

I learn that they have also contributed some linen for the poor Savages of Saint Joseph, and for the sick of the Hospital; I pray God that he may be their great reward. A worthy person sent them this year a beautiful Sun, and a beautiful Pyx, silver-gilt, for their Chapel. I believe that all those who love works of Mercy, will be consoled in reading what I am going to say of this little House.

First, these good Sisters, accustomed to practice deeds of charity most repugnant to their feelings and to nature, gather in all the abandoned Savages. Not many days ago, Father de Quen wrote in these terms to the Reverend Father Superior: "I sent to the Hospital that good old man, Adam, the most aged of the Savages. I rescued him from the death which these Barbarians intended to cause him by a rope, in order to rid themselves of a burden that greatly oppressed them. I begged our Frenchmen who were going down there to take him in their bark: [91] I do not doubt that the Mothers will receive him willingly; they have already fed and aided him, during the whole of last winter. This worthy man has no other malady than that which he began to contract more than a hundred years ago."

Secondly, all sick persons, both French and Savage, are welcome in this House, and the only regret of the Mothers in the discharge of their duties is their powerlessness to relieve them with the same ministrations that they would have in France,—the country being still wholly new, bare, and destitute of the wealth with which Europe overflows.

In the third place, as soon as a Savage feels ill, he goes to the Hospital to be purged and bled; some of them go to ask for medicine, which they take in their