

her. This heart of bronze melted neither at my prayers nor at my threats. I pray God that he may be merciful to him. My host, seeing me speaking earnestly to him, said, "*Nicanis*, do not get angry; in time thou wilt speak as we do, and thou wilt teach us what thou knowest, we will listen to thee more willingly than to this stubborn fellow who has no sense and in whom we have no faith." These were the eulogies he passed upon the Renegade. I replied to him that, if this woman were well, I would feel consoled; but that she was going to die in a few days, and her soul, not knowing God, would be lost; if his brother wished to lend me his tongue I would instruct her in a little while. His answer was that I should leave him alone, for I knew very well that he was [240] a blockhead. In conclusion, they pronounced the words which ended the feast, and we all withdrew; I very sad at seeing this soul lost in my presence, without being able to help it. For the Sorcerer having begun to lift the mask, and the Apostate to refuse me his consideration, all the hopes I had of helping this sick woman, and of teaching the others, commenced to vanish. I have often wished that a Saint were in my place, to act the Saint; small souls cry out a great deal, and do very little, but one must be content with one's own insignificance. Let us continue our voyage.

On the twelfth of November we at last began to go into the country, leaving our Shallops and Canoes, and some other baggage, in the Island with the long name, which we left at low tide, crossing the meadow which separated us from the mainland. Up to this time we had journeyed through a country where fish abound, always upon the water or on Islands.