

the colonists. Early in May, all were embarked in a little flotilla, consisting of a pinnace, a flat-bottomed barge with sails, and two row boats.

On the seventeenth of May, 1642, the little expedition drew near the forest clad slopes of the stately Mont Royal, and as they approached it, a hymn of grateful praise went up from all the boats. Maisonneuve was the first to spring to shore. The tents and baggage were soon landed, and then an altar was erected in a pleasant spot near the river. This was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the party with the wild flowers that grew in such abundance around them. Then the whole party gathered about it—M. Vincent, the Superior of the Jesuits, in his rich ecclesiastical robes; the Governor, Montmagny, in his state dress; the tall soldierly figure of Maisonneuve; the ladies with their female attendant, and all the sailors, soldiers, and artisans. Each knelt in solemn silence as the ceremony of high mass was performed by M. Vincent.

Next day everybody was early astir and hard at work. The men began to fell the great forest trees, and very soon all the tents were surrounded by palisades, and the altar was sheltered by a little chapel of birch-bark. In a short time small wooden houses took the place of the tents, and the little settlement had some visible existence. The first experiences of the colonists here were all pleasant ones, with charming summer weather, with a fair landscape spread around them, rich in noble outlines of distant hills and dense masses of forest.

But that summer of 1642 was an exciting one in the eventful history of New France. The hatred of the fierce Iroquois tribe had been silently smouldering ever since Champlain had unhappily commenced his warfare with them thirty-two years before. They declared that they would sweep away not only the Algonquins and Hurons, but the French also, and carry off the "white girls" (the nuns) to their villages. The colonists were harrassed by sudden attacks on passing boats and canoes, or stealthy descents on French traders, or on the settlers near Quebec and Three Rivers, while crafty ambuscades were laid for the Hurons also, as they brought their furs to the trading posts.

With the frosts of December came the first great troubles to the settlement of Ville Marie. The swollen river, dammed up by the