

cerer who had returned to us, we were so full of smoke that we could stand no more; besides, as the water of the great river was salty here, and as there was no spring in the Island, we could only drink snow or rainwater, and that very dirty. I did not make a long stay in this place. My host, seeing that I was not getting well, decided to take me back to our little house; the Sorcerer wished to dissuade him from this, but I broke up his conspiracies. I am omitting a thousand particulars in order to get to the end.

On the fifth of the month of April, my host, the Apostate, and I embarked in a little canoe to go to Kebec upon the great river, after having taken leave of all the Savages. Now, as it was still cold, we had not gone far when [311] we found that a little ice had formed during the night, which covered the surface of the water; seeing that it extended quite far, we entered it, the Apostate, who was in front, breaking it with his paddle. But either it was too sharp, or the bark of our gondola too thin; for it made an opening which let the water into our canoe and fear into our hearts. So behold us all three in action, my two Savages paddling, and I baling out the water. We drew with all the strength of our paddles to an Island which we very fortunately encountered. When we set foot upon shore, the Savages seized the canoe, drew it out of the water, turned it upside down; lighted their tinder, made a fire, sewed up the slit in the bark; applied to it their resin, a kind of gum that runs out of trees; placed the canoe again in the water, and we reëmbarked and continued our journey. In view of this danger, I told them that, if they expected to encounter much of this sharp ice, [312] it would be