

God's word; Thus we both have no lack of occupation. From morning until night, our house is never empty of people who come to be instructed and to confess. We have had to make our chapels larger than they were. Dear Father Marest is somewhat too zealous; he works excessively during the day, and he sits up at night to improve himself in the language; he would like to learn the whole vocabulary in five or six months. May God preserve so worthy a missionary to us. He lives only on a little boiled corn, with which he sometimes mixes a few small beans; and he eats a watermelon, which supplies his beverage. There is another missionary sixty leagues from here, who comes to see us every winter. He comes from the Province of Guyenne, and his name is Father Pinet. If you knew him I would tell you more about him. He has had the happiness of sending to heaven the soul of the famous chief Pé'ouris, and those of several jugglers; and he has attracted to our chapels various persons who, through their fervor, are patterns to the village. I have now to speak to you solely of what concerns myself.

I am at present spending the winter with a portion of our savages who are scattered about. I have recently been with the Tamarois, to visit a band of them on the bank of one of the largest rivers in the world—which, for this reason, we call the Missisipi or "the great river." More than seven hundred leagues of it have been found to be navigable, without discovering its source. I am to return to the Illinois of Tamaroa in the spring. There is a very great difference between this climate and that of Québec,—where the cold lasts a long time, and a