

least sign of impatience. His younger son,—whom I destined to be, some day, the chief of prayers,—after a long weakness which compelled me to *make* [hasten] his first communion, caused himself to be brought back here from a very great distance, to receive at last the sacraments of the dying; he compelled his father and mother to travel at night and without resting, saying to them that it was time to hurry. In fact, on the following day he expired before my eyes,—tenderly and of his own accord kissing one of the crucifixes that your Reverence gave me as a present for them last autumn.

This letter is too long, My Reverend Father. I have now but to communicate to you a new design—which, it seems to me, can come but from God since this tends only to his glory; and which has occupied my mind for some time. It is, to extend our mission still farther; for, in truth, to confine ourselves merely to Chekotimi, Tadousac, and the Islets is a small matter. I observe, moreover, that the new posts at the Mistassins—which have just been established for the lake St. John trade—have prevented and will prevent many Savages who are half christians from coming down here in future, as they will obtain there more than they need. I think that it would be a good thing if Your Reverence would permit me to go to Labrador, where I know that great results can be obtained—without, however, abandoning this mission, where a new missionary, with the assistance of my montagnais books, could take my place while quietly learning. I am writing about it to Monsieur Broäc or to Monsieur Charé, both of whom will not fail to confer with you on the subject if, as I believe, they are as zealous as I am assured they are. Indeed,