

this point we must build. What could be a fairer, prouder, more invincible heritage for France? For we shall sweep across the continent, we shall have the whole of the fur trade in time. We shall build great cities," and Champlain's face glowed with the pride he took in the new world.

Yet it was a small beginning, and a less intrepid soul would have been daunted by the many discouragements. A few dwelling houses, a moat with a drawbridge, and the space of land running down to the river divided into gardens. The *Sieur de Champlain* found time to sow various seeds, wheat and rye as well, to set out berries brought from the woods and native grape vines that were better fitted to withstand the rigorous climate. But now it was simply magnificent, glowing with the early autumn suns.

"I have a good neighbor who takes a great interest in these things. You must inspect *Mère Dubray's* garden. With a dozen emigrants like her we should have the wilderness abloom. She rivals *Hébert*. We must have some agriculture. We cannot depend on the mother country for all our food. And if the Indians can raise corn and other needful supplies, why not we?"

"Ah, ha! little truant!" cried *Mère Dubray*, with a sharp glance at the child, "where hast thou been all the afternoon, while weeds have been growing apace?"

"She has been playing guide to a stranger," ex-