

be helped to till the soil, so as to dwell near you. Thou didst lead us to hope that many people would come out to thee, and now thou hast but very few. Well, then, tell our Captain to write to our King and tell him this: 'All the Savages thank you; they wonder that you should think of them; they say to you: "Take courage; help us, since we love you. We wish to settle down but we cannot build houses like yours unless you [12] help us."' Tell thy brother who has come in thy place to write also; write thyself, so that it may be known that we speak the truth." Such is the style of these Savages. This one having finished his harangue, another addressed me as follows: "Father le Jeune, I am not of this country. There is my home, in those Mountains to the South. I had not come to Kebec for a very long time. These men whom thou seest came to visit me in my country, and told me that thou wert causing houses to be built for the Savages, and that thou didst help them to till the soil. They asked me if I would not come to see thee, to dwell near thee with the others. I have come; I have seen that thou hast commenced but that thou hast not done much for so many people as we are. Well, then, take courage, thou sayest good things; do not lie. I am going away again to the coldness of our Mountains, for this Winter. In the Spring, while there will still be snow on the ground, I shall come and see if thou dost tell the truth, and if thou hast men to help us to till the soil; so that we may no longer be like the beasts who seek their living in the woods." At these words all were touched with compassion. Monsieur the [13] Governor promised to do what he could, on his part. Reverend Father Vimont was almost impatient, see-