

It is a pleasure to see, sometimes, these good people land at Kebec or at St. Joseph, in their little Vessels of bark, which they carry on their shoulders or on their heads out of the current of water; they then go to the Church and hear holy [13] Mass. This done, they replace their Vessels in the water, reëmbark, and return without a word to their fishing places or hunting grounds, greatly rejoiced at having accomplished the duty of a good and faithful Christian toward God and his Church. I hear that our French were greatly edified last winter when they saw these new plants, bearing the fruit of prompt obedience, at the first sound of the Church bell.

“Since I have been in New France” (says Father de Quen, who has handed me these notes) “I have never seen more disagreeable or more stormy weather than we had on saint Andrew’s day of the previous year. Snow fell in abundance, and the gale drove it about like a whirlwind or like a white rain, but so thick that we could see neither the Sky nor the earth. I thought that our Christians—who had withdrawn into the woods on account of the cold, and to prepare for their great hunt—would not come to Mass on that day; the inclemency of the weather and the difficult roads were a sufficient excuse for their not doing so. I was greatly astonished when I saw the Chapel filled; I praised their courage, and told them that such brave deeds [14] were very pleasing to God.

“I consider,” adds the father, “that it is from that adorable Sacrifice that these good souls derive light to see the beauty of our faith; strength, to resist the attacks of their countrymen; and charity, to have