

bestow than I am, and be assured that I am really grateful, and that I shall never forget all the kindness you have lavished on me. Please continue to pray for me and my poor savages. This year I have been in utter desolation at seeing them suffer from hunger, without being able to come to their relief,—not precisely for want of money, but on account of the scarcity of wheat which failed to realize the bright anticipations of the early summer. And what now afflicts me still more is, that we are threatened throughout the land with a famine more dreadful than that of last year. Before the Grain began to ripen, worms attacked nearly every ear, and devoured most of it, or rather they ate away the kernel and left only the shell. My savages, nevertheless, will gather a little more indian corn than last year, but their lands are so poor that the Harvest supplies their wants for only half the year, at most. The evil is diminished by half when there is french wheat, and I am able to buy it at wholesale and deal it out to them in small quantities, allowing them to pay me when they can, which they do quite faithfully when they are able to earn a little. But when I am not able to help them in this way, they are obliged to scatter right and left to find food, which is prejudicial in no slight degree to their spiritual interests. For, as you know, sanctity is rarely acquired by traveling about. I must needs give my consent to it rather than see them perish with hunger.

I deeply sympathize with our Fathers at Luçon; when you chance to meet them, remember me kindly to them, and to Reverend Father Lafite more particularly. I was all the more surprised at what you told me about him, because when I was in france, Monseigneur