

farthest and principal village of our district, to which we have given the name of saint Pierre and saint Paul. Not having been able to find any Savage at the village of la Conception to come with us,—the roads being then too bad, for people who are not seeking God,—we were constrained to start alone; taking our good Angels for guides. About the middle of the journey, not having [166] been able to find a certain detour which would have led us to some cabins which are a little isolated, we were surprised by night in a fir grove. We were in a damp place, and could not go from it to seek a drier one; we had trouble enough to pick up some pieces of wood to make a little fire, and some dry branches to lie down upon: the snow was threatening to put out our fire, but it suddenly ceased. God be blessed, we spent the night very quietly. The next morning we came across some poor cabins in the fields, but they had no corn. Finding company there to come into the country with, we were not willing to lose it, because the roads were very difficult on account of the newly-fallen snows, which had obliterated the trails. Accordingly, we set out, and went by many bad roads, at a very bad season, to a little village which we named St. Thomas; we made easily a league by the mere light of the snow, and arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, with good [167] appetite,—not having eaten all day, save each a morsel of bread. We had no design on that village, rather than on another: but having taken what company of Savages there offered, and having followed them, we arrived,—no doubt, where God was leading us, for the salvation of a predestined soul which awaited nothing but our coming, in order to die to all its miseries.