

which we slid gently, and reëmbarked. From there we proceeded to Tadoussac; and the missionary administered the last sacraments to the sick Savage, who died a few days afterward. I then returned to Chékoutimi, in the middle of the same river. The northeast wind, accompanied by rain, assailed us so violently that two thwarts of the canoe were broken before we could land. As we were almost submerged, I was about to give absolution to my two men—who, knowing the danger better than I did, were also more frightened, and exhorted me to make them pray well to God. I confess that to their faith and confidence in the blessed virgin and the Blessed Regis we were indebted for our preservation. I quickly tightened the canoe with my girdle and my garters; I handled the sail, and we drove through the waves that, at times, broke over us. Finally, we reached a savage cabin, where our canoe was emptied and repaired, while we dried ourselves near a great fire—which those dear neophytes made for us, with manifestations of sincere compassion. Being thus well informed of what was to be dreaded on that river, I reached my Church, wrongly resolved to be wiser in future. I say “wrongly,” because in certain cases it is prudent not to be too prudent. Timidity might cause the failure of some good work; and an hour’s delay has compelled travelers who had almost reached their destination to be kept back and to suffer from hunger. Not that it is unnecessary to take wise precautions. Temerity has caused the destruction of many here, both french and savages.

I had the honor of telling you in the first place, My Reverend Father, that the Saguené took its rise in Lake St. John. Now, to finish giving you an