

obtain for religion and for the domain, if the King granted them a resident missionary who would attract many strangers; these would, in turn, visit the french employed at the Moysi River, and at the 7 Islands, and their Savages. Those of the Islets are well taught, and make it their duty to instruct one another; while those who are the least depaganized would like to be also instructed, but meanwhile retain their superstitions. This ardor which they manifest for prayer—certainly without any fear, interest, or hypocrisy being apparent in it—sufficiently proves what, with grace and so good dispositions, might be expected from them.

Hardly is mass ended, at which they have assisted with admirable respect and on their knees (a difficult posture for them), when the men and women separately, forgetful of their children and of their food, watch the moment when I have finished my thanksgiving, that they may be instructed, and learn to say their catechism and to sing; for they are convinced that it is only a recreation for me. I have had the consolation of seeing some who pleasantly closed the door of their cabin, to prevent my going out and to make me hear them repeat their prayers, fifteen times in one morning, until the French came to tear me away. A pleasing violence, good God! *My Reverend Father* [~~crossed out in MS.~~].

As the savages occupy themselves with but one thing at a time, they learn and remember with astonishing facility. But the women, everywhere devout, have a better memory. The men make use, to a certain extent, of artificial aids to memory. One of them, in order to learn the *Veni Creator* in his language, made some small figures for himself on a