

Messieurs the farmers to do this. Can his Majesty's principal post dispense with a chapel and a house, which together would not cost 1,500 livres? And would they not attract thither an infinite number of montagnais savages from the North and from the South?—who, while filling the granaries of the father of the family, would doubtless swell the profits of the farming, which is on the verge of ruin; and call down, more and more, heaven's blessings upon our august and pacific monarch.

After the fathers' house, which was also used by the clerks, was destroyed by fire during their absence, the french traders built a house for themselves; it is on another site, on the same plateau, but to the Northeast of a deep and very cool brook which divides the jesuits' land from that of the farm. Here—sometimes on the green turf, in fine weather; sometimes in the cabins—the missionary, surprised at the memory and docility of his young plants, catechized them, gradually taught them the general prayers, made them sing, and by little presents encouraged them to surpass one another. The older ones also ranged themselves on their own side. Those who seemed inattentive might expect to be first questioned and to be charitably lifted up in the event of a fall.

The misfortune then, as now, was that in this pretended capital of the Saguené there was no other chapel than a bark cabin, open on all sides; in such a place it would be impossible, for lack of ornaments, to inspire these nascent christians—who see nothing except through the eyes of the body—with either an idea of our mysteries, or veneration for the hidden sanctity which they represent. “What