

exhortation. After that, they went to the french house for refreshments, and thence to make their cabins, or rather—to prepare Your Reverence for what is to follow—their death-beds.

All, with the exception of a young child attacked by scrofula, were in wonderful health. This led me to expect that I should see them assiduously attend the various exercises of the mission, which I was preparing for them; but I soon saw that the desire that I had had to hasten my return was nothing less than the result of humor for, hardly had the chief—who, according to the custom of the nation, was the first to cut and set up the poles of his cabin—finished his work with the others, than he found himself ill. At first he merely laughed at it, and accused himself of being lazy. Seeing that he was sick, I urged him to allow a little blood to be taken from him, for I feared pleurisy. Their manner of bleeding is cruel. They select the largest blood vessel that lies on the hand; they pierce the flesh with an awl beneath the vein, which they afterward raise. They make the puncture—or, rather, the incision—with a knife that is often blunt; it seldom happens that much blood flows and mutilations are always caused, which have crippled many. The chief allowed me to bleed him, but in the french fashion, on the following day only, and not until he had assisted at mass. Being already advanced in years, he had formerly seen the Montagnais missionaries; and had, I can assert, retained, with a horror for superstitions of all kinds, a certain ground-work of religion which had always led him to continue the practice of praying night and morning with his family, as well as he knew how. The sickness increased, but did not prostrate him. He even then had the courage to hotly pursue and