

“ Amid all these hardships, whenever we came to any Rapids I carried as heavy burdens as I could; but I often succumbed under them, and that made our Savages laugh and mock me, saying they must call a child to carry me and my burden. Our good God did not forsake me utterly on these occasions, but often wrought on some of the men so that, touched with compassion, they would, without saying anything, relieve me of my Chapel or of some other burden, and would help me to journey a little more at my ease.

[27] “ It sometimes happened that, after we had carried our loads and plied our paddles all day long, and even two or three hours into the night, we went supperless to bed on the ground, or on some rock, to begin over again the next day with the same labors. But everywhere the Divine providence mingled some little sweetness and relief with our fatigue.

“ We endured these hardships for nearly two weeks; and after passing the Nipissirinién Lake, as we were descending a little River, we heard cries of lamentation and death-songs. Approaching the spot whence came these outcries, we saw eight young Savages of the Outaouacs, frightfully burned by a direful accident, a spark [28] having by inadvertence fallen into a keg of powder. Four among them were completely scorched, and in danger of dying. I comforted them and prepared them for Baptism, which I would have conferred had I had time to see them sufficiently fitted for it; for, despite this disaster, we had to keep on our way, in order to reach the entrance to the Lake of the Hurons, which was the rendezvous of all these travelers.