

news of the Gospel which is being carried to them this year. I imagine that he would honor occasionally new France by a look, and that this glance would give him as much satisfaction as those great deeds with which he is filling Europe; but to cause the blood of Jesus Christ to be applied to the souls for whom it was shed, is a glory little known among men, but longed for by the great powers of Heaven and earth.

It is time to sound the retreat; the vessels are ready to depart, and still I have not yet read over nor repunctuated this long Relation, which ought to be enough for three years. Your Reverence will understand, through the necessity that has obliged me to borrow the hand of another to write to you, that I have not all the leisure I could desire. I do not know how it happens that news is always written in haste. Let no one seek herein elegance, so much as truth and simplicity; my heart has spoken more than my lips, and were it not for the feeling I have [341] that, in writing to one person, I speak to many, it would overflow still more.

One word more. Since Your Reverence loves us so tenderly, and your kind care reaches out so effectively to help us, even to the ends of the earth, give us, my Reverend Father, if you please, persons capable of learning these languages. We intended to apply ourselves to this work this year, Father Lalle-mant, Father Buteux, and I; but this new settlement separates us. Who knows whether Father Daniel is still living, whether Father Davost will reach the Hurons? For, as his Savages have begun to rob him, they may truly play a still worse game upon him. Since the death of a poor unhappy French-