Spirit, for their souls, a "place of refreshment, light and peace," instead of performing the heathenish rites of old, which were practiced at the feast of the dead.

It was amongst this people, who are the fruits of the blossoming of the Canadian wilderness, whose rocky solitudes were moistened by the vivifying dews of the precious blood of Christ's martyrs, that the events which we are about to relate happened somewhere near the year 1838, and if our introduction has been somewhat prosy, it was necessary to a better understanding of the narrative, that it should be written; therefore, patient reader, if you will accompany me to to the chapel of the Algonquin village, which stands on yonder knoll, under the broad shadow of the hemlock and sycamore trees which surround it, I will, without further preface, introduce you to Coaina, the "Rose of the Algonquins," and other personages of our narrative.

Something is in progress in and around the rustic chapel, into which the slanting rays of an August sun fall in trembling showers of gold through the quivering leaves, which indicates an approaching festival. Young Indian lads, with blossom-laden boughs from the forest, with tra ling vines bedight with flowers of tropical hues, with baskets of

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