

very high, and these three or four leagues are called the Azores.

We were near these Azores on Tuesday of Easter week, when suddenly we became a prey to our sworn foe, the West wind, which was so violent and obstinate that we very nearly perished. For eight entire days it gave us no quarter, its vindictiveness being augmented by cold and sometimes rain or snow.

In taking this route to New France, so rough and dangerous, especially in small and badly-equipped boats, one experiences the sum total of all the miseries of life. We could rest neither [16] day nor night. When we wished to eat, a dish suddenly slipped from us and struck somebody's head. We fell over each other and against the baggage, and thus found ourselves mixed up with others who had been upset in the same way; cups were spilled over our beds, and bowls in our laps, or a big wave demanded our plates.

I was so highly honored by Monsieur de Biancourt as to share his cabin. One fine night, as we were lying in bed, trying to get a little rest, a neat and impudent wave bent our window fastenings, broke the window, and covered us over completely; we had the same experience again, during the day. Furthermore, the cold was so severe, and continued to be for more than six weeks, that we lost nearly all sensation from numbness and exposure. Good Father Masse suffered a great deal.<sup>39</sup> He was ill about forty days, eating very little and seldom leaving his bed; yet, notwithstanding all that, he wanted to fast. After Easter he continued to improve, thank God, more and more. As for me, I was gay and happy, and, by the grace of God, was never ill enough to