

accurate idea of these localities, Lake St. John—which is distant about 30 leagues from Chekoutimi in a westerly direction, and situated in the depths of the high mountains that you see to the north of Quebec—is no more than 30 leagues in circumference. It is not deep, and in summer its waters, which are very low, lay bare a beautiful beach of fine sand. It is well stocked with fish; its environs are beautiful; the scenery agreeable; the soil good. But most kinds of grain, especially Indian corn, cannot ripen, owing to the prevalence of the northwest wind—which blows very strongly early in the season, and sometimes brings snow at the end of august. A portion of the old establishment of the missionaries is still in existence; one can see that there had been a large garden, and a chapel, in which our brother Malherbe was buried. I had a cross erected over his grave.³

At the upper end of the Lake is a river, which is very curious on account of the variously-shaped small stones that it rolls down its bed. Nature would seem to have applied itself there to giving models for all the arts: birds, animals, vases, tools for all trades are easily recognizable; all these are visible in the water. The difficulty lies in collecting them. A journey would have to be made expressly for the purpose, and one would have to take time to select the pieces oneself, as the savages are not capable of doing so. Now, for that purpose, the curiosity-seeker would have only to pay and feed two canoe-men to take him there. I have one of these rarities here. If you place it upright, this grayish and hard stone resembles a sort of monkey, or an earless cat, sitting on its tail and haunches, holding a little ball in