

over the body, as I conjectured, for I could not see what he was doing, but I heard his breath drawn from the depths of his stomach. He beat the tambourine in the child's ears, during which there was great silence among the other Savages who were in the same cabin. His medicine having been given, he called me and told me I might then see the child, and that I should give him my opinion; as to him, he believed that the child had something or other black in his body, and it was that which made him sick. Behold the result of this great noise. I approach, I feel the pulse of the child, I discover a raging fever; and I tell him that he has a sickness [262 i.e., 162] which we call fever, that he must be left to rest, and not be killed by this great noise which makes him worse; that recently I had an attack of fever, and that rest had cured me. The sorcerer replied: "That is very good for you people; but, for us, it is thus that we cure our sick." Alas! how ignorant are they who do not know God, indeed even in natural things! To end this story, we returned by water as we came, without baptizing the child, believing that the disease was not mortal; the fever, although very high, being intermittent.

After a few days I returned to see him, his parents having made known to us that they would be very glad if we should come. Again I met a sorcerer who was blowing upon the body, but [263 i.e., 163] this one did not understand his trade so well as the other; he was also younger, and allowed me to see his beautiful mysteries. He beat his tambourine in the ears of this poor little child, who was almost choking with tears. He blew upon his head, with a whistling sound made between his teeth; he turned his tam-