

nearly two months, gambling, and leading the usual life. When he reached the three Rivers, he hardly showed himself. It looks as if God had thenceforth abandoned this wretch. On his return, he had the good fortune to have one of our Fathers in his canoe,—a fine opportunity this should have been for him, to come and see us again afterwards, to be reconciled with us, and to resume his first resolutions. But, when he reached the Bissiriniens, he changed his canoe and embarked with the others, and went thus directly to Teanausteaiae his own village.² We did not [16] see anything of him, and the first news we heard of him was that he was sick, and almost at the same time we learned of his death. We were all the more grieved at this, as some persons told us that he had not died a natural death, but that the grief he felt for the loss of his son had so plunged him into despair that he himself had shortened his days. This is the way they say it occurred: One day, when he found himself alone in his cabin with one of his little daughters, he sent her to get a certain root that they call Ondachienroa, which is a quick poison.³ This child went for it very innocently, supposing that her father intended to make some medicine, as he had shown some slight indisposition. She brought him some, but not enough to suit him, and she returned for it the second time. He ate his fill of it; a high fever attacked him, and carried him off in a little while. But his relatives do not admit that he died in this way; at all events, he died miserably, since he rendered himself unworthy of the grace of Baptism. I wished to touch upon all these circumstances, because I know the interest that your Reverence, [17] and all our Fathers, and so many good peo-