

warrior paused for a moment to gaze upon the growing city, and then bending again to his paddle, sent the light bark on more fleetly. The evening sun was still casting his glory upon the waters, when the bow of the first canoe grated on the sand of the quay below the lookers-on. The Indian warrior leaped ashore, and his companion drew the light bark upon the beach. In another moment the whole party stood together. Then the Christian Indian taking the lead, at a quick pace turned towards the town. It was too common a sight in Quebec to attract any extraordinary attention, and the party passed on unheeded. The young brave of the eagle feathers trod on in silence, scarce deigning to notice what to him must have been wondrous wealth and opulence, but regardless of all around he followed in the lead of his guide. At length the Christian Indian, a Huron, paused before a house of some size, and after