

bed one morning, on account of some indisposition, when I chanced to pass into their room after dinner there were incredible welcomes and caresses; they cried out, *Ninque, Ninque*, 'My mother, my mother!' They threw their arms around my neck so that I had difficulty in disengaging myself. I confess to you, my dear Father, that it delighted my heart to see such strong feeling in barbarous children; and, indeed, if they were my own children I could not love them more. When I last went to the settlement of saint Joseph to see you, I left two of my [185] children at home. They did nothing but lament in my absence. One of them was found bathed in tears in a little corner, crying, *daiar Ninque daiar*, 'Come, my mother, come;' *daiar, Madame*, 'Come, Madame.' She called me now in one way, now in another, thinking I would respond sooner. I will say nothing about the caresses they showered upon me at my return; as far away as they could see me through the palisade of stakes that encloses us, they would have willingly leaped over them to come and meet me. I have begun to show them how to use the needle; but my principal occupation is to make their clothes, comb their hair, and dress them; I am not capable of anything greater. Ah, my dear Father! I am only too happy to be able to render them this little service."

See how far this Lady's affection carries her, who increased the number of her children, or little seminarians, when she saw the help that was given her in France. Her heart is so good and so great, that if she had as much strength as she has good will, she would have [186] little lodgings constructed for the Savages, to render them stationary; and her happi-