

ourselves from dying with cold, we resumed our march on the lake, in spite of our fatigue,—in the obscurity of the night, without knowing whither we were going. We were, moreover, always greatly impeded by the wind and snow; but, after walking a league and a half, we had to succumb, in spite of ourselves, and stop where we were. The danger we ran of dying from cold caused me to remember the charitable Father de Noue, who on a similar occasion was found dead in the snow, kneeling and with clasped hands. This thought roused me; I made a sacrifice of my life to God, and united my death, which I believed to be near, to that of the pious missionary. The French who were with us, cut some fir-branches, which they laid on the snow; and we threw ourselves down on them, after saying our prayers and taking, for all repast, a little theriac and seven or eight raisins, that we happened to have with us. Fatigue caused us to fall into a slumber, which the wind, the cold, and the snow did not allow us long to enjoy; we therefore remained awake during the rest of the night. Providence, however, preserved us from more serious accidents, and we are no doubt indebted for this to the intercession of the blessed Virgin, to whom we had particularly commended ourselves. On the following morning, two Frenchmen from Father Albanel's cabin arrived, very opportunely, and kindled a great fire on the snow. One of them went for some water, to quench our excessive thirst. Then we resumed our journey on the same lake, and at last, in spite of the wind and snow drifting in our faces, we reached the spot where Father Albanel was. I found with him four cabins of Savages, whom I instructed. A serious