

anything but bread, I would be without moose-meat or fish.''

The good old man told us, with a great deal of feeling, how God is helping him since he has become a christian, saying that this spring it happened that he and his family were suffering much from hunger; then he remembered that he was a christian, and therefore prayed to God. After his prayer, he went to the river and found all the smelts he wanted. And while I am speaking of this old sagamore, the first fruit of this heathen nation, I will tell you also what happened this winter.

He was sick, and what is more, had been given up to die by the native *aoutmoins*, or sorcerers. Now it is the custom, when the Aoutmoins have pronounced the malady or wound to be mortal, for the sick man to cease eating from that time on, nor do they give him anything more. But, donning his beautiful robe, he begins chanting his own death-song; after this, if he lingers too long, a great many pails of water are thrown over him to hasten his death, and sometimes he is buried half alive. Now the children of Membertou, though christians, were prepared to exercise this noble and pious duty toward their father; already they had ceased giving him anything to eat and had taken away his [28] beautiful otter robe, and he had, like the swan, finished his *Nænie*, or funeral chant. One thing still troubled him, that he did not know how to die like a christian, and he had not taken farewell of Monsieur de Potrin-court. When M. de Potrin-court heard these things, he went to see him, remonstrated with him, and assured him that, in spite of all the Aoutmoins and Pilotois, he would live and recover his health if he would eat