

it is called the "falls of [307] Montmorency." They are formed by a river which comes from the interior, and falls from a very high level into the great river saint Lawrence, the banks enclosing it being considerably elevated at this place. Now some of the Savages believe that the sea has these waterfalls, and that a great many ships are lost in them. I removed this error by telling them that these inequalities are not found in the Ocean.

On the twenty-third of March, we again crossed the river *Capititetchioueth*, over which we had passed on the third of December.

On the thirtieth of the same month, we encamped upon a very beautiful lake, having passed another smaller one on our way, both of them still frozen over as hard as in the middle of winter. Here my host, seeing that I was very weak and cast down, consoled me, saying, "Do not be sad; if thou art sad, thou wilt become still worse; if thy sickness increases, thou wilt die. See what a beautiful country this is; love it; if thou lovest it, thou wilt take pleasure in it, and if thou takest pleasure in it thou wilt become cheerful, and if thou art cheerful thou wilt recover." I [308] took pleasure in listening to the conversation of this poor barbarian.

On the first day of April, we left this beautiful lake, and drew rapidly toward our rendezvous. We passed the night in a miserable smoky hole, and in the morning continued on our way, going farther in these two days than we had previously gone in five. God favored us with fine weather, for there was a hard frost, and the air was clear. If it had thawed as on the preceding days, and we had sunk down in the snow, as sometimes happened, either they would