

special manner in this journey. A party of warriors, enemies of the Illinois, rushed upon some hunters, a gunshot distant from the road that I was taking; they killed one of them, and another, whom they carried away to their Village, they put into the kettle, and made of him a war-feast.

As I was drawing near the village of the *Pouteau-tamis* the Lord was well pleased to compensate me for all my troubles by one of those unforeseen events which he sometimes brings about for the consolation of his servants. Some Savages, who were sowing their fields, having perceived me far away, went to inform Father Chardon of my arrival. The Father immediately came to meet me, followed by another Jesuit. What an agreeable surprise when I saw my brother, who threw himself upon my neck to embrace me! It had been fifteen years since we had separated from each other, without hope of ever meeting again. It is true that I had set out to join him, but it was only at *Michillimakinac* that our interview was to take place and not at more than a hundred leagues this side of that place. God had doubtless suggested to him the plan of making his visit to the Mission of saint Joseph at that very time, so as to make me forget in a moment all my past toils. We both blessed the divine Mercy which led us to come from such distant places, in order to give us a consolation which is much better experienced than described. Father Chardon participated in the joy of this happy meeting, and gave us every generous entertainment that we could have expected from his kindness.

After having remained a week at the Mission of Saint Joseph, I embarked with my brother in his