

leagues from *Pentagouet* to Port Royal. The river of my Mission is the largest of all those that water the territories of the Savages. It ought to be marked on the map under the name of *Kinibeki*; this has led the Frenchmen to give these Savages the name of *Kanibals*. This river empties into the sea at *Sankderank*,³⁰ which is only 5 or 6 leagues from *Pemquit*. After having ascended the river 40 leagues from *Sankderank* you reach my Village, which is on the height of a promontory. We are, at most, only two days' journey from the English settlements; it takes us more than a fortnight to go to Quebec; and that journey is very difficult and arduous. It was natural that our Savages should trade with the English, and there are no advantages that these latter have not offered to them, for the purpose of winning them and gaining their friendship; but all their efforts have been useless; and nothing has been able to detach them from their alliance with the French. The only band which has united them to us so closely is their firm attachment to the catholic Faith. They are convinced that if they submitted to the English they would soon be without any Missionary, without any Sacrifice, without any Sacrament, and almost without any exercise of Religion; and that gradually they would be plunged back into their former unbelief. This firmness of our Savages has been put to every sort of test by these formidable neighbors, who have never yet been able to obtain any influence over them.

At the time when war was on the point of breaking out between the European Powers, the English Governor, who had recently arrived at Boston, asked our Savages to give him an interview on an island