

Barbarians, whose very name causes fear, and whose gaze, at first, appals, were running to meet them,— in raiment fashioned like that of Saint John the Baptist,— as a sign of their good will, more replete with affection and sincerity than with politeness.

They entered into this new House on the first of December, last year. If they had not been vigorously assisted, this House, in so destitute a country, would have dragged on for a much longer time; it is not yet finished. He who begins to build [89] does not so soon come to the end. It is useless to do as did that man who wished to build a tower: *Sedens computabat sumptus suos*; it is useless to count one's principal and income; one always finds himself short in these undertakings,— especially in a country where everything is twice as dear as in France, and where the few Workmen who are to be found, do not hire themselves for a price in silver, but for loads of gold.

I am grateful to a Lady of merit and rank, whose goodness is well known by its effects, for having given the first alms to this Hospital since its foundation. She knows well that Madame the Duchess d'Aiguillon has a large heart; but she is also not ignorant that this heart loves and cherishes both the new and the old France; and that the distress which in so deplorable a time meets her eye, is as grievous to her as that which crosses the Ocean to come to her ear. She has so much modesty and humility— rather let us say charity— that she considers it a favor that the elect souls should accomplish good even at the ends of the World. I am mistaken in my reckoning, it was the Gentlemen of New France [90] who first coöperated in this great Work, notwithstanding the slight success of their temporal affairs.