

count of his illness, Loys Membertou, apparently in great trouble, came to see him, and said to him: "Listen, Father. Thou art going to die; I predict it. Write now to Biencourt and to thy brother, that thou hast died of disease, and that we did not kill thee." "I shall take care not to do that" (said Father Enemond), "for possibly after I had written this letter, thou wouldst kill me, and then thou wouldst take there thy innocent letter, saying thou hadst not killed me." Here the Savage, seeing what was meant (for he is not dull) and recovering his equanimity began to laugh. "Well then" (said he), "pray Jesus that thou mayest not die, so they will not accuse us of having [203] killed thee." "Indeed, I am doing so," said Father Enemond; "do not fear, I shall not die."

Towards the end of August of this year, 1612, sieur de Biencourt wished to go to the Bay of Mines, 21 or 22 leagues from Port Royal: he was certainly ill-prepared to go there, in a wretched boat, having food for only eight days, and lacking all other provisions. Father Biard, however, offered to accompany him, because the sieur promised to inquire about and seek news of Father Enemond, of whom we had heard nothing for two months, and who, we greatly feared, had fallen into some trouble or sickness.

Now although so badly provisioned, nevertheless we went not only to the Bay of Mines, but also to Chinictou; Champlain [204] calls this Bay, the Baye de Genes. At this Chinictou there are many large and beautiful meadows, extending farther than the eye can reach; many rivers discharge their waters into it, through some of which one can sail quite far up on the route to Gachepé.⁴⁵ The Savages of this place may number sixty or eighty souls, and they are not so