

he said to the missionary, "how happy I am to die thus! Say some masses for me after I am dead, and that is all I need, for I owe nothing to any one." Then during the recommendation of the soul, looking confidently at the crucifix, and pronouncing aloud the holy names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, he died, as I consider, the death of the predestined. Fully realizing that the nascent faith would lose by the death of *Maratchikatik*,—which means *méchant front* ["evil countenance"]; thus was the chief miscalled,—I did nothing but water the ritual with my tears during the obsequies. Indeed, in the bitterness of our hearts we absolutely could sing neither in latin nor in the savage tongue; for all the french themselves wept at the very sight of the mausoleum that had been erected for him. The altar was draped in black; many tapers were lighted; on a handsome pall the sword and gun of the deceased were laid crosswise,—the coat that he had worn as chief, crowning the whole. These rites produced an impression on the minds of those who believed that the man was utterly dead.

I imagined that God would be content with this victim, but 24 others were also needed. To spare you, My Reverend Father, the tediousness of protracted details,—which, however edifying they might be without figures, would be wearying to myself also,—I shall have the honor of telling you in a few words that for 3 weeks the missionary had barely a single day or night to look about him; he was nearly always vested with his surplice, having the crucifix and the holy oils in his hands, his breviary under his arm,—and, moreover, finding no difficulty in getting the usual acts recited in the montagnais language. The french, being without