

little food, caused by having to stop in some deserted Island. In short, if we had escaped it would have been with great difficulty. Moreover, I was so weak and sick when I embarked, that if I had foreseen the hardships of the way I would have expected to die a hundred times; yet Our Lord began to strengthen me in these trials, so that I aided my Savages to paddle, especially toward the end of our journey.

The day after these tempests being still rather windy, my host and the Apostate went hunting. An hour after their departure the [318] Sun shone out brightly, the air became clear, the winds died away, the waves fell, the sea became calm,—in a word, it mended, as the sailors say. Then I was in great perplexity about following my Savages to call them back, for it would have been like a turtle pursuing a greyhound. I turned my eyes to Heaven as to a place of refuge; and, when I lowered them, I saw my people running like deer along the edge of the wood straight toward me. I immediately arose, and started for the river, bearing our little baggage. When my host arrived, *eco, eco, pousitau, pousitau*, “Quick, quick, let us embark, let us embark!” No sooner said than done; the wind and tide favored us, we glided on with paddle and sail, our little bark ship cutting the waves with incomparable swiftness. We at last arrived about ten o'clock in the evening at the end of the great Island of Orleans, from which our little house was not more than two leagues distant. My people had eaten nothing all day; I encouraged them. We [319] tried to go on, but the current of the tide, which was still ebbing, being very rapid, we had to await the flood to cross the great river. There-