

stay in bed even when several of the sailors had to give up.

After escaping from these trials, we entered the ice at the Azores of the bank, 46 degrees north latitude. Some of these masses of ice seemed like islands, others [17] little villages, others grand churches or lofty domes, or magnificent castles: all were floating. To avoid them we steered towards the south; but this was falling, as they say, from Charybdis into Scylla, for from these high rocks we fell into a level field of low ice, with which the sea was entirely covered, as far as the eye could reach. We did not know how to steer through it; and had it not been for the fearlessness of Monsieur de Biancourt, our sailors would have been helpless; but he guided us out, notwithstanding the protests of many of them, through a place where the ice was more scattered, and God, in his goodness, assisted us.

On the 5th of May, we disembarked at Campceau,⁴⁰ and there had the opportunity of celebrating holy mass after so long a time, and of strengthening ourselves with that bread which never fails to nourish and console. Then we coasted along until we reached Port Royal, where we arrived under good and happy auspices early in the morning⁴¹ of the holy day of Pentecost, the 22nd of May,* the day upon which the sun enters the constellation Gemini. Our voyage had lasted four months.

The joy of Monsieur de Potrincourt and his followers, at our arrival, is indescribable. They had been, during the entire winter, reduced [18] to sore straits, as I am going to explain to you.

* Champlain and Charlevoix, who copied this, were wrong in saying the 12th of June.—[Carayon.]