

or a small opening among these masses of ice. My host having perceived a rerin, or turn, which is at the bottom of the fort, where the ice did not move, as it was outside the current of wind, he turned away with his paddle three or four dreadful masses of it which he encountered, and dashed in. He leaped quickly from the Canoe, fearing the return of the ice, crying, *Capatau*, "Let us land;" the trouble was, that the ice was so high and densely packed against the bank, that it was all I could do to reach to the top of it with my hands; I did not know what to take hold of to pull myself out of the Canoe, and to climb up upon these icy shores. With one hand I took hold of my host's foot, and with the other seized a piece of ice which happened to project, and threw myself into a place of safety with the other two. A clumsy fellow becomes agile on such occasions. All being out of the Canoe, they seized it at both ends and placed it in safety; and, when this was done, we all three looked at each other, and my host, taking a long breath, said to me, *nicanis khegat nipiaco*, "My good friend, a little more, and we would have perished;" he still felt horror over the gravity of our danger. It is true that [324 i.e., 322] if he had not had the arms of a Giant (he is a large and powerful man), and an ingenuity uncommon among either Frenchmen or Savages, either a wave would have swallowed us up, or the wind would have upset us, or an iceberg would have crushed us. Or rather let us say, if God had not been our Pilot, the waves which beat against the shores of our home would have been our sepulchre. In truth, whoever dwells among these people can say with the Prophet King, *anima mea in manibus meis semper*. Only a little while ago one of our