

more sedentary than all the others, which withdraw from us, during nearly all the winter, in order to hunt the elk, and during a good part of the other seasons of the year, in order to hunt Beavers. Here follows the beginning of it. A young slave, aged about 23 years, an Esquimau by nation, taken in war thirteen years ago, served as a menial to a family of Savages. This poor captive falls sick in his master's cabin, near our new settlement, and is reduced to such extremity that he resembled a skeleton rather than a living man; the bones had already pierced the skin, in some parts of his body. And, for climax of his misfortune, some one of those whom he had fed, for the space of several years, by his toils in the chase, had, with a cruel compassion, prepared a rope to take from him what remained of his life. Father Martin Lyonnes, who was alone in our house, being warned of this resolution, courageously opposes himself against [121] its accomplishment, and remonstrates that God was grievously offended by such actions. Then, fearing lest some fatal blow of the hatchet might fall on the head of that poor languishing man, he has him promptly carried into our house, places him upon a bed, instructs him, and takes such care of him that he began in a few weeks to improve. He asks to return to his master's cabin, where he had sojourned but a few days before he falls more sick than previously; his infection rendered him unendurable; they cast him out of the cabin, and he is forsaken by his own. He has recourse to the Father, summons him, and is assisted; at that time, I arrive at Nepiguit: we visit this poor forsaken one, who persists in asking Baptism. We acquiesce in his request, and furthermore we