

not their threats that make you consent to the marriage." She came to the latter decision. As the urgent solicitations continued, she said to her mother: "I pity my father. I feel no resentment against him for his treatment of me, and I fear not his threats. But I think that I shall grant his request, because I believe that you and he will grant me what I ask." Finally, she told her father that she consented to the marriage; the father, the mother, and the Frenchman came to me while she was in the chapel to ascertain whether what her father said was true. She replied aloud: "I hate him," pointing to the Frenchman, "because he always speaks ill of my father, the black gown; and he lies when he says that it is he who prevents me from marrying." Then in a low tone she said to me: "It is not fear of my father that compels me to consent to the marriage. You know why I consent." The Frenchman, and the father withdrew, well satisfied to make the preparations for the marriage. But, before concluding it entirely, I wished the father to gather all the chiefs of the villages in his cabin, and retract all that he had said, because it was all untrue; to express his regret for having forbidden them to pray to God; and to tender some satisfaction, at which I wished to be present.

He consented to all this, and did so, in the most submissive and humiliated manner that can be imagined. He begged me several times to forgive him his drunkenness,—that is, his obstinacy,—addressing me at every moment, and eulogizing prayer. "I never intended to abandon it," he said to those who were present, "even when I told you to stop for a few days those who were going to pray;