

being driven on the rocks, on the 26th day after our departure, feast of St. Bartholomew, about 9 o'clock in the evening. Of twenty-four that were in the vessel, only ten escaped; the rest were engulfed in the waves. Father Noyrot's two nephews shared their uncle's fate. We interred the bodies of several, among others, of Father Noyrot and Brother Louis. Of seven others, we have had no tidings in spite of all our search.

"To tell you how Father Vieuxport and I escaped, would be difficult, and I believe that God alone knows, who, according to the designs of his divine providence, has preserved us; for, for my own part, not deeming it possible, humanly speaking, to avoid the dangers, I had resolved to stay in the cabin with Brother Louis, preparing ourselves to receive the death stroke, which could not be delayed over three *Misereres*, when I heard some one calling me on deck. Supposing that my assistance was needed, I ran up and found that it was Father Noyrot, who asked me to give him absolution. After giving it, and singing the *Salve Regina* with him, I had to stand on deck; for there was no way to get below; for the sea was so high and the wind so furious, that, in less than a moment, the side on the rock went to pieces. I was close by Father Noyrot when a wave broke so impetuously against the side where we were standing, that it dashed it to pieces, and separated me from Father Noyrot, from whose lips I heard these last words: '*Into thy hands I commend my spirit.*' For my own part, this same wave left me struggling amid four fragments of the wreck, two of which struck me so violently on the chest, and the other two on the back, that I expected to be killed before sinking forever; but, just