

to advocate it the great aim of many a valiant knight and fair lady.

Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of Alençon, moved to the highest enthusiasm by the urgent appeals of Le Jeune for some charitable and virtuous lady to go out and help him and his fellow-laborers in their arduous work, resolved, spite of all opposition from her family—which was not slight—to respond to the call, and by many stratagems succeeded in gaining her purpose.

The admiration of the whole Church, she went from place to place, exciting in many a breast a longing to follow her example, while more than one fair Ursuline aspired to the honor of being chosen for the Convent at Quebec—of which Madame de la Peltrie was to be foundress. More than one like Adrienne Cachelles had thrown themselves at the feet of the fair lady, and implored to go with her. But Adrienne alone of all the younger sisters was chosen, and tears of joy streamed from her eyes as she knelt at the altar, and poured forth her thanksgiving to the Holy Mother who had heard, and graciously answered, her many supplications.

Alas! innocent child! little thou knowest of the trials and griefs that will meet thee, of the hardships and privations which await thee, in the country thy soul longs so ardently to see.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was a bright sunny day in the lovely month of May, in the year 1639, when the emigrants for the new colony sailed from Dieppe. The air was soft and balmy, the sky blue and cloudless; all nature seemed, in joyous notes, to bid the courageous voyagers "God speed." Courageous and brave they were, for there was scarce one among the little party who, even had he known of the actual trials he would undergo in the New World, would for a moment have shrunk from his settled purpose; or having thus put his hand to the plough, even in thought or desire turned back. Obedience to the demands of the Church was expected of them; they must yield it implicitly at whatever sacrifice.

The company was very small, yet strong in united aim, in zeal and perseverance. There were some three or four holy fathers on their way to aid their brethren in the far-off mission; these sat together, conversing or reading their breviaries; while at a little distance off might be seen Madame de la Peltrie, enthusiastic, ardent, full of life and hope, the fresh breeze bringing the bright color into her cheeks, and blowing back her golden hair. Round her are grouped the Ursulines, quiet, yet with brightening eyes, and a faint pink in even their pale cheeks. That noble-looking woman, tall and erect, yet with such a winning smile and sweet, sad eyes, is to be the Superior of the new convent. She is best known as Marie de l'Incarnation. Two or three other nuns stand near her, and there, leaning over the vessel's side and eagerly watching the waves as they roll and sparkle in the sun, is Adrienne Cachelles. How strange the busy life on board is to these pale, quiet sisters! What a break in the monotony of their lives! All here is bustle and activity, life and freshness everywhere. Yet weary enough were the travellers e'er the long, tedious voyage was ended. How their eyes ached with gazing at the long, unbroken waste of waters! How they longed for the sight of green fields and spring flowers, for the sound of the chapel bell and the quiet of the convent! Six long weeks dragged slowly on, and then one morning in July they landed at Tadousac. Exhausted with their long journey, and overpowered by the intense heat, the hearts of the little company fainted within them when they learned that not yet were their travels ended. The rest of their journey proved most trying. Packed closely in a small craft, scorched by day by the burning midsummer sun, tormented at night by the swarms of mosquitoes that attacked them, with scarce any food, save salted and uncooked codfish, so faint and worn were the party that scarce could one throb of joy fill their hearts as they reached their future home. Little promise of rest or comfort did its aspect offer to the emigrants. Near the wharf some warehouses and sheds were all that were to be seen, while high above towered piles of lofty cliffs, whose steep and rugged sides seemed almost impossible