

which I can grant, I am inclined to give a pleasure, because I love Jesus; and I think that it is he alone whom I wish to please even till death.”

Our Fathers have not again seen the greater part of these good Christians since Autumn, when they were constrained to leave them more than eighty leagues from here,—the Nipissiriniens having determined to disperse themselves through the woods, throughout this last winter.

Father Gareau fell sick at the same time, with a violent fever and a dysentery, to which Father Claude Pijart and the Frenchman who accompanied them [115] could not apply other remedy, in a place desolate of every human succor, than to toil almost above their strength,—paddling by day, and often into the night; bearing on their shoulders their canoe and their baggage, along the rapids, where often one has difficulty enough to make one's own way. They did this in order to hasten as much as possible the return of this good Father, whom his sickness had not been able to dispense from paddling sometimes, in order to overcome the force of the torrents which occur on the way; and who, for the space of twelve or thirteen days that their voyage lasted, had been continually exposed to the heat of the Sun, to the rains, to the winds, to injury from the air, and always with his feet in the water. Accordingly, he arrived here so prostrated that the illness exceeded our remedies. We saw him in a few days so near to death that, supposing him fallen into the last struggle, which continued more than a whole day, his coffin was made; when it pleased Our Lord to restore him to us, as if brought again to life, after a vow which we made for him in honor of the most Blessed Virgin.