

In consequence of this, the temper of his mind was so opposed to the ways and manners of the Savages, that he saw in them scarce anything that pleased him; the sight of them, their talk, and all that concerned them, he found irksome. He could not accustom himself to the food of the Country; and residence in the Missions did such violence to his entire nature that he encountered therein extraordinary hardships, without any consolation,—at least, of the character that we call sensible. There, one must always sleep on the bare ground, and live from morning to night in a little hell of smoke; in a place where often, of a morning, one finds himself covered with the snows that drift on all sides into the cabins of the Savages; where vermin abound; where the senses, each and all, are [60] tormented both night and day. One never has anything but water to quench his thirst; while the best food usually eaten there is only a paste made with meal of Indian corn boiled in water. One must work there incessantly, though always so poorly nourished; never have one moment in the day in which to retire to any spot that is not public; have no other room, no other apartment, no other closet, in which to prosecute his studies. One has not even any other light than that of a smoky fire,—surrounded, at the same time, by ten or fifteen persons, and children of all ages, who scream, weep, and wrangle; who are busied about their cooking, their meals, their work, about everything, in a word, that is done in a house. When God, besides all this, withdraws his sensible graces, and hides himself from a person who longs only for him,—when he leaves him a prey to sorrow, to disgusts, and repugnances of Nature,—these are trials