

rebuilt by the English since they came into possession of it. However, we are told that it was twenty years before colonization was begun in earnest, when, at Cardinal Richlieu's instigation, a grand company of 100 associates, of whom Champlain was the leading spirit, was formed, and to them was granted the right of all the trading and fishing, except the cod and whale fisheries, from the Hudson's Bay to Florida. In return they were bound to settle 6000 colonists in fifteen years, and provide them with a sufficient number of clergy. The office of vice-royalty was abolished and Champlain was made Governor.

A year after another misfortune overtook the colony, an English squadron captured the first ship laden with stores for the emigrants, and in 1629 Quebec was taken and Canada held by the English three years, when it was returned by the treaty of St. Germain-en-laye. Then again did Champlain devote himself seriously to the task of colonization, and was just in the height of his success when he died, 1635. He was succeeded by men, some brave and able, others wholly incompetent, and during the following century the settlements gradually grew amid terrible hardships. It was one continual struggle with the Indians on one hand and the encroachments of the New England colonists on the other. It was during these years that the noble self-sacrificing Jesuit Fathers risked life and suffered martyrdom in their efforts to spread Christianity over the continent and plant French settlements; and those brave sisters endured untold hardships in their schools and hospitals.

We are recalled to the present by hearing that the great gun is to be fired off presently to mark the noon hour, so we hurry away, preferring to hear the boom from a distance. The plains of Abraham we visit next where a monument marks the spot where the gallant Wolf fell victorious. These are nothing in these peaceful looking fields to remind one of the fearful scene of carnage.

We drive back over the very roads, probably, those frightened Frenchmen must have taken in their flight, with Montcalm mortally wounded still supported on his horse and bravely crying to the weeping women who came out to St. Louis gate to meet them "It's nothing, it's nothing; don't be troubled for me my good friends." A little way farther and one of the houses in St. Louis street is pointed out to us as built on the foundation of the surgeon's house, where that brave general was borne to die. From here he was taken, without time for military honors, to the little chapel of the Ursulines where he was buried in a hole made in the floor by a bursting shell. With him were