

this same day with one of his young nephews, caught a Porcupine, and discovered the tracks of a Moose, which has since been killed with arrows, contrary to the expectations of all the people, for there was only a little snow. A young Hiroquois, of whom I shall speak hereafter, also killed a very fine Porcupine. In short, every one took something, except the Apostate, who returned empty-handed. In the evening, when my host returned to the cabin, carrying three Beavers, I extended to him my hand. He approached joyfully, recognizing the [281] help of God, and asked what he should do. I said to him, "*Nicanis*, my well-beloved, we must thank God who has helped us." "What for indeed?" said the Apostate, "we could not have failed to find that without the aid of God." At these words I cannot tell what emotions surged in my heart; but if this traitor had given me a sword-thrust, he could not have saddened me more; these words alone were needed that all might be lost. My host did not fail to tell me that he would do what I wished; and he might have fulfilled his duty, had not the Sorcerer interposed. For, as the Apostate had no authority among the Savages, I intended to await the banquet they would have, where all the Savages would be assembled; so that, having before their eyes the gifts our Lord had made them, they would be better disposed to recognize his assistance. But when I was about to speak to them, the Renegade, angry at being the only one who had not taken something, not only would not help me, but even imposed silence upon me, abruptly commanding me to keep still. "I will not do it," I said to him, "if you are [282] ungrateful, the others are not." The Sorcerer, seeing they were rather dis-