

little Savage about three years old, stricken with a fatal disease; and, seeing that he was in danger of dying in the woods, his grandmother had dragged him about with her from one place to another; we asked her, if he should recover, if she would not like to give him to us, to care for and teach. She answered that, if he were not so sick, she would give him to us at once. His parents consented, so we resolved to baptize him. Our Pierre gave him his name. This poor child may drag on a few years, but there is hardly a hope that he will ever recover his health.

Toward the end of January the son and the sons-in-law of our Savage, being near Cape de Tourmente, told their father, who was settled near us, that there was good hunting in that quarter. He went there with [86] the rest of his family. Then, coming back to see us, he said that if we loved him, we would go to visit him in his cabin, and he would give us some Venison. "You have given me," said he, "of your store when I was hungry; my people will think you are very angry with me, if you do not come to see us." He brought us news that the Savage, Brehault, was dead; and that he had left two children, a boy and a little girl. Now as we desired very much to send some children to France to have them educated, that they might afterward help their people, Father de Nouë made up his mind to follow this good Savage, a journey not without difficulties. Here are the particulars thereof: The inns found on the way are the woods themselves, where at nightfall they stop to camp; each [87] one unfastens his snowshoes, which are used as shovels in cleaning the snow from the place where they are going to sleep. The place cleaned is usually made in the form of a circle; a fire