

has given a death wound to the patient. To guess this he will have to dream; indeed he is in great need of sleep, for he has worked hard. Meanwhile he gains time to observe the crisis of the disease. [85] Having slept well and dreamed, he looks again at his patient and, according to the symptoms which he observes, he declares that he is either to live or to die. He is not so foolish as to say that he will live, if the symptoms are not encouraging. He will then say, for instance, that he will die in three days. Hear now in what a fine fashion he verifies his prophecies. In the first place the sick man, since he has been thus appointed to die, does not eat, and they no longer offer him anything. But if he does not die by the third day, they say that he has something of the Devil in him, I know not what, which does not permit him to die easily, so they rush to his aid. Where? To the water. What to do? To bring kettles full of it. Why? To pour the cold water over his navel, and thus extinguish all vital heat, if any [86] remain to him. He is indeed obliged to die the third day, since if he is not going to do it of himself, they kill him.

Father Enemond Massé once found himself in the midst of this kind of foolery, and demonstrated to them plainly the trickery and falsity of it. But it is impossible to tell to how great a degree custom and influence can prejudice, even in the presence of ocular proof. For all your arguments, and you can bring on a thousand of them if you wish, are annihilated by this single shaft which they always have at hand, *Aoti Chabaya*, (they say) "That is the Savage way of doing it. You can have your way and we will have ours; every one values his own wares."