

of Indian moccasins, with a fragment of old skin ; and that if the worst happened we could broil or boil them to eat them together. Judge from this whether we were not truly deserving of compassion.

The night passed with new difficulties. A wind from the northwest, cold to an extraordinarily touching and penetrating degree, well nigh froze us, because we had not been able to find wood enough to keep us warm during the night ; so that in order not to die of cold in our camp we left it before daylight, with trouble one cannot imagine. I came near falling into a deep pit which was covered with snow, from which they had much difficulty in drawing me out ; I can positively state that it had been all up with me, if by singular good luck I had not struck against a large tree which was across the pit, on which I remained awaiting the aid which they gave me to escape from this horrible danger, where I saw myself exposed upon the brink of death.

Scarcely was I a gun-shot from this precipice, when, wishing to cross a little river, one of my snowshoes broke and I fell into the water up to my waist ; this compelled Monsieur Henaut and the Indian to seek promptly a place to camp, [and] to make a fire to warm me, because the cold commenced to seize me through my whole body ; it was in this camp that the little amount of flour which we had hitherto husbanded very carefully, was finished as well as the bread ; hunger drove us in the early morning to seek what Providence would give us.

I comprehended from that time perfectly well our evident danger of dying of hunger, weakness and misery in the woods if the Lord did not give us soon the means to escape from them ; as I felt the strength commencing to leave me, and that soon I could do no more, I renewed the first intentions with which I began this sad voyage, and I offered once more from my heart to our Lord the troubles and fatigues which I endured for his glory and for the recompense of my sins. The thought alone of a Jesus Christ dying upon the cross, abandoned by all the world, giving us an admirable example of the sacrifice of our lives which we ought to make for the salvation of our souls, joined to the thoughts I had upon the death of Saint Francis Xavier dying in his little cabin destitute of all human succour, filled me with joy and consolation in the midst of my troubles ; and it is true that I was then persuaded, better than ever, that God has a treasure of favours and benedictions which he reserves especially for the missionaries who trust and abandon themselves entirely to the loving care of his Providence among the most frightful dangers and perils of their missions and of their apostolic labors.

We had marched the whole day and advanced but little, as well from my extreme feebleness as from the difficulties of the road, and whilst I was entirely occupied by these agreeable and holy reflections, Monsieur Henaut, and the Indian, who were in advance, gave a cry of joy and of cheer for the