

to reflect upon it ! Before continuing my narrative, I must inform you that I had been brought up as a good Christian by a pious mother, who lost no opportunity of speaking to her children about the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne. I therefore, in spite of my giddiness, preserved in my heart a great confidence in these two great saints. My newly-made friends had not enjoyed the same priceless advantages, and had become prodigies of vice at an age when I hardly knew what it was. Never in my life had I heard such blasphemies, such abominable words as those they were continually using ; to this they added the most degraded excesses of lust, and they were as intemperant as the beasts of the field. You can conceive, father, that in such company, many months did not go by before I became just as bad as my companions. The only difference which remained between us was that I still muttered a few short prayers in secret, whilst they would have blushed to send up a single invocation to heaven. Their lips were too foully stained by the abominable filth they were continually giving vent to, to address a prayer to God, to implore the help of the Saints.

After a few months travelling through the forest, over lakes and rapids, running a thousand risks, feeding on the game we managed to shoot, we at least reached the banks of the Red River. There we met with Indians, half-breeds and whites of all nations. Our passions could now enjoy the greatest liberty, because there was not more religion among these men than among the buffaloes that ranged the prairies.

To shorten my recital which might become tedious, I will merely tell you that we remained in this place and at the neighboring posts during three years, which were spent more in wicked pleasures than in serious labor. Life was so free on the