

and I said in my heart, 'When shall I see him?' My mouth did not speak, all this went on in my mind. It is thus," said he, "that you must conduct yourself towards God. It matters little what you say,—it is sufficient that your heart should speak to him: at night before taking rest, in the morning on awaking, think of him, and say to him only these few words: 'If I knew what I ought to say to thee, I would say it;' that is enough, he asks no more." The language of the heart is the most audible in Paradise. Noël Negabamat, while sailing in a canoe this spring with one of our Fathers, related to him what I am going to mention: "Two winters ago I thought I should lose my life in this place." The Father asking the reason, he continued: "While I was crossing the great river with my people, going to hunt on the other shore, we were surrounded by a great bank of ice, which broke to pieces [43] with such impetuosity, from the meeting of two currents of water, that we thought we were all lost. Seeing danger imminent, we climbed upon a cake of ice, upon which we also drew our canoes; unfortunately, it was so small that we could scarcely stand thereon. There we all were on a floating bridge, but so narrow and wavering, that at the least shock, we expected death without resource. I exclaimed: 'It is all over with us, let us pray to God for the last time.' 'Thou who hast made all things, thou art all-powerful, save us if thou will to save us; if thou will that we should die, we are indeed willing; since we believe in thee, we shall go to heaven, and we shall see thee; we do not believe in thee in order to live a long time on earth.' Having offered my prayer aloud, I said to my people: 'Let us not fear, let us die courageous-