

ger, which makes the wolf come out of the woods, made me go farther in to seek [272] the little ends of the trees, which I ate with delight. Some women, having thrown to the dogs, either unintentionally or otherwise, some bits of hide from which they make the strings for their snowshoes, I gathered them up and made a good dinner of them; although the dogs themselves, when they have ever so little else to eat, will not touch them. I have often eaten, especially during that month, scrapings of bark, bits of leather, and similar things, and yet they have never made me ill.

In the evening of this same Christmas day I went to visit our neighbors. We were now only two cabins, as the Savage Ekhenneabamate had gone off in another direction five or six days before, because there had not been enough game for all of us. I found there two young hunters, in deep distress at not having captured anything that day, nor the one before. They were like all the others, wasted and thin, silent and very sad, like people who parted with life regretfully. It made my heart bleed to see them. After having said a few words of consolation, and cheered them with the [273] hope of better things, I withdrew into my cabin to pray to God. The Apostate asked me what day it was. "To-day is the Christmas festival," I answered him. He was slightly touched, and, turning toward the Sorcerer, said that on this day was born the Son of God, called JESUS, whom we adored. Observing that he showed some wonder, I told him that God was generally very bountiful on these days; and, if we had recourse to him, he would surely help us. To this there was not