

else may be judged. "She yielded," he says, "only at the last moment; and I won her solely by patience, by gentleness, and by constancy in hoping to obtain from her what all the repulses that I experienced had almost made me, several times, despair of ever obtaining. She was quite willing that I should visit her, after I had given her some medicine. She allowed me to speak of all things except the principal one, which was the salvation of her soul. As soon as I opened my mouth to say a few words about it, she would fly into fits of anger which were astonishing, and which I had never observed in any Savage. At the same time, I was compelled to withdraw to avoid irritating her still further, lest I should produce in her a hardness of heart beyond remedy. As her illness was only a prostration caused by the worms that gradually ate her away, two months passed without my discontinuing my daily visits to her, and without her ceasing to repel me in the same manner—and, finally with such increased paroxysms of anger that I was at last compelled to present myself before her without saying a word. I endeavored, however, to express by my eyes, and a countenance full of compassion, what I no longer dared to say with my lips. And one day, when I noticed that she seemed outwardly touched by some slight services that I rendered her,—by making a fire for her, when I saw her so abandoned because no one took any care of her,—I thought that she would suffer me to speak to her of my sole desire on her behalf, which she had always repelled with horror. In fact, she allowed me to approach her, and listened to me for some time without becoming angry as usual,—