

September 28. 4 p.m. Just at the very moment when I am settling down to write, the men are calling out: "Pasitak! Pasitak! (on board! on board!) As a matter of fact, the wind seems to be going down and to be giving us our freedom. To work, then, with the baggage, and then into the canoe as quickly as possible. Goodbye dear little island! Thanks for your kindly hospitality. Where should we have been but for you?

September 29. We succeeded, yesterday, in crossing the famous Cedar Lake, but it was late when we got to the other side, though we paddled with a will. This lake, discovered by the French, was originally called Lake Bourton. Later, however, the English gave it the name of Cedar Lake, by which it is now generally known. It is most appropriate, since, throughout the whole West, it is only on the islands of this lake that the true cedar is to be found. We are now travelling on the Saskatchewan river. The current is very strong, and the paddle has to be made good use of. Father Turquetil and I have, therefore, to use one-turn about. It is very hot today, and the sun burns our faces.

October 1. Feast of the Holy Rosary.

### LE PAS.

Deo Gratias! Here we are, at home once more, after more than four months absence. I arrived this afternoon at two o'clock. Having left in the beautiful month of May, I have returned on the first day of the month of the Holy Rosary. My journey could not have been otherwise than fruitful and prosperous, since it was made under the protection of our good Mother in heaven. It has certainly been a great consolation to me. I shall soon have forgotten the fatigues, the sufferings, and the worries, and have only the comfortable conviction of duty done, of good accomplished, with the hope of a reward in another life.

During this journey, I have travelled about 300 miles by railway; 80 miles in a heavy waggon, without springs.