

back to the cabin, and I told all that they had seen; I told the others. Every heart; I seized that Providence over those who were, and exhorted all to receive favor which he had just shown us. We were now on the brink of the abyss, and we were to be delivered by his hand. The mood was lively. A few were hopelessly lost, and we were asking for any assistance, we were on the island, and that we could aid us, when they raised their canoes. The courage of those who had been full of the confidence they hoped to find our deceivers, for, after going they perceived it off shore, brought with them a trunk thrown overboard, during the storm. The weather was very cold, our boat in a place of safety; which lay around making it impossible for us to draw would not have succeeded even then many would have attempted. This obstacle to all appearance the owner of the larger craft with which they

had crossed, and we hoped to profit by it. We accordingly returned to our cabin; scarcely had we taken fifty steps when the cold seized Foucault so as to prevent him from walking; we were obliged to carry him, and when we got him to the cabin, he gave up his soul to God.

On the twenty-third, our master carpenter sank under the hardships; he had time to confess and died a sincere Christian. Although many of us had our legs swollen, we lost no one from the twenty-third of January, till the sixteenth of February; the expectation of the close of March supported us, and we already thought we saw those from whom we hoped for rescue, arriving; but God did ordain that all should profit by the relief which he sent us, the designs of his Providence are inscrutable, and, contrary as their effects may be to us, we cannot without blasphemy, accuse them of injustice; what we call evil is often, in the designs of our Creator, a benefit; and, whether he rewards or punishes us, whether he tries us by misfortune or prosperity, we always owe him thanksgiving.

Farewell, my dear brother, I expect to hear from you; my letter is long enough; I wish to let you sympathize with me for a time; this is a right which I believe I may require from your affection.

I am, and ever shall be, my dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 28, 1742.