

it [73] was all going to sink under me. But I do not believe that a cannon could crack the thickest ice. When you walk upon it in the spring, it is then that there is danger of stepping into a hole and going under.

On the 12th of the same month, a Savage came to me, and said that Father de Nouë was the cause of a heavy wind which was blowing; I asked him why. He told me that, although the sky had been very red in the morning, the Father had not failed to go and work in the woods at an early hour, and that that was the cause of the wind; that, when the Montaignais saw a flaming sky, they remained at rest in their cabins, and so arrested the wind. "I shall warn Father de Nouë," said he, "that another time he should not leave his cabin when the sky is so red; and he will see, by trying it, that the wind will not [74] blow." I began to laugh, and tried by every means in my power to drive this superstition from his mind, and at last he laughed at it just as much as I did. It was not so easy for him to give it up; for the Savages agree very readily with what you say, but they do not, for all that, cease to act upon their own ideas.

Passing on from one subject to another, I talked to him of God, who has made everything; because it is thus I aim to give them some knowledge of him who gave them life, in order that they may talk with each other thereupon, and that the children may hear it spoken of from their youth. Talking to him thus in my jargon, and more frequently by signs and gestures than otherwise (for I talk more with my hands than with my tongue), I made him comprehend something of the power of God. Then he told me that the God of France was [75] a great deal more power-