

had really happened, my thoughts and inclinations might have been greatly changed.

But, to speak of other things, we found winter in summer; that is to say, in the month of May and a part of June, the winds and the fogs chilled us; Father de Nouë's feet and hands were frozen; and, besides this, I had pains in my head or heart, which scarcely left me at all during the first month; and a keen thirst, because we ate nothing but salted food, and there was no fresh water upon our vessel. The size of our cabins was [8] such that we could not stand upright, kneel, or sit down; and, what is worse, during the rain, the water fell at times upon my face. All these discomforts were shared by the others; but the poor sailors suffered many more. All that is past; thank God, I would not have wished to be in France. All these little afflictions have not as yet, I believe, caused us the least sadness over our departure. God never suffers himself to be vanquished; if you give him mites, he gives mines of gold. Still, it seems to me that I get along better than Father de Nouë, who, for a long time, was hardly able to eat; as to our Brother, he is like the Amphibious animals; he is just as much at home on the sea as on the land.

On Pentecost day, just as I was ready to preach, as I usually [9] did on Sundays and great Fête days, one of our sailors began to cry out, "codfish! codfish!" He had thrown in his line and had brought out a large one. We had already been on the banks several days, but had caught very little. On that day we drew in as many as we liked. It was a pleasure to see so great a slaughter, and so much of this blood shed upon the deck of our ship. These fresh