

Formerly these offices of *Arendiwane* were more valued than they are at present; they have them now at many of the feasts. Time was when it was necessary to fast thirty entire days, in a Cabin apart, [137] without any one approaching it except a servant, who, in order to be worthy of carrying wood there, prepared himself for it by fasting. The honors and emoluments are always great. These poor people, having nothing dearer than this life, knowing nothing of a better, will give their all for the recovery of their health, and to any one who pretends to help them. They sometimes close our mouths when we wish to undeceive them about this charlatanry, saying, "Do you cure us, then." If some wise and upright Physician would come here, he would perform noble cures for their souls, in relieving their bodies; and I am certain God would take pleasure in saying to him some day, as to Abraham, *Ego ero merces tua magna nimis*. The miracles of nature are great aids to those of grace, when it pleases the Author of both to employ them.

I pass by many other remarks on this subject, to relate a part of what has astounded this country for a whole month. A Savage named *Ihongwaha* dreamed one night that he could become *Arendiwane*,—that is, a master Sorcerer,—provided he could fast thirty days without eating. [138] On the morrow, when he awoke, he considered this accomplishment so honorable and so advantageous that he resolved to keep this fast very strictly. In the meantime, he was invited to a feast of *Aoutaeroihi*. There are few who can sing to the satisfaction of this Demon; this one is one of the Masters. He allowed himself, at last, to be so carried away, and ate so heartily and sang