

Father de Noue, therefore, resolved to follow La Nasse, this was the savage's name, and he did so all the more willingly that he hoped to find there two orphans in whose fate he took an interest. But, as the Father was too weak to perform the whole journey in one stage, he had to stop on the way and to sleep in the open air. Each takes off his snow-shoes and uses them as shovels to remove the snow. When the place is cleared a fire is made and they prepare to take their evening meal. But the fare is frugal in this presbytery made of snow and roofed with the sky. A piece of smoked eel washed down with a cup of melted snow constitutes the whole meal. Can one be content with less? Nevertheless Father de Noue bears everything with joy and resignation, and even thanks God for it in a fervent prayer. Kneeling on the snow with clasped hands, head bare, and eyes raised to Heaven, he blesses the divine Redeemer for having brought him to this desert shore to sow the seed of Christian charity. God alone knows what passed in the heart of that apostle who was destined to die thirteen years later, a martyr to his self devotion under similar circumstances. (1)

Cordial hospitality has always been a tradition on the *côte de Beauport*. Therefore Father de Noue's arrival at La Nasse's cabin caused great joy to the whole family, who at once set to work to give him a hearty welcome. « One put water or rather « snow in the kettle ; another placed it on the fire ; the other « threw into it large pieces of Elk meat without washing them « for fear of losing the fat. When half cooked they were with- « drawn and fresh pieces put in. One of La Nasse's sons in-law « who had just returned from hunting brought two beavers. He

other, forming an extensive plain easy of access. Owing to the great number of streams and small rivers that intersect it in every direction, this territory was then the favorite resort of fur bearing animals of all kinds ; beaver, deer and moose were especially abundant. Consequently, our savage was very successful in his hunting. Moreover the name of the river itself may be due to the fact that the savage had a pack of dogs to which, however, he was careful not to give the bones of the beaver because, he said : « If the dogs were to eat them, the hunting would not be good. »

(1) Father Anne de Noue died from cold on the ice of the river, some distance from Soerl. Surprised by the storm he was anxious out of kindness to go ahead to get succor for the companions of his journey and of his misfortune. But he lost his way ; worn out with fatigue and feeling his end approaching, he knelt, clasped his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and in that position he gave up his beautiful soul to God.