

ERRATA

PAGE 37—(*The three last lines must be changed to read:*)

There is another canoe coming after us, and making signs for us to stop. What is it? We must have forgotten something, and they are bringing it to us.

PAGE 38—(*The 7 first lines must be changed to read:*)

Who would have believed it? It turns out to be a Montagnais family which, having come too late to greet me on leaving, has followed us for three long miles, against a strong wind, in order to touch my hand. There are not many whites who would have done as much. They go back happy, and the good old man fires his gun, in token of farewell.

PAGE 42—(*The paragraph beginning with these words: July 17, should be changed to read:*)

JULY 11. (*Still in the tent.*) I am still at the same place. I have said Mass in the sick man's hut; dimensions: ten feet by ten; a low dirty tent, as black as a stove. There were fourteen of us there; two being stretched on their bed, or rather a wretched pallet. It is easy to fancy how much room I had for saying Mass. However, I succeeded, and I gave seven Confirmations as well. The good old sick man shed warm tears at the moment of communion and of confirmation. His soul was filled with joy, while his body was suffering. His poor old wife was beside him, suffering also, and unable to walk. It was touching to see them. After the ceremony, I was getting ready to start, when one of my men came and told me he would go no farther, he had work at home and must go back.