

scrofulous ulcers, and who could barely drag himself about—died after making a good confession, and I have reason to hope that God has had pity on him. Disease broke out in this village in the month of August,—that is, after they began to eat new corn, squashes, watermelons, and other half-ripe fruit. Many children and young people were sick, and I had not as free access to all of them as I would have wished. Some are so prejudiced by the jugglers that, through fear that I may give them medicine, they say that they are quite well and disapprove of my frequent visits. They cry out against me as if I were the cause of the disease, and of the mortality—although, in fact, but few people die. Some children would have died without baptism had I waited for their parents' consent. Strategy must be employed in such cases. The little children who die are grateful to me when they are before God. Some jugglers openly oppose me, and do all they can to cast discredit upon our religion. Those who are more wary show me some politeness, to save appearances, while in an underhand way they do everything in their power to prevent the savages from being instructed. On my part, I also endeavor to maintain and cultivate the spirit of the faith in the adults who have embraced it. The young women here greatly contribute to bring prayer into favor, through the instructions and lectures that I hold for them. There are many who confess frequently and very well; and two young girls from 13 to 14 years of age began by making a general confession of their whole lives—so thoroughly that, in order to forget nothing, they made use of little pieces of wood as we use counters; and, as they mentioned everything of which they accused themselves, or which