

he had held concealed in his mouth. "Dear friend," he exclaims, "thou wilt live, this is what was killing thee;" after which he says, applauding himself: "Who can resist my *Manitou*? is it not he who is the master of life?" If the sick man happen to die, he immediately has all ready a trick for laying this death to another cause, which occurred after he had left the patient. But, on the contrary, if the sick man recover his health, then it is that the charlatan is esteemed; that he himself is looked upon as a *Manitou*; and that, after having been well paid for his trouble, they also bring to him all that is best in the Village, in order to regale him.

The authority that charlatans of this sort assume is a great obstacle to the conversion of the Savages: to embrace Christianity is to be exposed to their insults and their violence. It is only a month since a Christian girl had experience of this: holding her rosary in her hand, she was passing before the cabin of one of these impostors; this person—imagining that the sight of a similar rosary had caused the death of his father—fell into a rage, took his gun, and was on the point of firing on this poor Neophyte, when he was held back by some Savages who happened to be present.

I do not tell you how many times I have received like insults at their hands, or how many times I would have expired under their blows but for the special protection of God, who has preserved me from their fury. Once, especially, one of them would have cleft my head with a blow from a hatchet, had I not turned away at the very moment when his arm was raised to strike me. Thank God, our Village is freed from all these impostors. The