

as this one. Drunkenness,—a vice inborn in barbarians, and spread far and wide by the greed of European traders,—and the corrupt morals and criminal examples of Europeans, deplorably oppose the Gospel. These obstacles are, however, surmounted, although not everywhere with the same promptness and facility. They have been thoroughly abolished and destroyed in the village of Lorette, where the savages enjoy the most ample liberty, and have made it a custom to practice piety openly and in security. Every day at early morn, as soon as they awake, they repair to the church, to pay their homage to the Lord Christ on the *throne of his grace*. Neither age nor sex, neither rigorous December nor the burning Dog-days can deter any from this pious duty. The very children vie in outstripping their seniors. What laborer for souls would not readily forget all his trials on beholding the peaceful throng [in the early morning, and often before sunrise], prostrate before the altar, lisping with tender accents the praises of Christ? I have often found savages in the coldest winter, kneeling and praying before the door of the church, waiting until it should be opened. As soon as it is opened, they approach; and each one prays separately, some of them during a whole hour. At sunrise, or shortly after, the signal is given for saluting the Mother of God in the words of the Angel. They [regard this as a religious duty, and] are careful not to omit it, wherever they may be. Half an hour later, mass is celebrated, at which they all assist. The concourse is the same on working-days and holy days, their ardor the same. Their modesty is so remarkable that the French passing through the village admire it—to their own confusion, when