

have thought that there were pleasures so sweet in the midst of perils. We all feared death, at almost every step that we took on the ice; but that fear was a pleasant one. We were at the same [89] time both in fear and in joy, and we never prayed to God so heartily and so lovingly. We did not venture to ask him either for death or for life. 'My God,' we said to him continually, 'you see our hearts and why we are on this journey. Dispose of our lives according to your will. May our troubles be agreeable to you. After this, whatever may happen, our minds are content. If we are drowned in these waters, we shall be happy in Heaven.' "

We have introduced here in the Huron country, among the Christians, the custom of wearing their rosaries around their necks as a sign of their Faith. We see the good effects of it. "I know not," said an infidel woman one day to a young Christian, "what can have altered the beauty of thy character. Since thou wearest that rosary, thou art no longer what thou wert; and I myself have not the assurance to say to thee those soft words with which thou didst formerly so often forestall me. It is doubtless because that rosary bewitches thee. Remove it from thy neck, and I will speak to thee." In fact, the devotion felt by all our Christians either for saying [90] their rosary, or for wearing it as a sacred pledge of what God is to them, and of what they wish to be to him, and the love that they have for the Virgin, deserve that Heaven should protect them with most powerful assistance,—that it should be their shield and their defense, especially as regards chastity in a country where shamelessness is classed as a virtue. But, above all, they meet about noon on Festival