

and of the flour I had given to my host. This man gave me a hearty invitation to be one of the party. He had made a little apartment in our cabin with skins and blankets, and all the guests entered this place. They gave me my share in a little bark plate; but, as I was not altogether accustomed to eating their mixtures, so dirty and insipid, after having tasted it, I wanted to give the rest to one of the relations of my host; [235] but they immediately cried out, *Khita, Khita*, "Eat all, eat all," *acoumagouchan*, "It is an eat-all feast." I began to laugh, and told them they were playing a game of "burst themselves open," seeing they had already had two feasts, and were making a third at which nothing was to be left. My host, hearing me, said, "What art thou saying, *Nicanis*?" "I am saying that I cannot eat all." "Give it to me," he answered, "give me thy plate, I will help thee." Having presented it to him, he gulped down all it contained in two swallows, thrusting out a tongue as long as your hand to lick the bottom and sides, so that nothing might remain.

When they were full almost to bursting, the Sorcerer took his drum and invited everyone to sing. The best singer was the one who howled the loudest. At the end of this uproar, seeing that they were in a very good humor, I asked permission to talk. This being granted, I began to affirm the affection I had for them, "You see," I said, "what love I bear you; I have not only left my own country, which is beautiful and very pleasant, to come into your [236] snows and vast woods, but I have also left the little house we have in your lands, to follow you and learn your language. I cherish you more than my brothers, since I have left them for love of you; it is he