

front us, formerly as beautiful as Eden, to-day a mournful desert; but if you wish that we should look upon our own country, that, having a striking proof thereof, we may render praise to the liberal giver of our blessings; I pray you let us follow this corporal Sun, which gives us light, and accompany it to its setting, to learn to whom, in a direct line from us, it goes forth to give good day across our Ocean, leaving us here to the stillness of the night. It is new France, this new land, first discovered in the last century, by our countrymen, a twin land with ours, subject to the same influences, lying in the same latitude, and having the same climate; a vast country, and so to speak, infinite; [ix] a country which we greet, facing our Sun at eventide: a land moreover, of which you may well say, if you consider Satan opposite and coming up from the West to smite us; *A Garden of delight lies before him, behind him a solitary wilderness.* For verily all this region, though capable of the same prosperity as ours, nevertheless through Satan's malevolence, which reigns there, is only a horrible wilderness, scarcely less miserable on account of the scarcity of bodily comforts than for that which renders man absolutely miserable, the complete lack of the ornaments and riches of the soul; and neither the sun, nor malice of the soil, neither the air nor the water, neither men nor their caprices, are to be blamed for this. We are all created by and dependent upon the same principles: [x] We breathe under the same sky; the same constellations influence us; and I do not believe that the land, which produces trees as tall and beautiful as ours, will not produce as fine harvests, if it be cultivated. Whence, then, comes such great