

time in the cabin, namely, smoked meat, and nothing better, for they keep the best for their feasts. So a poor invalid is often obliged to eat among them what would horrify him even in good health if he were with our Frenchmen. A soul very thirsty for the Son of God, I mean for suffering, would find enough here to satisfy it.

It remains for me yet to speak of their conversation, in order to make it clearly understood what there is to suffer among these people. I had gone in company with my host and the Renegade, on condition that we should not pass the winter with the Sorcerer, whom I knew as a very wicked man. They had granted my conditions, but they were faithless, and kept not one of them, involving me in trouble with this pretended Magician, as I shall relate hereafter. Now this wretched man and the smoke were the two greatest trials [202] that I endured among these Barbarians. The cold, heat, annoyance of the dogs, sleeping in the open air and upon the bare ground; the position I had to assume in their cabins, rolling myself up in a ball or crouching down or sitting without a seat or a cushion; hunger, thirst, the poverty and filth of their smoked meats, sickness,—all these things were merely play to me in comparison to the smoke and the malice of the Sorcerer, with whom I have always been on a very bad footing, for the following reasons:—

First, because, when he invited me to winter with him, I refused; and he resented this greatly, because he saw that I cared more for my host, his younger brother, than I did for him.

Second, because I could not gratify his covetous-