

did not know how to use with moderation. "Why dost thou not write to thy great King," said they, "to have him forbid them from bringing over these drinks that kill us?" And when they were answered that our Frenchmen needed them upon the sea, and in the intense cold of their country, "Arrange it, then, so that they alone drink them." An attempt will be made, as I hope, to keep this business under control; but these Barbarians are troublesome to the last degree. Another one, breaking into the conversation, took up the defense of wine and brandy. "No," said he, "it is not these drinks that take away our lives, but your writings; for since you have described our country, our rivers, our lands, and our woods, [200] we are all dying, which did not happen until you came here." We began to laugh upon hearing these new causes of their maladies. I told them that we described the whole world,—that we described our own country, that of the Hurons, of the Hiroquois, in short, the whole earth; and yet they did not die elsewhere as they did in their country. It must be, then, that their deaths arose from other causes. They agreed to this.

On the twenty-fifth of December, the day of the birth of our Savior upon earth, Monsieur de Champlain, our Governor, was reborn in Heaven; at least, we can say that his death was full of blessings. I am sure that God has shown him this favor in consideration of the benefits he has procured for New France, where we hope some day God will be loved and served by our French, and known and adored by our Savages. Truly he had led a life of great justice, equity, and perfect loyalty to his King and towards the Gentlemen of the Company. But at his death he