

Gospel laborer must, if I may venture so to express myself, tempt God for God's sake,—daring much, undertaking everything, being not too distrustful of his own strength, and dreading nothing so much as pusillanimity in the Lord's work.

To conclude this funereal narration, the savages attributed this species of contagion to the goods; and, although we tried to undeceive them, there is nevertheless some probability that they were slightly contaminated by the plague of Marseilles.⁶ For, merely on opening the bales, the clerk and some of his servants were quickly attacked by fever; and there were hardly any savages ill, except those who came to buy the clothes. Moreover, some were so furious that they had to be tied. A woman in her delirium struck me a blow that made me "see a hundred candles," as the saying is. Then, according to the custom of the savages, they were tied on their beds, with their feet and hands bound to 4 stakes driven into the ground. As I had only a few emetics, and could not attend to all, I gave a portion of them to some persons who are still living. The fear of death, alone, evidently killed one, in especial. He was a robust and strong man, about 50 years of age. The fever attacked him only an hour before his death. Only one man and one woman fled from their true happiness, by withdrawing, in spite of my entreaties, into the woods, where they died without any assistance. The other Idolaters, through a ridiculous superstition, fired their guns backward while retiring, as if to intimidate or arrest death, and prevent it from pursuing them. Such is certainly their idea.

Being no longer busy with these people, it was