

put in at Cape Breton, and return to France, but favorable winds sprang up, and the weary journey was resumed,—Aulneau continuing, meantime, to tell his “dearest Mother” all he saw as they went along. He talks about the cardinal birds that lighted on the spars, the clouds of feathered creatures on Bird Island, the porpoises of prodigious size, whales, blowers and sea-cows, “which awakened if they did not satisfy our curiosity,” and so on. Finally, two months after leaving France, they reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

He then tells her all about the river, how they were tossed about in it more violently than out in the ocean, and not to shock her too much, he says rapidly, that since “we left the Grand Bank five had died and were buried at sea.” He omits reporting how many there had been dropped into the waves in mid-ocean. Indeed, the mortality must have been very great, because “for many days,” he writes, “we lived on nothing but salt beef; and the number on the sick list had considerably increased.” The dangerous whirlpool at the Isle aux Coudres and the difficulty about getting past it are then described. “We now discovered for the first time,” he continues, “that we were in summer, for since our departure from France, we had experienced all along only wintry weather. I had, up to this, enjoyed good health, and had not even been seasick during the passage across, though it had taken seventy-five days. But three days after landing at Quebec, I was taken down with ship-fever. Twice it brought me to death’s door, but thank God I have now recovered. I have already seen a few of almost all the tribes, *and there is no more repulsive sight*, but they have all been ransomed by the blood of Christ. How happy shall I be if He deigns to make use of so unworthy an instrument as myself to bring them to love and adore Him in spirit and truth!”

Although he refrains from describing all the horrors of that ocean voyage, his companion, Father Nau, in a letter to his Superior, lifts the veil, or rather opens the gangway of the hold of the “Ruby.” “The mere sight of the gun-room was a revelation. It is a room about the size of the Rhetoric class-room at Bordeaux. There was a double row of frames swung up in it, which were to serve as beds for the passengers, subalterns and gunners. We were