

On the 20th of December, although the Savages do not usually take the road in bad weather, yet we had to break up during the storm, and move away quietly without any breakfast, for hunger drove us onward; the trouble is it followed us everywhere we went, for we found no game anywhere, or at least very little of it. At this station, which was the sixth, the Renegade came to tell me that the Savages were greatly terrified; and my host, addressing me seriously, asked if I did not know some remedy for their misfortune. "There is not," said he, "enough snow to kill Moose, Beavers, and Porcupines; we find almost no game; what shall we do? Dost thou not know what may happen to us? Dost thou not see within thyself what [271] ought to be done?" I wanted to tell him that our God was very good and very powerful, and we ought to have recourse to his mercy; but as I did not speak well, I begged the Apostate to be my interpreter, but this wretch is possessed of a mute devil, he never wants to talk.

On the 24th of December, the evening before the birth of our Savior, we broke up for the seventh time. We departed without eating, and journeyed for a long, long time, then worked at house-building; and for our supper Our Lord gave us a Porcupine as large as a sucking pig, and a hare. It was not much for our eighteen or twenty people, it is true; but the holy Virgin and her glorious Spouse, saint Joseph, were not so well treated on the same day in the stable at Bethle[h]em.

The next day, a day of rejoicing among Christians on account of the newborn child, was for us a day of fasting. I was given nothing at all to eat. Hun-