

led him away, from time to time, into excess. Having then set out in a bark canoe, along with a Frenchman, in order to perform an act of charity,—the too violent wind upset [156] their gondola. Now, as it was the beginning of Winter, the cold immediately seized them;—at last they struggle so bravely that they arrive on shore, although in different places. The Frenchman, better covered, managed to reach a French house, where they made for him a good fire; but it was necessary to tear off his clothes, in order to warm him quickly,—the more because the cold was striking him even to the heart. The poor Savage, although strong and sprightly, indeed gained the land; but, as he was naked and covered with ice, he had not the strength to seek a place of shelter. The tide, beginning to rise, carried him off, and took from him the little life that remained to him. The Christians of saint Joseph, having learned this shipwreck, come to seek him: they find his body all frozen, enshroud it with charity, and carry it to be buried in their cemetery. They all said that it was a punishment,—but very lovingly, because, the day before, he had confessed with great sorrow and with strong indications of a truly contrite soul.

I cannot help repeating what has so often been described in the preceding Relations; this devotion deserves to be published hundreds of times. There [157] is neither cold, nor ice, nor frost, nor snow, nor rain, nor nakedness, nor mountain, nor bad road, which can prevent the Savages from coming to hear holy Mass, when they are not distant more than a quarter of a league from the chapel.

A truly Christian Neophyte said, in this connection: “When I hear the bell ring which calls us to