

manifestations of love and devotion for the adorable mystery of the God-child whose birth we honored.

On the 4th of January, 1674, we started from this place, after leaving a fine cross there to go and erect one in another place, where we arrived greatly fatigued. We had much to suffer from almost continual bad weather, cold, and smoke.

On the 13th of January, some Savages arrived, and informed us where I could find Father Albanel, who was on his way to the Northern bay. I wished to go and see him, and, at the same time, to instruct some Savages who were not far from him, and whom he was prevented from reaching by an accident that had happened to him.

I set out, therefore, on the 16th of January, with an Algonquin captain and two Frenchmen. We started after mass, and walked five long leagues on snowshoes—with much trouble, because the snow was soft and made our snowshoes very heavy. At the end of five leagues, we found ourselves on a lake four or five leagues long, all frozen over, on which the wind caused great quantities of snow to drift,—obscuring the air, and preventing us from seeing whither we were going. After walking another league and a half, with great difficulty, our strength began to fail us. The wind, cold, and snow were so intolerable that they compelled us to retrace our steps a little, to cut some branches of fir which might, in default of bark, serve to build a cabin. After this, we tried to light a fire, but were unable to do so. We were thus reduced to a most pitiful condition. The cold was beginning to seize us to an extraordinary degree, the darkness was great, and the wind blew fearfully. In order, therefore, to keep