

Might it not have been The terms of respect I made use of in My former Letters that gave Rise to this doubt? But remember, my dear mother, that a son's affection and love for his mother should not crowd out of his heart The respect he owes her. Might it not also be that I have never asked you for anything for myself? It would seem that this is one of the main reasons of your suspicion, and I freely acknowledge that your suspicion would be well grounded if I were in need of anything. Once for all I protest that I do not stand in need of anything in my mission. Were the case otherwise, I am sufficiently within reach of Quebec and montreal, where we have houses, to have anything I want sent to me. It is true that our dear departed one, whose place you would have me fill, would have acted differently; but he was far differently situated. He was in a region where every human succor was wanting, while I am stationed in the midst of french settlements, where I can procure all The comforts of life. My own father who is still living, thank God, and my brother, who loves me with all his heart, have this very year repeated The same offers as yourself—and you can easily understand, my dear mother, that if I were in any real straits I would not refuse their services, so think no more that I am wanting confidence toward you, or am undutiful in any other way. Could you but look into my heart, you would be satisfied with the sentiments which animate it for The best and most condescending of mothers. I think you must be satisfied at least with The Freedom and frankness with which I beg for my savages. I refuse nothing that is given for them, for their needs are not imaginary, and there is no charity better directed than that