

be endured in wintering among the Montagnets Savages, I may say that that is almost the life we lead here among the Hurons. I say it without exaggeration, the five and six months of Winter are spent in almost continual discomforts,—excessive cold, smoke, and the annoyance of the Savages; we have a Cabin built [63] of simple bark, but so well jointed that we have to send some one outside to learn what kind of weather it is; the smoke is very often so thick, so annoying, and so obstinate that, for five or six days at a time, if you are not entirely proof against it, it is all you can do to make out a few lines in your Breviary. Besides, from morning until evening our fireplace is almost always surrounded by Savages,—above all, they seldom fail to be there at mealtimes. If you happen to have anything more than usual, let it be ever so little, you must reckon on most of these Gentlemen as your guests; if you do not share with them, you will be considered mean. As regards the food, it is not so bad, although we usually content ourselves with a little corn, or a morsel of dry smoked fish, or some fruits, of which I shall speak further on.

For the rest, thus far we have had only roses; henceforth, as we have Christians in almost every village, we must count upon making rounds through them at all seasons of the year, and of remaining there, according to necessity, [64] for two or three whole weeks, amid annoyances that cannot be described. Add to all this, that our lives depend upon a single thread; and if, wherever we are in the world, we are to expect death every hour, and to be prepared for it, this is particularly the case here. For not to mention that your Cabin is only, as it were, chaff, and that it might be burned at any mo-