

posed to listen to me, and believing that, if they gave me their attention, he himself would lose so much of his authority, said to me, arrogantly, "Hold thy tongue, thou hast no sense; this is no time to talk, but to eat." I tried to ask him if he had no eyes, if he did not plainly see the help of God, but he would not listen to me. The others, who were maintaining a profound silence, seeing that the Sorcerer was hostile to me, did not dare ask me to speak; so the one who prepared the banquet began to distribute it, and the others to eat. Then behold my pigs devouring the acorns, regardless of him who shook them down. They vied with each other in their happiness; they were filled with joy, and I with sadness; we must yield to the will of God, for the hour of this people is not yet come.

This happened on Monday. On the Wednesday following, my host and a young hunter killed with arrows the Moose whose tracks we had seen; they saw others afterwards, but, as [283] there was so little snow, they could never approach within arrow-shot of them. As soon as they had captured this game, they divided it up, bringing a large part of it to our cabins, and burying the rest under the snow. Now every one was happy, and a great banquet was made, to which I was invited. Seeing the big pieces of meat they gave to each one, I asked the Apostate if this was an eat-all feast. He answered, "yes;" and I said to him, "It is impossible for me to eat all they have given me." "Indeed you must," he answered, "you must eat it all; the others have to eat all theirs, and you must eat all yours." I made him understand that God forbids such excess, and I would not commit it even if my life depended upon it.