

which he tries to suppress as much as he can. As I was threatening him with these torments one day, "Perhaps," he replied, "we people here have no souls, or perhaps they are not made like yours, or it may be that they do not go to the same [287] place. Who has ever come back from that country to bring us news of it?" I answered him that one cannot see the Sky, without recognizing that there is a God; that one cannot conceive that there is a God, without conceiving that he is just, and that consequently he renders to each one according to his works, whence it follows that there are great rewards or great punishments. "That's all very well," said he, "for you others whom God helps; but he has no interest in us, for, whatever he may do, we still die of hunger unless we find game." Never will this besotted mind be able to conceive that God rules the great family of the world with more wisdom and more care than a King governs his Kingdom, and the father of a family his household. I would be too tedious if I reported all I said to him about his blasphemies and dreams.

On the fourth of January of this year one thousand six hundred and thirty-four, we started to make our [ninth] settlement since our departure from the banks of the great river, always seeking something upon which to live. In this place I reproached the Sorcerer with not being [288] a good Prophet, for he had assured me, the last two times when we had broken camp, that it would snow abundantly as soon as we had changed our dwelling place, which had proved to be untrue. I reported this to my host, in order to take away some of the belief that he has in this man, whom he adores. He answered that the