

Papinachois, thence to Chegoutimi, and afterward to lake St. John, where I was to pass a third winter with a band of Savages.

On the day of my departure, the 4th of October, I began my mission by baptizing an Etchemin child two years old. We were afterward surprised by a violent gale which endangered our lives, and, by breaking one of the cables of our bark, compelled us to put back. Three days afterward, a very favorable wind carried us a long distance on our voyage, and brought us at the end of two days to the Jérémie islets.¹ There I found five cabins of Papinachois, who awaited us, and I instructed them for six or seven days.

On the 21st of October, we weighed anchor with a very favorable wind, and sailed in the direction of the Saguenay; but, being surprised by darkness, and the wind rising, we were in danger of shipwreck; for the bark was greatly tossed about, and filled with water. It was even a marvel that we did not run aground; for the wind impelled us so violently, although we had no sail set, that about midnight we were close to the land. This storm lasted ten whole hours, during which we expected to be wrecked at any moment. But at last God gave us calm weather again, and enabled us to reach Chegoutimi.² I found there two hundred Savages waiting for me; I instructed them for ten days, confessing and administering communion to those who were old enough to receive those sacraments. I also buried the son of the chief of Tadoussac, who in his last moments displayed truly Christian resignation.

On the last day of October, I baptized a child,