

are more delicate; I saw one that blossomed twice last year—once in the spring, and once during the course of the summer. This year we saw an apple-tree loaded with large apples in june, which had one branch all in blossom. The cherry-trees bear hardly any fruit; they do nothing but blossom and shoot out branches and roots—in such numbers that a forest of trees grows up at their feet, but the people do not know how to keep them down. There are black plums resembling black damsons, which remain on the trees during the winter, and are excellent eating in the spring. I have eaten some at the foot of the tree, on ascension day, which had been borne in the previous year. The cold cooks them as does fire, and they become like those that have gone through the oven; the sun softens them. There are quinces that are fairly good, but the tree grows like the peach-tree, and has to be covered during winter. This year we have had a rare flower in our garden, a white lily; there have been none here as yet. The gentlemen are preparing stone to build a fine steeple; theirs is like one of the steeples of our church in poitiers, but is made of wood resting on the framework; the other will be built of stone. On pentecost the dedication of their church took place, a ceremony never before witnessed in Mont-real. Monseigneur also blessed our Chapel, at which ceremony I acted as subdeacon of honor, and father Vaillant as deacon. He did us this honor on going away; he is a very zealous prelate, but too young for the country. I send you a piece of bread which has come from a place 500 leagues from here. It comes from the ilinois country; it is made of medlars or services, and has a very good taste.<sup>21</sup> The fur