

strangers and Indians filled the streets. The military, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, were drawn out in long array, preparatory to marching to the cathedral to assist at the holy sacrifice. At length the pealing bells again rang 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