

not fail to kill the bird at which they shoot. I have been surprised at it, and I would scarcely believe it if I had not witnessed it.

The thing which most shocked me when I began to live among the Savages, was being obliged to take my meals with them; for nothing could be more revolting. When they have filled their kettle with meat, they boil it, at most, three-quarters of an hour,—after which they take it off the fire, serve it in basins of bark, and distribute it among all the people who are in their cabin. Each one bites into this meat as one would into a piece of bread. This spectacle did not give me much appetite, and they very soon perceived my repugnance. *Why dost thou not eat?* said they. I answered that I was not accustomed to eat meat in this manner, without adding to it a little bread. *Thou must conquer thyself*, they replied; *is that a very difficult thing for a Patriarch who thoroughly understands how to pray? We ourselves overcome much, in order to believe that which we do not see.* Then it was no longer a time to deliberate; we must indeed conform to their manners and customs, so as to deserve their confidence and win them to Jesus Christ.

There meals are not regular, as in Europe; they live from day to day. While they have any good food they use it, without being troubled as to whether they will have any at all for following days.

They are devoted to tobacco; men, women, and girls, all smoke the greater part of the time. To give them a piece of tobacco pleases them more than to give them their weight in gold.

In the beginning of June, or when the snow is