

on the word of a priest, that, as soon as I reached the Indian cabin, I would come for them in a canoe. They knew me incapable of perjury; this assurance consoled them, and without distrust they saw us put out to sea.

That day we landed; the Indian took his canoe on his shoulders, carried it near the wood, and laid it on the snow. As I was tired from being so long on my knees in the canoe, I was resting on a rock near the shore. After a while, believing that the Indian was kindling a fire to sleep there, I took my gun, two paddles, and two large pieces of meat, which I had taken to save Mr. Furst and Mr. Leger the trouble of carrying them, and I ascended the heaps of ice, which were at least six feet high. No sooner was I at the top, than I saw that my Indian and his wife had put on their snow-shoes, a kind of frame used by the Canadians to go faster over the snow; the man carried the child on his back, and both were running as fast as they could. The cries I uttered to stop them only made them redouble the celerity of their course. I at once threw down my paddles, descended the ice mound, and, with my gun and meat, followed their trail for some time.

While climbing the mound of ice, I wounded myself quite badly in the right leg, and the pain was renewed every time that I sank in the snow as I ran along, that is to say, every moment. I could no longer breathe, and had to stop several times to take breath, and to rest on the muzzle of my gun. I was in this posture, when I heard Mr. Leger's voice—this meeting gave us both extreme pleasure. I told him what had occurred, and he, on his side, told me that Mr. Furst, overcome with fatigue, had been unable to follow him, and that he had