

I thought myself affected  
 I went every day into the  
 all the efforts to clear away  
 ist-deep. This was not our  
 oyment; the trees in our  
 branches, all so loaded with  
 roke of the axe, it knocked  
 we were all three in succes-  
 e often fell each two or three  
 the work; and when, by  
 e was disencumbered of the  
 n pieces, and returned to the  
 then our comrades went for  
 hat was needed for that day.  
 s, but we had to do it; and  
 extreme, everything was to be  
 keep it up manfully; the  
 day, for, as we cut down the  
 r, and so lengthen our jour-  
 sed, as our toil became greater.  
 without order, were our bed;  
 min, for we had no change of  
 snow gave us terrible soreness  
 plete our miseries, we became  
 e, and afflicted by an incont-  
 ve us not a moment's rest. I  
 settle whence this arose; had  
 ould not have availed us; it is  
 ce of an evil which we cannot  
 mber, we dried our chapel fur-  
 ine left; I thawed it, and on

Christmas day, said Mass; when it was over, I made a short discourse to exhort our folks to patience. It was a kind of parallel between what the Savior of the world had suffered, and what we endured, and I closed by exhorting them to offer their pains to our Lord, and by assuring them that this offering was a title to obtain the end and recompense. We can express much better the evils we feel, than those we see others experience. My words had the effect I expected; each one resumed courage, and resigned himself to suffer, till it should please God to call him to himself, or to rescue us from danger.

On the first of January, considerable rain fell all day, and, as we could not shelter ourselves from it, we had to go to sleep all wet, and during the night, a violent norther, so to speak, froze us in our cabin, broke up all the ice in the bay, and carried the fragments off with our longboat; a man named Foucault informed us of this by a loud cry; we sought, in vain, the spot to which it had been carried. Judge of our consternation; this accident crowned our misfortunes, and took away all hopes of seeing them end; I felt all the consequences of it; I saw despair seize on all; some wished to eat at once what food we had, and go die at the foot of some tree; others no longer wished to work, and, to justify their refusal, said, that it was useless to prolong their pain, as there was no apparent hope of escaping starvation. What a situation, my dear brother! It would touch the hardest heart. I shed tears as I write it, and I know you are too sensitive to the miseries of others, to think that you can read my letter unmoved.

I had need to recall all my strength to oppose my