

chance that we managed to get away, and by the power of glorious St. Joseph in whose honor God inspired me in my despair to offer twenty Masses." While on his way westward with Fathers Daniel and Davost, he wrote to Le Jeune, "We are going by short stages, and we are quite well. We paddle all day because our savages are sick. What ought we not to do for God and for souls redeemed by the Blood of His Son?... Your Reverence will excuse this writing, order and all; we start so early in the morning, lie down so late and paddle so continually, that we hardly have time for our prayers. Indeed I have been obliged to finish this letter by the light of the fire."

The missionaries travelled in separate canoes, and had been gone a few days when news reached Quebec—news which could not be verified—that Brébeuf was suffering greatly and that Daniel had died of starvation. Le Jeune exclaimed when he heard it, "If Father de Brébeuf should die, the little we know of the Huron tongue will be lost, and then we shall have to begin over again, thus retarding the fruits that we wish to gather on this mission." Happily the news turned out to be false, and on the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5, 1634, after thirty days' travel, Brébeuf landed alone on the beach where he had first set foot on Huron territory eight years before. Confiding in the help of the Guardian Angels of the country, he trudged on alone over a trail overgrown and deserted, and finally he was able to contemplate, with tenderness and emotion, the spot where he