

relief, thought only of their own fright. Spending a portion of the day in the confessional, hardly ever omitting the catechism at noon, or the evening prayer for the consolation of the survivors, the father's life was in truth animated by the timorous fervor of his neophytes. Every day had its funeral and saw many dying persons almost despaired of; so that, while tolling the knell of one in the morning,—for I had to act as beadle, as well as man of all trades,—I would be summoned to attend either some one about to expire, or another who desired to be helped to pray. The most frightful trouble was to see, among the sick, adults who had not yet been baptized. Among these, a certain man from Nekou-bau—one of those hardened people, and of the race of the fugitive cain—caused me most perplexity. An attack of pleurisy, complicated with indigestion, reduced him to the last extremity. I hastened to instruct him in the principal mysteries, when, concealing his indigestion from me, he urged me to bleed him. I did so, and thought that he would expire during the operation. A cold sweat pouring from his forehead seemed to me one of the last symptoms. Not knowing what to do, I went for a dose of theriac to revive him that I might afterward baptize him. The whole of his family went out of the cabin, and I saw that they were going to treat him by jugglery. When forbidden to do so, they obeyed; they reëntered, and were themselves witnesses of the prompt effect of the medicine, which enabled the sick man to get up the very next day. Early the following morning, I entered his cabin while they were still asleep. The chief of the band rose, in a state of almost complete nudity, and called