

voyage; his bed was the deck, or a pile of cordage, very often washed by the waves of the sea. The scanty provisions and the severe cold did not agree with a man rather lightly covered, and who had so long fasted among Barbarians.

They anchored in a port of England, toward the end of December; the Mariners wishing to refresh themselves a little, all went away to a village, leaving the Father with a sailor to guard the bark. Toward evening, some robbers arrive in a boat: they enter this bark, which they believe to be laden with great riches because of just coming from a long voyage. They present a pistol at the Father; but, having recognized that he was French, they did him no other harm than to rob him of everything that he had,—that is to say, his cloak and his hat, with all the baggage of those poor Hollanders. The man who commanded that bark, being notified of this robbery, was indeed astounded; while he came and went, seeking everywhere the authors of [118] this crime, the Father met a French vessel, which gave him the means to live until he had found the means to cross over to France.

On Christmas eve he embarked, like a poor man, in I know not what boat or little bark laden with mineral coal, which landed him the next day on the coast of lower Brittany. The poor Father, having perceived a little house all by itself, went to ask those who inhabited it, where the Church was. These good people showed him the way; and, supposing by his modesty that he was some poor Irish catholic, they invited him to come and take his repast in their dwelling, when he should have accomplished his devotions,—which he accepted very willingly, on account of the great necessity to which he was