

to God, who is pleased to shower his blessings here in such profusion.

As the village is large, being nearly half a league in length, our fervent christians have lately erected a chapel at each end, so that instruction may be more easily given. They meet in these, and I go there regularly to teach them the catechism.

The children give us bright hopes for the future. It is impossible to believe how eager they are to be instructed. When they return to their cabins, they tell their fathers, who are often still infidels, what they have learned. Above all, they know how to laugh at the jugglers' ridiculous ceremonies; and we see that jugglery is, in consequence, gradually disappearing.

Nearly ten years ago Father Gravier laid the foundations of this new christendom, which he fostered with care and trouble beyond belief. Reverend Father Binneteau has succeeded to his labors, and to the fruits thereof. In fact, we may say that this is one of our finest missions. In truth, it is impossible to imagine in France the good that can be done among these populous nations. It must also be confessed that, as a rule, we have occupation beyond our strength; and we need to be sustained by God from on high, not to succumb beneath the burden of our labors. Here is a description of the life we lead:

Every day, before sunrise, we say mass for the convenience of our christians, who go from it to their work. The savages chant the prayers, or recite them together during mass,—after which we disperse in different directions to teach the children the catechism; and then we have to visit the sick. On