

words of the montagnais language respecting the management of canoes—I thought that my people were quarreling. I arose, and spoke; but I saw no longer either sky, or water, or rocks,—nothing but profound darkness, caused by a storm which arose suddenly from the northwest. “We are lost, my father,” they called out to me. “Let us land quickly, my children,” I replied. We could see no landing-place, owing to the darkness of the night; and moreover we were at the deepest part of the Saguené. The storm-cloud grew denser, and seemed about to touch us while it rumbled behind us. We fortunately were near the rocks; but, when I tried to land on the first one we touched, my foot slipped and I fell into the water. The canoeman, who had but one arm, hastily shoved the stump, which was as good as a hand, under my armpit, drew me out, and threw me on a point of rocks whereon we placed our canoe. I was astonished to see my 2 Savages sleeping peacefully during the remainder of the night, while I felt the blood flow from a leg which had been injured by striking too hard against a rock; and I could not dress the wound, because there was no fire. My sole fear was that the storm would carry away our canoe; for, in that case, what would have become of us? But divine goodness took pity on the father and on the children, who were not yet ripe for heaven. The storm passed, at a distance; and when day came I was surprised to see ourselves in a kind of niche, and could not help laughing at our fortunate misfortune. Although the falling tide had left us from 10 to twelve feet above the water, we carried down our canoe, the Chapel, and the remainder of the baggage, by means of a small gully down