

Besides our occupations which I have already described to you, the diseases here, which would fill an ordinary hospital, give me, I assure you, much trouble sometimes, and throw me into a sort of dejection. Seeing myself unable to give them the little alleviations which they might need, I must content myself with exhorting them to patience; but, without relieving them otherwise, these exhortations appear to me very barren. I went, some time ago, to Monseigneur The Bishop, and, alluding to what he had ordered at the last Jubilee,—that the alms which should be given at that time should be bestowed on the hospital,—I told him that we had in our mission a hospital no less crowded than that of the Nuns at Kebec, and that he could assuredly recommend it to the Charities of the Christians. I have tried to entertain you with this last topic, and I am obliged to stop, for the headache which troubles me does not allow me to write Longer.

IT is a little more than a month, this 2nd of September, since three of our savage women,—Monique, Dorothee, and Aldegonde,—going three or four leagues from our Mission to gather bark, found a poor frenchwoman who gave them to understand that she had nothing to cover herself and her poor children, and told them that she was about to be confined. Each of these three savage women gave her own blanket to this stranger; and Monique, upon her return told me, almost with tears, that she had been touched with Compassion at seeing The poverty of that frenchwoman. I wrote to you at length last year about this Monique, who is here a very rare example of virtue. I may say that, in more than three years since I have known her, I