

back to the cabin, and I told all that they had seen ; told the others. Every heart ; I seized that providence over those who t, and exhorted all to re-favor which he had just is to the brink of the is to his deliverer. You ude was lively. A few ves hopelessly lost, and, ving any assistance, we s on the island, and that, y could aid us, when they ise their canoes. courage of those who had ay full of the confidence they hoped to find our deceived, for, after going ey perceived it off shore, ough with them a trunk hrown overboard, during ken. e weather was very cold, r boat in a place of safety ; which lay around making s impossible for us to draw ould not have succeeded l even then many would e attempt. This obstacle to all appearance the own-arger 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.