

to live on, but enough to keep them from dying; one would bring in a grouse, another a hare or a Porcupine. In a word, there was not a day that God did not give them some little thing. Now, as winter was approaching, they were in great trouble; for they knew not how they could walk on the snow, because they had none of the skins with which they make snowshoes that they use for that purpose. It happened fortunately that Noël Negabamat, after hearing holy mass on the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, felt impelled to make a trial of his former agility and strength. He selected his own hunting-ground as also did the young men. God made him encounter a great Moose, which he pursued, caught, [103] and killed. After thanking our Lord for the favor, he gave the flesh to the most needy, and the skin to the women, to make snowshoes with; this wonderfully rejoiced all the hunters.

As the festival of the new-born Child approached, they built a little Church, in which all confessed and received communion at midnight mass, with joy and consolation in their souls. These feelings were soon followed by cheerfulness of heart, for so much snow fell, that they had enough for killing the large animals. But, as there were but few of these, they were compelled to divide into two bands. Georges Etouet, the Captain of Tadoussac, gave the district most abounding in game to Noel Negabamat, through purely Christian charity, and in accordance with a custom that savors naught of barbarism, though in the very midst of Barbarians; it is this, that the Captains of a country always give the advantage to the Captains of other nations who come to hunt in their district.