

bridge—so strong and thick, as a rule, that it would bear a number of Cannon without shaking—broke just beneath his feet; and this poor man saw himself, in a moment, in the water up to his neck, without finding bottom. By good fortune, as he was drawing his baggage after him on a long sledge, the line or rope attached to this Winter chariot, passing over his breast, prevented him from being carried away by the current underneath those great masses of ice, and gave him the means of releasing himself from that abyss. He appeared, on emerging thence, like a man formed of ice. His companions ran thither to help him; but, before they could touch him, he fell on both knees, half dead, over the edge of his chasm, [155] uttering these few words from his heart: “Thou who hast made all, thou hast saved my life; thou hast delivered me from shipwreck; in truth, I thank thee.” That said, his comrades give him a blanket, lead him into the wood, make a fire promptly, and enable him to continue his way,—blessing God because he had withdrawn him from the gates of death.

Another Christian was not so gently treated in a danger which appeared smaller; Justice and mercy took away his life through a gently rigorous providence. He had so accustomed himself to the French liquors, that he spared nothing in order to get some; now, as he could not endure them, he gave scandal to his fellow-countrymen. It is true that he had done himself great violence, in order to correct himself, and had sometimes been punished in public. He willingly accepted all the penalties which were imposed upon him,—wishing ill to himself, when he had exceeded bounds; but frailty and evil habit