

mass for them, and they say one for us once a year,—we on the feast of the presentation of the blessed Virgin, and they during the octave of st. Ignatius; and when any one dies on either side, we say the usual prayers for the dead. Nevertheless, they are very hierarchial. The order of our college is to enter at 9 o'clock, and the mass is said at ten. In the afternoon, I enter at 3 o'clock; and, at 4, I teach mathematics until five. The Reverend Father Superior is waiting only for the peace to send me among the iroquois where our captive father, the Reverend Father Millet, is doing a vast amount of good. He enjoys full liberty in his village, and is the refuge of the french who, like him, are slaves, and of the converted savages. He writes to us and we write to him, through the savages themselves; and, were it not for the Dutch,—that is, the english,—we would be once more welcome among those tribes. You inform us of the misery that prevails in france; but it is otherwise in this country. Grain is common; cider is made, instead of wine; and trees are successfully raised, becoming continually more numerous. Last year we had *excellent melons*; but this country is very *unreliable for plants that require heat*. However, it is asserted that *wine will be made this year*; for close by is a vineyard belonging to the Gentlemen, which yields french grapes. What the country can produce is not yet known, because we try to grow only wheat and hay. The *wild apple-trees*, and those that are raised from seeds, bear *very fine apples*, and the branches are easily grafted. The peach-trees produce abundantly, but like the vine,—that is, the fruit is all on the ground, because the tree has to be covered with straw or other protection until the month of april, lest it freeze. The pear-trees