

her or to drag her after him, if he does not find something to eat." This is the way they take care of the sick that they think are going to die. They hasten death by a blow from a club or an axe, when they have a long journey to make, and do this through compassion.

On the third of the same month, the wife of our Savage being sick, he came to ask me for my knife with which to bleed her. The Savages draw blood from the head. One day when I was in a cabin, a Savage Woman, looking at a writing case, I was holding, adroitly took my penknife, without my [65] perceiving it, and made several openings in the upper part of her forehead, then returned it to me. I was astonished when I saw her bleeding. She told me she had a headache, and wanted to cure it. Now that they have seen our way of bleeding, and believe it to be good, La Nasse came and begged me to aid his wife in the same way. I told him that I knew nothing about it; and, as he wanted to take my knife, I told him to wait until the next day, when I would beg the Surgeon to go and see her, which he did. In the meantime I went to see her in her cabin; it was very cold; she was bareheaded, according to their custom, biting a lump of snow, trying to cure a bad cold which almost choked her! Such are the delicate usages of the country. The next day, after having been bled, she went out to gather wood as usual. Think [66] if those who make a profession of suffering something in the cause of God ought not to feel ashamed, when they see such examples.

We have not been lonely all winter, as a number of Savages have been to see us. They pass by our house in large crowds, going Moose hunting.