

as the multiplication of the loaves. "You are baptized in his Name," he said; "you are his children. He is Almighty; confide in him, and he will extricate us all from this danger." The good Neophytes, animated by the words of their Father, took courage; they worked every day from morning till night, hunting in all directions. God assisted them beyond their expectations; they always had sufficient to keep up their strength, to the surprise of those who hunted in places where game was more abundant. Some Pagans, who confided in their Manitou, were four days [106] without eating, and barely found enough to drag on their poor and miserable existence. They all admitted, in the Spring, that the Father's band had suffered less than the others, though it had proceeded into the most barren regions of all those countries.

Finally, after having wandered through those dreadful mountains, they descended toward the source of the River of Mantane, which I mentioned at the beginning of this Chapter. They walked on the ice of that river until the 3rd of March, when they reached its mouth, where they had left their Shallops. They waited for one another until the 14th of April, on which day they proceeded to Tadoussac, where they anchored on the last day of the same month, and then started from it on the 7th of May. As their Church situated in the cove of Saint Joseph is dedicated to the glorious Archangel Saint Michael,<sup>21</sup> they had asked our Lord that they might be there on the day of his feast. This seemed well-nigh impossible, for it was necessary to go forty leagues in a day and a half,—a thing that sometimes requires a [107] month to accomplish. But