

worse,—they could not doubt that his health was reëstablished. I yielded to this reasoning; but, a few days afterward, I felt genuine regret for not having followed my first plan. A young slave came, about two o'clock in the afternoon, to apprise us of his death, and beg us to go to perform the funeral rites. I set out forthwith. I had already gone six leagues when night overtook me; a heavy rain which had fallen did not permit my taking a few hours' rest. Therefore I walked until daybreak, when, the weather having cleared a little, I lighted a fire to dry myself, and then continued my way. I arrived at the village toward evening, God having given me strength to make these fifteen leagues in a day and a night. The next day at dawn I said mass for the deceased, and buried him.

The death of Monsieur Bergier was somewhat sudden, according to what was told me by the Frenchman who was with him; he felt it coming all at once, and said that it would be useless to send for me, since he would be dead before my arrival. He merely took in his hands the crucifix, which he kissed lovingly, and expired. He was a Missionary of true merit and of a very austere life. At the beginning of his Mission, he had to bear rude attacks from the Charlatans,—who, availing themselves of his slight knowledge of the Savage language, every day took away from him some Christians; but eventually, he learned how to make himself, in his turn, feared by those impostors. His death was for them a cause of triumph. They gathered around the cross that he had erected, and there they invoked their *Manitou*,—each one dancing, and attributing to himself the glory of having