

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I expected to hear from you on the fifteenth, or, at latest, the eighteenth of this month. It is now the twenty-fifth, and I hear nothing of you. Your sentiments in my regard do not allow me to suppose that this delay is caused by any coolness or indifference; I prefer to think that business beyond your control has prevented you, and to show you that I do not make your silence a crime, I for the third time take the advance of you.

I closed my last letter by saying that we had reached the beginning of February, sustained by the hope of soon seeing the term of our misery, but that God had otherwise disposed, and, my dear brother, this I wish to explain to you to-day.

On the sixteenth, the *Sieur de Frenouse*, our captain, died after receiving Extreme Unction; some hours after, Jerome, the boatswain, confessed and departed this life with admirable resignation. Towards evening, a young man named Girard paid the same tribute to nature; he had for some days prepared to appear before God. A disease of the legs which had come on from warming himself too near, had induced him to put his conscience in order; in this I aided him. He made a general confession, and the contrition which he seemed to have for his sins, made me think he deserved pardon. Our master gunner fell the next night into a debility from which he never recovered; and finally Robert, another boatswain, was attacked by the sickness which had carried off the others; I prepared him to make an