

fire in an instant, and burned three Savages so severely that you would have thought they had passed through a great [123] fire, so blackened and disfigured were they. They were taken at once into the cabins of the infidels. The charlatans or jugglers, as being the most expert physicians of the country, offered to charm away their hurts by cries, songs, and drums, more suited to kill than to cure a sick man. Two submitted to their superstitions. The third, named Barthelemy Chigounabik, would never consent to be blown upon, or that he should be deafened with their howls. They said that it was all over with him if these medicine-men did not treat him after their fashion. "It matters not," he replied; "the life of the soul is to be preferred to that of the body." The infidels besought him to have compassion on himself. They called the Jugglers; he repelled them, protesting that he would never have recourse to the demon. Those who professed to love him conjured him to consent to a trial of their old-time remedies, in order to escape death. "I shall die willingly," he replied; "and I cannot, without sin, obey your Jugglers. Speak to me no more of it. I am a Christian; I hold all these superstitions in abhorrence." In the end, this good Neophyte recovered, to the joy and gratification [124] of the Christians, while the other two died immediately after all the din of the drums, and the howls of the jugglers, which caused much astonishment and discomfiture among the infidels.

As soon as this brave Neophyte returned to Three rivers, he repaired to the chapel to thank God for having preserved him in so great a danger. His fervency in upholding the Faith made him respected;