

the feeding of her people, and this is being done every day,—the only thing demanded for the maintenance of these vast regions is the payment of transportation for two or three hundred workmen each year; the inhabitants of the country will feed them and pay their wages. France, who is constantly emptying herself into foreign countries, [127] does not lack men to build up Colonies. God grant that she may have charity enough to send them to a place where they will live holier and easier lives, and where they would be the defense and aid of Jesus Christ, who honors men so highly that he chooses to save them by the help of men. That is enough. Let us finish this Chapter with a letter that a Savage Captain, a good Christian, sent to Father Paul le Jeune, who is laboring in old France for the salvation of the new.

“Father le Jeune: I seem to see thee, when thy letter is read to me; and I seem to be with thee, when I speak to thee by the mouth, or the pen, of Father de Quen. I do not lie; it seems to me only yesterday that thou didst baptize me. I am growing old, but the faith is not growing old in me. I love prayer as much, at the end of fifteen years, as on the first day when thou didst instruct me. We are Changing in all things, we people of this country; but I assure thee that I never shall change in regard to what thou didst teach me, and what we are now taught by him who governs us in thy place. Indeed, I make hardly any further change, [128] even in my location; I shall pass the coming Winter at *Ka-Miskouaouangachit*, which you call St. Joseph, as I passed the last one. I am almost wholly French. I laughed when Father de Quen told me