

eaten well, he dipped some water out with the same pot-ladle, drinking it with great relish and throwing back into the pail what was left. This is all the manners they have.

I have seen many others, looking for something with which to dip water, take a little kettle, the bottom of which is like that of a [22] saucepan, and drink cheerfully from it and with as much satisfaction as you would in France drink excellent wine from a crystal glass. The most greasy vessels are the most agreeable to them, for there is nothing they relish so much as grease; they usually drink liquids hot and they eat from the ground. Those who know us do not now indulge in such gross incivilities in our presence.

On the first day of November, all Saints' day, having learned that a poor miserable Savage, eaten by a malignant ulcer or scrofulous affection, was in a wretched hut beyond the great St. Lawrence, abandoned by everybody except his wife, who was caring for him the best she could, we did all in our power to have him brought near our house, in order that we might help him both in regard to his body and his soul. [23] Father de Nouë and our Brother went to see him, and they were filled with compassion for him. I begged our french interpreter to persuade the Savages to bring him to us, for we could not go and fetch him. He spoke to one of them in my presence, who asked what he would be given for it. He was told that he would be given something to eat. I had them tell him that he was very ungrateful; that the sick man was of his tribe, and that we who were not of it wished to help him, and still he refused him that little assistance. For this he made no other excuse than that he was going very soon to