

Letter from father Aulneau to reverend father
Bonin.

MY REVEREND FATHER,

The peace of Our Lord Jesus christ.

I eagerly take advantage of the remaining moments I have to spend in monreal to write to you a second, and perhaps the last, time in my life. I leave to-morrow for the Woods. In a former letter I told you what was to be the object of my mission; allow me, my reverend father, to commend it again to your holy sacrifices. As for the missionary, I am convinced you will not be unmindful of him at the altar. We received, a few days ago, news of father Guignas; since 1732 he had not been heard from. He is in a helpless state. The hunger he has had to endure, the imminent danger to which he has been continually exposed, of being massacred by the sakis and the renards, and numberless other hardships, borne heroically, have brought him so low, that even the savages, who have little pity for us, are forced to look upon him with feelings of compassion. We are, however, in the impossibility of attempting anything for his relief, owing to the scarcity of missionaries. Pray God, my reverend father, to send laborers to this needy mission. Another cause of anxiety for us is that father Nau was laid up last spring with a violent attack of the gout. I beg you to send me the reckonings of the eclipses of sun and moon visible in france and america. You will thereby