

but having approached him and considered his misery, and still more the bundle which was near him, this barbarian came to the conclusion that he was a person of whom death had already taken possession, and that thus one might with impunity rob him. Nevertheless, in order not to do so openly the deed of an enemy, he greets him in the Huron style, and,—for all comfort offering him a piece of sorry bread, almost mouldy,—he takes his time, and craftily removes the said [24] bundle. The poor sick man,—who from time to time gave heed to what comfort there was left to him in the world,—no longer feeling his treasure, straightway suspected what had happened. That blow pierced his heart,—accounting himself thenceforth, as it were, abandoned by any help of heaven and earth. But that was precisely the moment which Our Lord was awaiting, in order to manifest his glory, and the paternal care that he has for those who put their whole confidence in him.

A year before, while returning from the same voyage, he had met, five or six days' journey on this side of the Three Rivers, a poor Huron barbarian, forsaken by his companions for a like reason of sickness. He was touched with compassion, and resolved to assist this poor unfortunate; he erects for him a little cabin, and covers him with a skin and with his jacket; he goes both hunting and fishing for him; he prepares for him his food. In short, he renders him night and day so much charity, and so many kind offices, that he puts him on his feet again, and restores him to a condition for taking the first opportunity, by the canoes which should pass there, to [25] bring him back. The year had elapsed, and this