

beds,—shall I dare to say to a heart so generous, and that mocks at all that of which I have already spoken, that truly, even though we have hardly more of those necessities than the Savages have, still, I know not how, the divine Goodness renders every difficult thing easy; and all and every one of us find everything almost as comfortable [69] as life is in France. The sleep we get lying on our mats seems to us as sweet as if we were in a good bed; the food of the Country does not disgust us, although there is scarcely any other seasoning than that which God has put into it; and, notwithstanding the cold of a winter six months long, passed in the shelter of a bark Cabin open to the daylight, we have still to experience its evil effects; no one complains of his head or his stomach; we do not know what diarrhœa, colds, or catarrh are. This leads me to say that delicate persons do not know, in France, how to protect themselves from the cold; those rooms so well carpeted, those doors so well fitted, and those windows closed with so much care, serve only to make its effects more keenly felt; it is an enemy from whom one wins almost more by holding out one's hands to him than by waging a cruel war upon him. As to our food, I shall say this further, that God has shown his Providence very clearly to our eyes; we have obtained in eight days our provision of corn for a whole year, without making a single step beyond our Cabin. They have brought us dried fish in such quantities that we are constrained to refuse some of it, and to say [70] that we have sufficient; you might say that God, seeing we are here only for his service, in order that all our work may be for him, wishes to act himself as our provider. This same Goodness takes care