

the desert. *If a person do not fix a time in the year for these sacred exercises*, said he to me one day, *occupations succeed each other, and, after many delays, he runs the risk of not finding leisure to perform them.*

Religious poverty appeared in his whole person, in his furniture, in his living, in his garments. In a spirit of mortification he forbade himself the use of wine, even when he was among Frenchmen; his ordinary food was porridge made of Indian corn-meal. During certain winters in which sometimes the Savages lacked everything, he was reduced to living on acorns; far from complaining at that time, he never seemed more content. For the last three years of his life, the war having prevented the Savages from free scope in hunting and from sowing their lands, their want became extreme; and the Missionary was in frightful need. Care was taken to send him from Quebec the necessary provisions for his subsistence. *I am ashamed*, he wrote to me, *of the care that you take of me; a Missionary born to suffer ought not to be so well treated.*

He did not permit any one to lend him a helping hand in his most ordinary needs; he always waited upon himself. He cultivated his own garden, he made ready his own firewood, his cabin, and his sagamité; he mended his torn garments, seeking in a spirit of poverty to make them last as long a time as was possible. The cassock which he had on when he was killed seemed so worn out and in such poor condition to those who had seized it, that they did not deign to take it for their own use as they had at first designed. They threw it again upon his body, and it was sent to us at Quebec.

In the same degree that he treated himself