

that they were kept at prayers day and night, and were not allowed time to hunt. But God—who never lets anything go unpunished, sooner or later—has made it evident that the calumny recoiled upon its authors; and that to believe it too readily exposes one's own interests to the counter-shock. For, during the 4 years that have elapsed since I withdrew from there, not more than 3 or 4 barrels of oil have been known to be obtained; while formerly there were 48, 66, and even one hundred, if desired. When we ask the savages the reason of this, they reply that, as they go to confession only once a year, and no longer see a priest on the rocks, they lose heart and do not venture to go far from the shore, where alone the seals are to be found. Accordingly, now that the house recently erected and the chapel are in ruins, there remains nothing save only the remembrance that Jesus Christ has been preached there, and should always have been glorified in that dilapidated and unrecognizable post. Every missionary, on beginning his labors, must prepare himself for such sad reverses.

From *this post* [*crossed out in MS.*] I proceeded, after All Saints' day and in the spring, to the Jeremie Islets, 30 leagues to the Northeast of Tadoussac, toward the Bersiamites river—a stream very well known on our maps, which is as wide as, but much shallower than, the Saguené. From that place to LaBrador, the inhabitants—who are, in reality, montagnais—are called Papinachois, from the savage word that describes their character: *Ni-papinach*, "I laugh a little;" *Poupapinachewets*, "I like to laugh a little." Indeed, they are lovable people, on account of their invariable gaiety. Would to God