

As our Savages seldom live upon anything but the smoked flesh of animals, which they kill in the hunt, there are times during the year when all the people leave the village and scatter through the forests, to pursue the wild beasts. This is a critical time, in which they need more than ever the presence of the Missionary, who is obliged to accompany them in all these journeys.

There are mainly two great hunts: that of summer, which seldom lasts longer than three weeks; and that which takes place during winter, which lasts from four to five months. Although the summer hunt is shorter, it is nevertheless more fatiguing; it cost the life of the late Father Bineteau. He accompanied the Savages in the greatest heat of the month of July; sometimes he was in danger of smothering amid the grass, which was extremely high; sometimes he suffered cruelly from thirst, not finding in the dried-up prairies a single drop of water to allay it. By day he was drenched with perspiration, and at night he was obliged to sleep on the ground,—exposed to the dew, to the harmful effects of the air, and to many other inconveniences, concerning which I will not go into detail. These hardships brought upon him a violent sickness, from which he expired in my arms.

During the winter, the Savages separate into many bands, and try to find the places where they think the game will be most abundant. Then it is that we wish that we could multiply ourselves, so as not to lose sight of them. All that we can do is to go in succession through the various camps in which they are, in order to keep piety alive in them, and administer to them the Sacraments. Our village is