

left behind at the foot of a portage; it changed hands seven or eight times; and, finally, it fell into those of that sorcerer whom I had censured at the entrance to the Lake of the Hurons, and who, after [40] removing the lock, took what he chose, and then left it all open to the rain and exposed to passers-by. God was pleased to confound the evil spirit and to make use of the greatest Juggler of these regions—a man with six wives, and of a dissolute life—for its preservation. This man put it into my hands when I had given it up as lost, assuring me that the theriac<sup>29</sup> and some other medicines, together with the Images that were in the chest, were so many Manitous or demons, who would make him die if he dared touch them. I learned, by subsequent experience, how serviceable these Writings in the languages of the country were to me in converting the people.”