

the end of June. They brought some visitors with them, and of their number was Madam Bompas, wife of the Anglican Bishop. This lady visited us three times during her sojourn here. The wife of one of the Protestant assistants of the Company died in the mean time, leaving a helpless infant ; this child, Madam Bompas adopted and tends with motherly care. Were we not here now, dear Mother, it is not only Protestant children who would receive her care, but those also of our Catholic Indians, and then what would become of their faith ? How happy, how infinitely happy are we to have been chosen for the good work in this Land !! But, alas ! our resources are so feeble that we are forced to limit even the good we could otherwise do. Did the generous folks, who inhabit Canada, only know what a harvest of souls could be reaped in these savage regions, they would undoubtedly come to our aid. Many have done so in the past, and our grateful thanks are due them. Their liberality is not forgotten by the McKenzie Missioners, much less is it ignored by Him, to whom the gift brings honor and praise. Each year the wants increase, while our means cannot keep pace with them. If I were free, how willingly would I go from door to door to beg assistance and help. Our protestant brethren are most zealous in there efforts to attract the Indians to their side. Their schools are multiplying in every direction. If they do not succeed in making the savages Protestants, they at least keep them away from the Missionary and fill their minds with prejudice against us.

The number of our Priests is by far insufficient for the wants. Oh ! Dear Mother, please pray and have prayers said, that the number may augment. Truly are the words of our Divine Saviour verified here : «The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few.» May the