

Hurons last year, encountered him, and seeing him in [25] a pitiful state, asked him how much game he had killed since his blasphemy; the poor man was covered with confusion. The Father took pity on him, and said that he would write to me about this meeting; and that he trusted that, if he wished to ask God's forgiveness, and embrace his faith, he would be succored. Some time after I had received the Father's letter, we, Father Buteux and I, went to the new settlement of the three Rivers, to begin the Residence of the Conception. We found this blasphemer as naked as a worm, very sick, lying upon the ground, his only possession being a wretched piece of bark,—a cabin of Savages who were encamped there having refused him shelter. His brother had brought him to a place near the French settlement, and had left him there. [26] We asked him if he did not see that it was the vengeance of God, that he had not captured anything since his impious act. "I have not been able," said he, "to capture anything, for I have been sick all the time." "But dost thou not see that it is God who has punished thee by this sickness?" "Perhaps thou sayest the truth," he answered me. I tried to tell him that his brother had no pity on him, and he excused him very readily,—“What wouldst thou have him do; how will he drag me about in the forest where he is going to seek his living?” “But thy people, have they no pity on thee? Why dost thou not ask these Savages to take thee into their cabin, or else to give thee a small piece of bark, to make a little one for thyself?” He did not even dare ask them, they are so ashamed to beg from each other; but he told me in a low voice to ask them to do it; I did so immediately in