

CHAP. III.

CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL, WHEREIN IS CHIEFLY
RELATED THE MALADY WITH WHICH OUR LITTLE
HOUSEHOLD HAS BEEN AFFLICTED; AND THE
FORTUNATE OUTCOME THEREOF.

BEFORE going any farther in that month of September, the season and the beauty of the grain which was then beginning to ripen, invite me to tell your Reverence that the prophecy of that Sorcerer turned out to be false; he had threatened the country with famine, and had predicted that a white frost would ruin all the harvests. The year, thank God, has been very favorable in every way. If the native grapes were as good as they are beautiful, they would have been useful to us; we gathered enough of them, nevertheless, to use in saying the Mass until Christmas. This will help fill the little [57] kegs that are sent us, which seldom arrive here without considerable leakage.

On the 10th, the Father Superior baptized in our village a very old woman. For a long time she had been wishing and earnestly requesting Baptism, often saying that she did not wish to die as had Ianontassa, her brother-in-law, (we wrote last year to your Reverence about the miserable death of this Savage). She died this winter, having very pious sentiments, and a strong hope of going to Heaven. On the preceding day,—having gone to visit one of her granddaughters whom Father Pijart had baptized some