

bottle of cider and some bread to renew their strength. The wind blew so violently in their faces that they were compelled to leave their sledges three leagues from Kebec, and send for them on the following day. The Father, who was sick only from weakness and overwork, having rested, immediately recovered.

In this narrative, my Reverend Father, you have an illustration of what we have to suffer in accompanying the Savages in their wanderings, and what must necessarily be done if we wish [92] to aid in saving them. And from this Your Reverence may see, if you please, what kind of men should be chosen for this mission. We do not suffer these discomforts while remaining in the house. All that we have to bear here is endurable. But, when it is necessary to become a Savage with the Savages, one must take his life and all that he has, and throw it away, so to speak, contenting himself with a very large and very heavy cross for all riches. It is true that God does not allow himself to be conquered, and that the more one gives, the more one gains; the more one loses, the more one finds; but God sometimes hides himself, and then the Cup is very bitter.

One thing seems to me more than intolerable. It is their living together promiscuously, girls, women, men, and boys in a smoky hole. And the more progress one makes in the knowledge [93] of the language, the more vile things one hears. May it please God that one's eyes be not offended; I am told that they are not. I did not think that the mouth of the Savage was so foul as I notice it is every day. To sleep on the earth, covered with a few branches of pine, nothing but the bark between the snow and