

which the good God has shown your nephew! If Your Reverence ask it for me from the good Jesus, through the merits of his four great servants, Fathers Jogues, Daniel, de Brebeuf, and Lalemant, I hope that you will obtain it for me; and then the good Jesus might indeed give me grace to die for the advancement of his Kingdom. I have been for a month at Ahwendoe, on the Island of St. Joseph, where most of our poor Hurons have taken refuge; it is here that I see a part of the miseries which war and famine have caused to this poor desolate people. Their ordinary food is now nothing but acorns, or a certain bitter root which they name *otsa*; and yet, fortunate is he who can have any of these. Those who have none, live partly on garlic baked under the ashes, or cooked in water, without other sauce; and partly on smoked fish, wherewith they season the clear water which they drink, as they formerly did their sagamité. There are found [100] still poorer ones than all that,—who have neither corn, nor acorns, nor garlic, nor fish, and are poor sick people who cannot seek their living. Add to this poverty that they must work to clear new forests, make cabins, and erect palisades, in order to secure themselves in the coming year from famine and war; indeed, seeing them, you might conclude that these are poor corpses unearthed. I would that I could represent, to all the persons having affection for our Hurons, the pitiful state to which they are reduced; certainly they could not contain themselves from sobbing, and shedding warm tears. Alas! how gladly would I tell them on the part of all this poor people, *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos, amici mei, quia manus Domini tetigit me*. The most benign Jesus was