

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE WINTERING OF FATHER GABRIEL DRUILLETES
WITH THE SAVAGES.

THIS is the third Winter that Father Gabriel Druilletes has passed with the Savages,—doing work that, in truth, might prostrate the body of a Giant; but very well adapted and most advantageous for uplifting a mind that [95] has an affection for the Cross. The Agneronon Hiroquois, who have but little love for the French, who hate the Hurons, and who are enraged against the Algonquins, compel the latter to wander far away from our settlements in order to carry on their great hunts. But, as most of those who dwell near us are Christians, they generally ask, when they depart, that one of our Fathers who understands their language may accompany them, that they may not, during their long and fatiguing journeys, be deprived of the principal exercises of the Christian Religion which they have recently embraced. Father Gabriel having been given to them, eight shallops and several canoes, all filled with Savages, bore him away from us on the 22nd of September of last year, 1647, to take him eighty or a hundred leagues from Kebec, into the land of Shades, so to speak,—that is to say, amid frightful mountains and forests, where the Sun never looks upon the earth, except by stealth.

This small Army, which had scattered here and there on the great river, [96] rallied soon afterward