

November, last year, six days after the departure of the ships. She felt an incredible satisfaction to die in Canada, in the service of these poor Barbarians. She has been equally regretted by the French and by the Savages, her charity having won all hearts. She left those Nuns almost inconsolable, both for the loss which they incurred and for the small number that remained of them,—for there were no more than five Nuns in all, not only for the service of the sick but for the offices of Religion. The great expenses of a new and barbarous country, with the number of the poor and sick whom we encounter therein, oblige us to retrench; we hope, nevertheless, that her place will not long remain empty, and that she will indicate to us from Heaven those who are to complete this year in order to fill her place. Let us return to our Savages.

I will relate, farther on, how the Algonquins who were massacred this Winter, had I know not what premonition of [164] their defeat. The Montagnais who were hunting in the environs of Kebec and saint Joseph were almost at the same time seized with a fear which caused them to leave the woods; they composed three bands, and all these bands, though separated from one another, were affected with a like terror, almost at the same time. While they were on the way to reach Kebec, there arrived a messenger from Three Rivers, who said to them: "Escape! everything is dead in the quarter whence I come." Terror straightway entered their souls; each one wished to get the start. "Softly!" said to them a Christian who has authority among them; "let us not be headlong,—let us observe the blessed Lord's day; and to-morrow we will depart at daybreak. Do