

cept Brébeuf and one of their domestics; but, fortunately, all recover in due time. As soon as they are able, they find it necessary to nurse the sick among the Indians; and their simple remedies—prunes, raisins, and a little bag of senna, aided by a lancet for bleeding—“produce effects which dazzle the whole country.” This success largely aids their spiritual labors; yet many dying persons refuse to receive the faith,—some from indifference, others from prejudice. Many do not wish to go to the white men’s Paradise because their unbaptized relatives will not be there. A characteristic excuse, is this: “I have no desire to go to heaven; I have no acquaintances there, and the French who are there would not give me anything to eat.” A certain shrewd tribesman invents a dream, relating the circumstances of his daughter’s journey to heaven, in order to persuade the missionaries to give him a bead bracelet,—but the Fathers do not care to encourage such ingenuity. Several of their savage converts, however, cause the missionaries great consolation by exhibitions of docility and faith.

The contagious epidemic afflicting the Indians continues to increase, causing many deaths; and even the coming of winter fails to check it. The town of Ossossané is ravaged by the disease, and Brébeuf and his assistants journey thither several times during the winter, to give both material and spiritual aid to their wretched parishioners. They also go about among other neighboring villages, serving the sick and dying as best they may—occasionally rewarded by opportunities for administering baptism, and thus “enabling little souls to fly away to heaven.” Frequently their services are accepted by this ignorant