

respects to and conversing with Monsieur the Governor, who is very well pleased with the answer given by our Abnaquis to the English. I set out at once on the ice to reach Acadia before the rivers broke up, but the thaw overtook me at the end of a few days; this greatly increased the fatigue of the journey—to such an extent, that I was attacked by a violent fever. I thought that I would die from it, on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin; and they took me back, as well as they could, to Quebec, where I was ill for nearly five weeks. At last I started once more, after Easter; and my return caused great joy among my beloved savages, who thought me dead. I at once set about visiting the three villages to confess the savages, to make them perform their Easter duties, and to strengthen them against the solicitations of the English—who do everything in their power to induce them to receive ministers. All these fatigues have brought on a second attack of fever. Nevertheless, I perform all my duties; and not a day has passed without my having the consolation of saying mass.

I remain, of Your Reverence,

My Reverend Father,

The very humble and

very obedient servant,

JACQUES BIGOT.