

then on his second expedition to Hudson Bay—had met with an accident and was confined to his tent twenty-five miles to the north.

The next morning after Mass this heroic priest, accompanied by two French-Canadian hunters and a Montagnais convert, started to the help of his brother. The Indian on snow-shoes broke the way, the priest and his companions following. When they had penetrated the dark woods, tangled underbrush, windfalls and branches heavy with snow crossed their path and rendered fast travelling impossible.

In the afternoon as they reached a frozen lake they ran into a blinding storm of snow. The winds, cold and bitter, seemed as if they would blow for ever, and, in their anxiety to make time, they did not see the dodging, hurrying wolves which stole from tree to tree to gaze upon them. They pushed on for some miles, when, utterly exhausted, De Crèpieul called a halt. The priest, believing that they would all die, had the men fall upon their knees and join him in prayer. Then the Montagnais returned to the land and brought back branches of balsam fir, on which they rested, and fell into a sleep which would have been their last on earth if two voyageurs sent out by Father Albanel had not come upon and roused them. "Then," writes De Crè-