

This house is a resort for the whole Country, where the Christians find a Hospital in their sicknesses, a refuge in the height of alarms, and a hospice when they come to visit us. During the past year, we have reckoned over three thousand persons to whom we have given shelter,—sometimes, within a fortnight, six or seven hundred Christians; and, as a rule, three meals to each one. This does not include a larger number who incessantly come hither to pass the whole day, and to whom we also give charity; so that, in a strange Country, we feed those who [16] themselves should supply us with the necessaries of life.

It is true that we have not the same delicacies nor the same abundance as in France. The Indian corn, pounded in a mortar, boiled, and seasoned with some smoked fish,—which is used in lieu of salt, when reduced to powder,—serves us as food and drink. It teaches us that Nature is content with little, and, thank God, it gives us health less liable to sickness than it would be amid the rich and varied viands of Europe.

As a rule, only two or three of our Fathers reside in this house; the others are scattered among the Missions, now ten in number. Some are more stationary in the principal villages of the Country; the others are more wandering, a single Father being compelled to take charge of ten or twelve villages; and some extend still further, eighty or a hundred leagues, so that all these Nations may be illumined by the light of the Gospel at the same time.

We endeavor, however, to gather all together two or three times a year, [17] in order to commune with ourselves, to think of God alone in the repose of Prayer, and afterward to confer together respecting