

punishing them when they failed to follow; and her fidelity in turning short, when the scent of the enemies caught her sense of smell,—all these caused astonishment.

The fear of the enemies has kept away, this year, the Savages from Montreal: there have appeared there only six Hurons, three of whom have been taken by the Agneronons, the fourth has been lost, the two others have made a narrow escape. These good people cannot help going to the chase: it must also be acknowledged that that is their pleasure and their life. Having gone away some leagues from the settlement, a Frenchman who accompanied them, while aiding them to build their cabin, wounded one of them with a heavy blow of the axe, which he dealt inadvertently upon his hand. All [259] three are astounded; they wrap up the wound as best they can, proceeding as quickly as possible toward the settlement, in order to have that poor man cared for. He, feeling that nature would repine at the great pain which he suffered, animated himself with these words: "How? could I indeed complain of a blow that God has given me, when vanity would make me sing in the midst of the fires, if I were taken by my enemies?" While advancing homeward, they found on the snow a trail freshly trodden by a troop of Hiroquois, who were coming to Montreal on the hunt for men. "Ah! now I plainly see," said that poor wounded man, "that this blow is dealt by the goodness of God; it is not an accident,—his goodness has caused me to lose a hand, in order to save the lives of all three of us. It is true that we are not yet in safety,—we may encounter the enemy, whose tracks and trail we have seen: my only regret is that