

confidence in us, hoping to derive much comfort from our companionship in his affliction, and that we would bring some relief to this little sick girl. We here saw some altogether remarkable evidences of natural love. For seven or eight days this poor old man and his wife underwent incredible hardships, night and day. This child had no other bed than the bosom of her grandfather; now he was compelled to sit down, now to lie down, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other,—changing his posture at every moment, for she was restless, and in convulsions which lasted nearly all night. Some little raisins, that we gave her from time to time, served more to satisfy the father than to relieve the child, who died a little while afterwards. This old man has remained very grateful to us, and has shown it since then on many occasions. We esteem as precious the slightest occasions that God presents to us to gain the affection of our Savages.

About this time another old man of our village was sorely troubled; people [105] talked of nothing else than of going to break his head. For a long time he had been suspected of being a Sorcerer and a poisoner, and quite recently one *Oaca* had testified that he believed this Savage was making him die; and some of them said they had seen him at night roaming around the Cabins, and casting flames from his mouth. Here was only too much to make a bad case for him. Indeed, a girl, seeing seven or eight of her relatives carried off in a few days, had actually had the boldness to go to his Cabin with the determination to accuse him of being the cause of their death; and as he was not there, she talked to his wife so freely, and with so much passion, that the son, happening