

to read, for Fatmè had profited so well by my instructions that she could make out a chapter without much difficulty, to her great and endless comfort, I hope. I bade this dear friend farewell with sorrow, because I knew that on earth, at least, I should 'behold her face no more.'

"During my long pilgrimage in this world, often have I thought of her, trusting that, though surrounded by misbelievers, her life has been cheered, and her death-bed, perhaps, soothed by the hopes and faith of a Christian.

"That evening I departed with the holy Fathers who obtained my freedom, and that of the faithful Monti and his renegade companion, for nine hundred pieces of eight. When we arrived at Bujeya, we sought out the house of Mahomet, the merchant, and had the happiness of redeeming the good steward and poor Fanchette.

"Like the children of Israel returning from their captivity, 'we were like those that dream,'—so unexpected—so marvellous—was our deliverance. The joy of my second father was greater on my account than his own; with a loud voice he returned thanks to that Almighty Being who had wrought so mightily in our behalf, especially for my preservation.

"From Bujeya, after having been hospitably