

CHAPTER XIII.

VARIOUS THINGS WHICH COULD NOT BE REPORTED
IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

ALTHOUGH we live here in an age of peace, affliction sometimes penetrates, nevertheless, into our great forests as well as into your great cities. The Reverend Father Vimont, our Superior, [187] having taken Father Raimbault and me with him to go up to the three Rivers, the bark which carried us was almost wrecked in the harbor. The next night, while we were making a prosperous voyage, we ran against some rocks, and, the tide receding, our bark lay upon its side; the tide returning, it righted itself, but it was so damaged that every part of it leaked. We turned to the other bank of this great river, in order to repair it; if we had delayed a quarter of an hour in reaching land, it would have been irretrievably engulfed. We proceeded to beach it behind the plateau of sainte Croix.⁴ The tide, rising, overturned it in such a way that it was no longer visible; but having finally righted, contrary to our expectations, it was promptly repaired again. The wind and tempest then arising hurled it against a rock and split it again, so that we thought it entirely shattered. Once more we repaired it, and put it in the roadstead, but with great loss,—for all that could perish in water was spoiled, and the relief we were bearing to the [188] poor Savages was all lost. As soon as the bark touched bottom