

invited the Renegade to come again and pass the winter with us in our little house. He would very readily have agreed to this, had he not taken a wife from another nation than his own, and he could not send her away then. Therefore, seeing that he could not follow me, I threw out some hints about passing the winter with him; but during these negotiations, a furious tempest having one night swept down upon us, [211] Father de Noüe, two of our men, and myself, in our cabin, I was seized with a violent fever, which made me go back to our little home to recover my health.

The Apostate, seeing how I was inclined, discussed my plan with his brothers. There were three of them; one named Carigonan, and surnamed by the French the Married Man, because he made a great deal of the fact that he was married. He was the most famous sorcerer, or *manitousion*, (thus they call these jugglers) of all the country; it is he of whom I have spoken above. The other was called Mestigoït, a young man about thirty-five or forty years of age, a brave Hunter, and endowed with a good disposition. The third was called Sasousinat, who is the happiest of all, for he is now in Heaven, having died a good Christian, as I stated in the second Chapter. The sorcerer, having learned from the Renegade that I wished to pass the winter with the Savages, came to see me toward the end of my sickness, and invited me to share his cabin,—giving me as his reason that he loved good men, because he himself was good, and had [212] always been so from his early youth. He asked me if Jesus had not spoken to me about the disease which tormented him. “Come,” said he, “with me, and thou wilt make me