

having asked for something to eat, when he was told there was nothing at all, the poor little fellow's eyes filled, and tears as big as peas rolled down his cheeks, and his sighs and sobs filled me with pity, although he tried to suppress them. One lesson they teach their children is to be brave in time of famine.

On the 28th of the same month, we broke camp for the third time. It was snowing hard; but, with necessity urging us on, the bad weather could not stop us. I was surprised, in this third halt, not to see them bring the invalid; but I did not dare ask what [257] had become of her, for they do not want any one to mention the dead. In the evening, I went to the Renegade, and asked him in French where this poor woman was,—if he had not killed her, seeing her about to die, as he had once before killed with blows from a club a poor girl who was on the point of death, which he himself had related to our French. “No,” said he, “I have not killed her.” “Who has then,” said I, “is it the young Hiroquois?” “No, no,” he answered, “for he went away very early this morning.” “It is then my host, or the Sorcerer her husband, for she was still able to talk when I left the cabin this morning.” He bowed his head, admitting tacitly that one of them had put her to death. But, since then, an old man has told me that she died a natural death a little while after I departed. I am unable to say which is correct; but, at all events, as she refused to recognize the Son of God as her Shepherd during her life, it is no more than probable that he refused to recognize her as one of his flock after death.

Up to the present I have observed three kinds of