

that here we call *poudrerie* ["blizzards"]. During the 4 years while I wintered among them, many who had ventured too far were caught in the ice; being blinded by snow, and unable to extricate themselves, they were compelled to haul up their canoes on an ice-floe, and let themselves drift with the current. I saw a young christian woman—as intrepid as she was fervent, and whose early death seemed to have been precious in the sight of God—return on foot from afar out on the river, making her way to the shore from ice-floe to ice-floe with her husband, dragging their canoe with them. But, among others, I cannot forget a young savage who embarked, early in the morning, to go hunting with his mother, an aged woman; and who, at nightfall, without having perceived it, found himself in the middle of the river, completely surrounded by great masses of ice, through which it was absolutely impossible for him to make his way. What could they do to reach land, at night, with a broken canoe? They thought that they were destined to certain death—on account both of the excessive cold and of a strong wind which blew them out of their way. They however fired several gunshots, in the hope of attracting attention. Fortunately our savages heard them, and quickly replied by a shot from a petard and by several gunshots. The missionary called out to them, as loudly as he could, to commend themselves in any case to God through the intercession of the Blessed Regis. From their distant voices we understood that they were perishing; that they implored only Heaven's assistance, and that they repented their sins. All present were ordered to kneel at once, and ask God to save the two *poor* [*crossed out in MS.*] unfortunates,