

pealing bells again rung out, the solemn chant arose in the holy temple, the deep-toned organ swelled up its lengthened aisles. All Quebec had gathered there, for the rumor had gone forth that an interesting ceremony was to be performed at the conclusion of the bishop's solemn mass. The hour came. Kneeling at the baptistery, before the sacred font, were two figures—an Indian warrior and a female. Over the head of the latter was thrown a light veil of muslin, through which her jet-black hair showed its glossy hue. She was clothed in a neat dress of spotless white. Beyond them knelt a crowd of mingled colonists and natives. Beside the sacred font stood up the Jesuit, Father Laval, enrobed, and holding his missal in his hands. On either side were acolytes, with lighted tapers in their hands. The ceremony proceeded; it was finished; and with extended hands the priest bestowed upon them his blessing. The neophytes arose. In solemn procession they moved towards the altar. The priest entered within the sanctuary, and they stood before him. He joined their hands; he placed the sacred