

leagues,—partly on her shoulders, partly dragging him over the snow. She confessed and received communion on the day of the Purification of the Virgin, and the next day carried back her little son, well and sprightly,—our Lord recompensing the mother's Faith by that cure, and the Father's constancy by a successful hunt during the Winter. The Sorcerer, on the contrary, fell into poverty and want; his weapon broke in his hands; during the Winter he had little success in hunting; and, the following Summer, he was constrained to leave the country because some, suspecting him of having caused their relatives to die, were seeking his death.

Two Christian Savages, having started from their cabin on Christmas eve, in order to attend the midnight Mass in the Chapel [271] of the Fathers, three leagues distant, encountered on the way the trail of a great Bear. Famine was already beginning in their cabin, and God seemed to give them the best of all the meats upon which they depend,—for the Bear, in their estimation, surpasses all other animals. They stopped a little while, in order to consult whether their devotion would get the better of their misery,—seeing, likewise, that the snow which was then falling threatened to conceal from them those footprints. “No matter,” they said; “let us go and pray to God. It is he who has revealed to us the trail of this beast; it is he who gives it to us, and he intends that we shall eat of it.” “Indeed,” said one man, “we shall easily be able afterward to pursue this Bear, or any other that God may send us; but we cannot recover the feast of the birth of Jesus, when this night shall be past.” They come to Church; they fulfill their duty, confess, and receive