

good road, hence I reconnoitred it very carefully. When I had advanced some distance, I met the Apostate, who was coming in search of us. He asked me where the little child was; and I replied that I had left it [269] near my cloak. "I have found your cloak," he said, "and have carried it to the new cabin; but I have not found the child." This was a great shock to me; to go in search of it would be to lose myself a second time. I prayed the Apostate to go, but he turned a deaf ear to my entreaties. I started directly for the cabin, to advise them of the matter, and finally reached it, sore all over and bruised from the hardships and length of the journey, which I had made without finding other hostelry than the frozen brooks. As soon as the Savages saw me, they asked where the little boy was, crying out that I had lost him. I told them the story, assuring them that I had left my cloak with him purposely, that I might go back and find him; but, as he had left that place, I did not know where to look for him, especially as I had no more strength left, having eaten nothing since early morning, and then only two or three mouthfuls of smoked meat. They comforted me with a little frozen water, which I melted in a very dirty kettle, and this was all the supper I had; for our hunters had not taken anything, so we had to fast that day. [270] As to the child, two women having heard me describe the place where I had left it, guessing where it had wandered, went in search of and found it. You must not be astonished if a Frenchman sometimes loses himself in these forests; for I have known some of our cleverest Savages to wander about in them more than a whole day.