

d in the morning. This  
nd myself, to think it bet-  
abin; it was smaller, and  
t of the sailors; the snow  
no sign of another snow-  
weakness, we undertook to  
the snow and ice which  
v fir branches for beds, we  
great fire inside and out-  
it thoroughly. After this  
gued us, we went for our  
Sieurs de Senneville, and  
legs and arms were frozen.  
Foucault, less afflicted than  
awl along without help; we  
which we had prepared, and  
eath.

me insensible, and died two  
was of a hardy constitution,  
violent agony; his struggles  
ble, nor have I ever seen a  
deavored to do my duty on  
hope, from the divine good-  
been useless for the salvation

ar the end; we had no more  
pounds of peas; we had not  
nor as much pork; and our  
best three pounds. It was  
eans of living; accordingly,  
our mate, was unable, went at  
; the weather was pretty fair,

we walked knee-deep in water for two hours, and at  
last found on a sand-bank, a kind of oyster, with single  
shell; we brought along all we could; they were good,  
and whenever the weather and the tide permitted, we  
went and laid in a stock; but they cost us pretty dear,  
for, on reaching the cabin, our hands and feet were both  
swollen, and almost frozen. I did not dissemble from  
myself the danger I ran in renewing too often this kind  
of fishery; I saw the consequence, but what was to be  
done? We must live, or rather put off, for a few days,  
the moment of our death.

Our sick companions grew worse daily; gangrene set  
in their legs, and no one could dress them; I under-  
took this charge; it was incumbent on me to give an  
example of that charity which is the base of our holy  
religion, yet, for some moments, I wavered between the  
merit of fulfilling my obligations, and the danger of  
discharging them; God gave me grace to triumph over  
my repugnance; duty prevailed, and although the time  
of dressing my comrades' sores was the most cruel in  
the day, I never relaxed the care I owed them. I will  
inform you, in my seventh letter, of the nature of these  
sores, and you may judge how well founded was the  
repugnance I first felt to dressing them, or rather you  
will see how excusable it was as a first impression. I  
was well rewarded for my pain; the gratitude of the  
sufferers is inconceivable. "What!" said one, "you  
expose yourself to death to save ourselves? Leave us to  
our pain; your care may soothe it, but will never dis-  
miss it." "Leave us," said another, "and do not  
deprive those who are not to die, of the consolation of  
having you with them; only help us to put our con-