

We left it on May fifteenth of the present year, 1649,—not without some little return of Natural feeling; for we were forced to destroy it at the very time it might have sheltered the poor old people and all who were sick or exhausted, or shattered by labors capable of prostrating Giants. We also abandoned the lands and fields whereon our sustenance largely depended; and here we are in a forest, more destitute of succor than when we first came to this country. Never were we more filled with content, and never have we had cause for keener sorrow.

During the two months, or thereabout, since we [106] came to this Island, God has rendered us such effectual succor that we believe ourselves to be in a complete state of defense, so that the enemy, despite all he can do, is little dreaded by us in our Intrenchments; but he holds sway on all the Mainland near our Island, and consequently reduces us to a state of famine more terrible than war. The Hurons whom we followed left their lands, just as we did; and they are forced to fortify themselves, and both they and we are obliged to build houses,—or, rather, cabins,—all at the same time; while, if we wish to harvest any grain next year, we must clear away forests in order to have fields and open lands. These labors, hindered by the fear of the enemy, are indeed arduous, and God alone can lighten them.

That is not all. As these poor People have neither hunting, nor fishing, nor grain, they scatter hither and thither in quest of acorns and roots. Our Fathers, unable to forsake them, accompany them when they constitute any considerable body,—preferring to perish with hunger rather than deny them the bread of the Gospel. [107] In this service, acorns