but strengthening itself with glory, the more it is attacked.

We have changed into residences the Missions which we were conducting at the Villages of la Conception, St. Joseph, St. Ignace, St. Michel, and St. Jean Baptiste; these have occupied this year ten of our number. The mission of the Holy Ghost can have no fixed abode, as it is not possible to settle five or six Algonquin and roving nations, which are spread along the shores of our great lake, more than one hundred and fifty leagues from here,—and for whose conquest we have, nevertheless, been able to send only two of our Fathers. Two others have remained in our house of Sainte Marie, which is the center of the country and the heart of all our missions: whence we try to supply the necessities of all our Churches. There, too, three times within a year, we have had the consolation of seeing ourselves reunited, in order to confer there upon means necessary to the conversion of these peoples, and there to animate one another to suffer everything, and to do what shall be in our power, to the end that God may be Adored. . . .

In each one of these Churches, we have built fairly adequate Chapels; we have suspended Bells therein, which make themselves heard at a considerable distance; and, everywhere, most of the Christians are so solicitous to attend the Mass which rings at Sunrise, and at evening to come to prayers,—even before the sound of the Bell has given them notice thereof,—that it is easy to see that this assiduity is at once a cause and a result of their fervor.



Sainte-Marie-au-pays-des-Hurons (re-creation: 1968 photographs), Jesuit mission created in 1639 near Georgian Bay in Ontario. Eight of the Jesuits in this mission were killed during the Huron-Iroquois wars.



On Sundays they increase their devotions, preparing for the same two or three days before,—especially those who intend and have permission to approach the Holy Table [Communion]; and all the Christians have adopted that devout custom of never passing the Week without having confessed.

Toward Noon, they assemble at the sound of the bell for the Sermon or Catechism, and then they say their rosaries, sometimes all together, sometimes divided into two choirs,—and more often succeeding one another, so as to occupy more sacredly all the moments of that Holy day.

This year we have baptized one hundred and sixty-four persons.

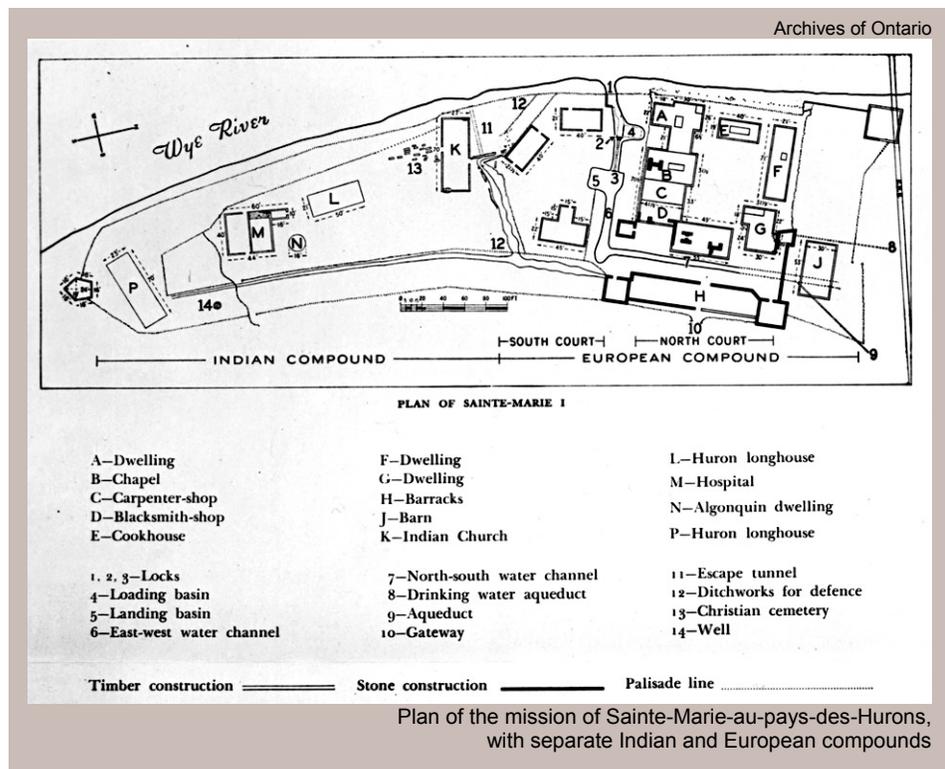
## 1648 \_\_\_\_\_ STATE OF CHRISTIANITY IN THESE COUNTRIES. . . .

Father Paul Ragueneau, S.J.

The victorious return of the Huron fleet, which had gone down to three rivers in the Spring, and the aid received, — four of our Fathers, and a score of Frenchmen, who fortunately arrived here at the beginning of the month of September,—was an act of God’s love over these Peoples, and the salvation of many souls whom he wished to prepare for Heaven. For, finding ourselves more capable of bearing to a greater distance the word and the name of God,—our number being increased above the eighteen of our Fathers who were here,—fifteen were distributed among eleven various Missions. I felt myself obliged to send the greater part of them without other company save that of the guardian Angels of these Peoples, having given the four newly-arrived Fathers to serve as assistants in the most arduous Missions,—where, while rendering some assistance, they could at the same time learn the language of the country.

Of these eleven Missions, eight have been for the people of the Huron tongue, and the three others for the Missions of the Algonquin language. Everywhere, the progress of the Faith has surpassed our hopes,—most minds, even those formerly most fierce, becoming so docile, and so submissive to the preaching of the Gospel, that it was sufficiently apparent that the Angels were laboring there much more than we.

The number of those who have received holy Baptism within a year is about eighteen hundred persons, without including therein a multitude of people who were baptized by Father Antoine Daniel on the day of the capture of Saint Joseph. Of these we have been as little able to keep account, as of those whom Father Jean de Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lalemant baptized at the capture of the villages in the Mission of Saint Ignace, as we shall relate hereafter. It is enough for us that



Heaven has kept good account of them; since, truly speaking, these Baptisms have served only to enrich the Church triumphant.

We do not yet know the success of a new Mission which we began last Autumn in an Algonquin Nation, about sixty leagues distant from us. One of our Fathers was sent thither to winter with those Peoples, who had been urging us for several years to go and instruct them.

We have not been able to receive any news of him during the eight months since he left us. What we cannot doubt is, that he must have had much to suffer there: but what consoles us is, our certain knowledge that everywhere sufferings have been the price due for the conversion of the Nations conquered for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. . . .

The Mission of la Conception, being older than all the others, not only has continued to bear the ripest fruits for Heaven, but it has become so fashioned in the true spirit of Christianity that it has served as example and model for all the other Nations, which have seen in its morals what the Faith can do in a country although Barbarian, when it has become Christian. Men, women, and children there have made so open a profession of what they wished to be till death, that often the neighboring nations gave them no other name save this, “the Nation of Christians.”

## **1649** OF THE CAPTURE AND DEVASTATION OF THE MISSION OF SAINT JEAN, BY THE IROQUOIS; AND OF THE DEATH OF FATHER CHARLES GARNIER, WHO WAS MISSIONARY THERE.

Father Paul Ragueneau, S.J.

In the Mountains, the people of which we name the Tobacco Nation, we have had, for some years past, two Missions; in each were two of our Fathers. The one nearest to the enemy was that which bore the name of Saint Jean; its principal village, called by the same name, contained about five or six hundred families. It was a field watered by the sweat of one of the most excellent Missionaries who had dwelt in these regions, Father Charles Garnier,—who was also to water it with his blood, since there both he and his flock have met death, he himself leading them even unto Paradise. . . .

It was on the seventh day of the month of last December, in the year 1649, toward three o’clock in the afternoon, that this band of Iroquois



appeared at the gates of the village, spreading immediate dismay, and striking terror into all those poor people,—bereft of their strength, and finding themselves vanquished when they thought to be themselves the conquerors. Some took to flight; others were slain on the spot. To many, the flames, which were already consuming some of their cabins, gave the first intelligence of the disaster. Many were taken prisoners; but the victorious enemy, fearing the return of the warriors who had gone to meet them, hastened their retreat so precipitately, that they put to death all the old men and children, and all whom they deemed unable to keep up with them in their flight.

It was a scene of incredible cruelty. The enemy snatched from a Mother her infants, that they might be thrown into the fire; other children beheld their Mothers beaten to death at their feet or groaning in the flames,—permission, in either case, being denied them to show the least compassion. It was a crime to shed a tear, these barbarians demanding that their prisoners should go into captivity as if they were marching to their triumph. A poor Christian Mother, who wept for the death of her infant, was killed on the spot, because she still loved, and could not stifle soon enough her Natural feelings.

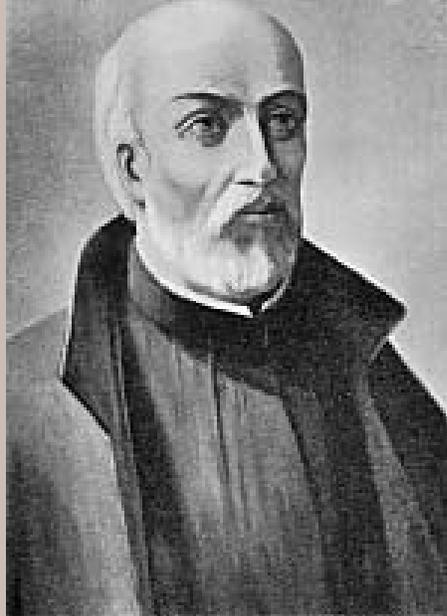
Father Charles Garnier was, at that time, the only one of our Fathers in that Mission. When the enemy appeared, he was just then occupied with instructing the people in the cabins which he was visiting. At the noise of the alarm, he went out, going straight to the Church, where he found some Christians. “We are dead men, my brothers,” he said to them. “Pray to God, and flee by whatever way you may be able to escape. Bear about with you your faith through what of life remains; and may death find you with God in mind.” He gave them his blessing, then left hurriedly, to go to the help of souls. A prey to despair, not one dreamed of defense. Several found a favorable exit for their flight; they implored the Father to flee with them, but the bonds of Charity restrained him. All unmindful of himself, he thought only of the salvation of his neighbor. Borne on by his zeal, he hastened everywhere,—either to give absolution to the Christians whom he met, or to seek, in the burning cabins, the children, the sick, or the catechumens, over whom, in the midst of the flames, he poured the waters of Holy Baptism, his own heart burning with no other fire than the love of God.

It was while thus engaged in Holy work that he was encountered by the death which he had looked in the face without fearing it, or receding from it a single step. A bullet from a musket struck him, penetrating a little below the breast; another, from the same volley, tore open his stomach, lodging in the thigh, and bringing him to the ground. His courage, however, was unabated. The barbarian who had fired the shot stripped him of his cassock, and left him, weltering in his blood, to pursue the other fugitives. . . .

This good Father, a very short time after, was seen to clasp his hands, offering some prayer; then, looking about him, he perceived, at a distance of ten or twelve paces, a poor dying Man,—who, like himself, had received the stroke of death, but had still some remains of life. . . . The Father shortly after, received from a hatchet two blows upon the temples, one on either side, which penetrated to the brain. To him it was the recompense for all past services, the richest he had hoped for from God's goodness. His body was stripped, and left, entirely naked, where it lay. . . .

Two days after the taking and burning of the village, its inhabitants returned,—who, having discovered the change of plan which had led the enemy to take another route, had had their suspicions of the misfortune that had happened. But now they beheld it with their own eyes; and at the sight of the ashes, and the dead bodies of their relatives, their wives, and their children, they maintained for half the day a profound silence,—seated, after the manner of savages, upon the ground, without lifting their eyes, or uttering even a sigh,—like marble statues, without speech, without sight, and without motion. For it is thus that the Savages mourn,—at least, the men and the warriors,—tears, cries, and lamentations befitting, so they say, the women.

The loss of the Pastor and of his flock has been to us a heavy blow; but in both it becomes us to love and adore the Divine hand that guides us and is over our Churches, and to dispose ourselves to accept all that he wills, until the end.



Fr. Jean de Brébeuf, S.J.

## 1650 \_\_\_\_\_ OF THE REMOVAL OF THE HOUSE OF SAINTE MARIE TO THE ISLAND OF ST. JOSEPH.

Father Paul Ragueneau, S.J.

In consequence of the bloody victories obtained by the Iroquois over our Hurons at the commencement of the Spring of last year, 1649, and of the more than inhuman acts of barbarity practiced toward their prisoners of war, and the cruel torments pitilessly inflicted on Father Jean de Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lallemand, Pastors of this truly suffering Church,—terror having fallen upon the neighboring villages, which were dreading a similar misfortune,—all the inhabitants dispersed. These poor, distressed people forsook their lands, houses, and villages, and all that in the world was dearest to them, in order to escape the cruelty of an enemy whom they feared more than a thousand deaths, and more than all that remained before their eyes,—calculated as that was to strike terror into hearts already wretched. Many, no longer expecting humanity from man, flung themselves into the deepest

recesses of the forest, where, though it were with the wild beasts, they might find peace. Others took refuge upon some frightful rocks that lay in the midst of a great Lake nearly four hundred leagues in circumference,—choosing rather to find death in the waters, or from the cliffs, than by the fires of the Iroquois. A goodly number having cast in their lot with the people of the Neutral Nation, and with those living on the Mountain heights, whom we call the Tobacco Nation, the most prominent of those who remained invited us to join them, rather than to flee so far away,—trusting that God would espouse their cause when it should have become our own, and would be mindful of their protection, provided they took care to serve him. With this in view they promised us that they would all become Christians, and be true to the faith till the death came which they saw prepared on every side for their destruction.

This was exactly what God was requiring of us,—that, in times of dire distress, we should flee with the fleeing, accompanying them everywhere, whithersoever their faith should follow them; and that we should lose sight of none of these Christians, although it might be expedient to detain the bulk of our forces wherever the main body of fugitives might decide to settle down. This was the conclusion we came to, after having commended the matter to God.

We told off certain of our Fathers, to make some itinerant Missions,—some, in a small bark canoe, for voyaging along the coasts, and visiting the more distant islands of the great Lake, at sixty, eighty, and a hundred leagues from us; others to journey by land, making their way through forest-depths, and scaling the summits of mountains. Go which way we might, since God was our guide, our defense, our hope, and our all, what was there to fear for *us*?

But on each of us lay the necessity of bidding farewell to that old home of Sainte Marie—to its structures, which, though plain, seemed, to the eyes of our poor Savages, masterworks of art; and to its cultivated lands, which were promising us an abundant harvest. That spot must be forsaken, which I may call our second Fatherland, our home of innocent delights, since it had been the cradle of this Christian church; since it was the temple of God, and the home of the servants of Jesus Christ. Moreover, for fear that our enemies, only too wicked, should profane the sacred place, and derive from it an advantage, we ourselves set fire to it, and beheld burn before our eyes, in less than one hour, our work of nine or ten years. . . .

## 1650 \_\_\_\_\_ OF THE DEVASTATION OF THE HURONS . . .

Father Paul Ragueneau, S.J.

We had passed all the Winter in the extremities of a famine which prevailed over all these regions, and everywhere carried off large numbers of Christians, never ceasing to extend its ravages, and casting despair on every side. Hunger is an inexorable tyrant,—one who never says, “It is enough;” who never grants a truce; who devours all that is given him; and, should we fail to pay him, repays himself in human blood, and rends our bowels,—ourselves without the power to escape his rage, or to flee from his sight all blind though he be. But, when the Spring came, the Iroquois were still more cruel to us, and it is they who have indeed blasted all our hopes. It is they who have transformed into an abode of horror—into a land of blood and carnage, into a theater of cruelty, and into a sepulchre of bodies stripped of their flesh by the exhaustions of a long famine—a country of plenty, a land of Holiness, a place no longer barbarous, since the blood shed for love of it had made all its people Christians.

Our poor famished Hurons were compelled to part from us at the commencement of the month of March, to go in search of acorns on the summits of the mountains, which were divesting themselves of their snow; or to repair to certain fishing-grounds in places more open to the Southern Sun, where the ice melted sooner. They hoped to find, in those remote places, some little alleviation from the famine, which was rendering their existence a living death,—as it were, an enemy domiciliated, shut up in their own houses, who had made himself master of the situation,—and all this, while in dread of a death still more cruel, and of falling into the fire and flame of the Iroquois, who were continually seeking their lives. Before going away, they confessed, redoubling their devotions in proportion as their miseries increased. Many received holy communion as preparation for death. Never was their faith more lively, and never did the hope of Paradise appear to them more sweet than in this despair, this surrender of their lives. They split up into bands, so that, if some fell into the hands of the enemy, others might escape. . . .

How long will God allow to be transformed into a land of horror a country which, without these Barbarians, would be a blessed land? For, had it not been for their cruelty, the name of God would have penetrated far among a great number of unbelieving peoples who still remain to be converted. The Cross of Jesus Christ would have brought the light of day into the darkness of the Paganism that now reigns among them, and Paradise would have opened its gate to a million of poor Souls, who now have only hell for their portion. . . .



Depiction of the martyrdom of Jesuit missionaries including Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemand in 1649, engraving in François Du Creux, *Historiae canadensis, sev Novae-Franciae*, 1664



Marie de l'incarnation, mother superior of the Ursuline convent and seminary for girls in Quebec from 1639 to 1672, engraving in *Lettres spirituelles et historiques de la venerable mere Marie de L'Incarnation, e-Franciae*, 1664

## 1653 \_\_\_\_\_ OF THE CONVERSION OF THE CANADIANS TO THE FAITH.

Father Francesco-Giuseppe Bressani, S.J.

The conversion of these peoples to God has not been a slight labor,—they knew not even his name, or yet his worship and mysteries. . . .

As for the roving Barbarians, it has been necessary to incur very great expense, in order to reduce them to some stability, without which, it was believed, their instruction in the Faith was impossible, and to this end have been employed the large alms of a great number of persons full of zeal and charity for those unfortunate people, after the example of the invincible King Louis XIII, of the Queen his Spouse, and of the famous Cardinal Richelieu, who have greatly promoted this cause. More than ordinary gentleness and strength were also necessary; to this need the Hospital and the Seminary for Girls—erected at Kebek, which is the first fort of the French near the sea—have greatly ministered. In one of these are the Nuns whom in France they call Hospitalières, who crossed over from the City of Dieppe; and, in the other, those whom we call Ursulines, who went thither from Paris and Tours, along with their

Foundress, most of them from very noble families. These Nuns have aided by their labors, by spiritual and temporal alms, and still more through their example, in attracting not only the Barbarians, but also many French, into those desert regions,—in which their establishment has secured that of the Barbarians, who have settled in that quarter in large numbers. But my design is not to enlarge upon the conversion of those peoples whose missions still continue; it is enough to say that—whereas, at our arrival, there was not even a single one who knew God—at present, in spite of persecutions, deaths, hungers, wars, and pestilences, there is not a single family, among those for whom we are laboring, which is not Christian, although there are many individuals not yet converted,—and this in less than twenty years.

. . . It would require a whole book to relate here the rare and remarkable conversions which occurred in the space of about sixteen years, of which the Relations, written each year in the French language, are full; but not being able to compress the same with brevity, without doing them injustice, I leave them intact for the history. I will merely say in one word, that the number of our neophytes would have been much greater,—nay, we would even at last have baptized the whole country,—had we not sought something else than number and name. But we were not willing to receive a single adult, in a condition of perfect health, before we were very well informed about the language; and before we had—after long probations, sometimes for whole years—judged them constant in the holy purpose not only of receiving the Sacrament of Baptism, but of punctually observing the divine precepts. In regard to these, they frequently had no small difficulty,—we desiring more to increase the joy in Paradise than to multiply the Christians; and esteeming it a singular reproach if it might have been said to anyone of us by his own fault, *Mulliplirasti gentem, et non magnificasti lætitiã*. Nevertheless, in the space of a few years about twelve thousand of them have been baptized,—most of whom, we hope, are now in Heaven, for having been most fervent and most constant in the Faith.