

fort : But wherever we entered into houses, the French were very courteous. When we came to *St. Francois* river, we found some difficulty by reason of the ice ; and entering into a Frenchman's house, he gave us a loaf of bread, and some fish to carry away with us ; but we passed down the river till night, and there seven of us supped on the fish called Bull head, or Pout, and did not eat it up, the fish was so very large.

The next morning we met with such a quantity of ice, that we were forced to leave our canoe and travel on land. We went to a French officer's house, who took us into a private room, out of the sight of the Indians, and treated us very courteously. That night we arrived at the fort called *St. Francois*, where we found several poor children who had been taken from the Eastward the summer before ; a sight very affecting, they being in habit very much like Indians, and in manners very much symbolizing with them. At this fort lived two Jesuits, one of which was made Superior of the Jesuits at *Quebec*. One of these Jesuits met me at the fort gate, and asked me to go into the church, and give God thanks for preserving my life. I told him I would do that in some other place. When the bell rang for evening prayers, he that took me bid me go, but I refused. The Jesuit came to our wigwam, and prayed a short prayer, and invited me to sup with