

of prolonging life. On we started at daybreak, by which we made considerable progress. At six o'clock, we ate our two meals. The sky clouded over and the wind freshened, but we had to seek a harbor, but were therefore obliged to stand by to save ourselves. The wind increased with hail, soon closed the sky, and with so much vehemence that we could not govern it, and our boat had no chance of being able to stand against it, and we were obliged to yield to the circum-

stances. At last we were driven into a bay, where it was so narrow that our anchor could not hold against every moment, and our boat was dashed against the shoals, we thought that we

were lost, by throwing overboard our anchor, we put off the fatal moment. When we were surrounded by the rocks, it doubled our fear, as the cakes of ice came about and broke against us; they drove us, but I shall not say that the various tossings we underwent were beyond all expression. The horror of our condition; every moment seemed our death. I exhorted all to be patient, and, at the same time, to put our trust in God and render God an account

of a life which he had granted us only to serve him, and I reminded them that he was the Master to take it from us when he pleased.

Day came at last, and we endeavored amid the rocks to make the bottom of the bay, where we were a little more tranquil; every one regarded himself as having escaped the gates of the grave, and rendered thanks to the almighty hand which had preserved us amid such imminent danger.

With all our efforts we could not make land, the water being too shallow. We had to cast anchor, and, to get ashore, we had to go waist-deep in some parts, knee-deep in all. We had with us the kettle and flour to make paste. After taking some nourishment, our next thought was to dry our clothes, so as to start next day. In a few days I will give you the sequel of our disaster, and shall not await your answer.

I am, with all possible friendship, dear Brother, your very affectionate brother.

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 28, 1742.

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#### LETTER V.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—It is not a week since I wrote you my fourth letter, and I do not forget that at the close I promised to send you the fifth without delay. I now keep my word, and continue my narrative.

The cold increased so much during the night that the whole bay was frozen over, and our boat hemmed