

happy discovery they had made of the fresh track of an Indian who had passed that morning to go to the hunt. They both came back to me to assure me that all our troubles would soon be finished by our happy arrival at the fort of the river Sainte Croix, which they hoped they would reach very soon. I was not insensible, any more than the others, to the joy of this happy event, but, indeed, as there is no pleasure so pure in the world that there is not present some mixture of grief and anxiety, the satisfaction we should have received was affected by the uncertainty whether we should follow or retrace the newly discovered tracks; for we were exposed to the doubt whether this Indian had gone hunting only, or had commenced one of these considerable voyages over a long extent of country, which they often make during the winter to visit their friends. Uncertain of the route we should follow, we resolved at all costs to cross these tracks and to continue our former route in the hope that God would be our guide and have pity on us. He heard our vows and our prayers; our Lord, satisfied with our fatigues and troubles, willed to console us in a manner which makes us admire the wonderful ways of the divine Providence.

It is a custom usually observed among our Indians not to return to camp at evening, or at least very rarely, by the same route by which they left it in the morning to go a-hunting. They take different routes in order to scour the country and to discover more ground for traces of moose and beaver. God allowed, however, this Indian whose tracks he had seen, to return upon his tracks up to the place where we had crossed his way. He was surprised, but guessing from our manner of marching that those who passed were extremely wearied, he resolved to follow us, and came after us to help us as much as he could. A certain dull noise, caused by the agitation of the snowshoes and the movement of the branches across which he had to march, compelled me to turn my head to see whence it proceeded. You can judge of my joy at seeing this charitable Indian coming towards me, by what you would yourself feel in such an encounter; mine was so great that I redoubled my pace, all fatigued as I was, to tell it to those who preceded me.

The Indian, named Ejougouloumoët, undertook to guide them to Denys' Fort. They camped that night in the woods with but three partridges to eat. The day after they killed a porcupine and had a grand feast, and that night reached the Indian's cabin on the bank of a river. The next day, after a hard march, rendered easier by the devoted labor of the Sieur de Barbaucannes, they arrived, with the snow falling in abundance, at the Fort and Habitation of Monsieur de Fronsac, who did everything in his power to make them forget their past troubles.