

is surprising that among so many different tribes—people from Chekoutimi, Piékwagami, Nékoubau, and Chomouchwan; Mistassins, the people of Ta-doussac, and the Papinacheois—there was but a single drunkard who ill-treated me. My sole regret during these first troubles was that I could not easily make myself understood in this strange land. The pure Algonkin tongue was of hardly any use to me here. Without a house, without assistance, without consolation, I pined away—solely through not being able to express the bitterness of my heart, otherwise than by the pallor of my countenance. Absorbed merely in looking at so fine a field, without being able to sow in it, I had recourse to Father DeCrespieuil; I went to the Church several times, and asked the venerable deceased to send me from Heaven his montagnais tongue, which was no longer of use to him. But the saints desire us to take the same trouble that they themselves have taken to become qualified to glorify God. The means that I selected, therefore, was to secure a good savage woman, who had formerly been a christian, to instruct me. This Marie, of whom I have already had occasion to speak to Your Reverence elsewhere, after having successfully finished helping me to complete my montagnais books as she desired, ended her days last year by a precious death. She directed my studies in a masterly manner; and, at the very first word that she heard me pronounce, she said to the others: “That will do; our father has spoken our language; I will no longer speak french to him.” Notwithstanding my entreaties, she kept her word; and by dint of making her pupil divine her words, she enabled him to preach on the mystery of Christmas without having the paper before him.