

sent out by Francis I., King of France, in 1534, entered the Straits of Belle Isle and discovered the gulf that separates Newfoundland from the Atlantic provinces of Canada. The rugged shores of Labrador and north-western Newfoundland did not please him. He says it "must be the land allotted by God to Cain." But once within the gulf, and summer coming on, he found the warm weather and the scenery a pleasant relief from the icebergs and cold winds of the Atlantic. He skirted the shores of western Newfoundland and portions of what are now called Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Quebec. He has left us a faithful account of the places visited and the natives whom he saw. Next year (1535) Cartier made a second voyage. Entering the gulf on the festival day of St. Laurent (Aug. 10th), he named it the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This name was also given to the river. Guided by two Indians whom he had taken to France as captives the year before, he sailed up that noble river—the first white man who had sailed on its broad waters—until he reached a great Indian village where now stands Quebec. This was Stadacona, where ruled Donnacona, a chief of the Algonquin (al-gon'-keen) Indians. Further up the river he came to another Indian village, Hochelaga (hōsh'-e-lah'-gah), inhabited by a Huron tribe. This is the site of Montreal, so named from the hill behind it, which Cartier called Mount Royal. No wonder he was impressed with the views from the heights of Quebec and Mount Royal—the great plains to the west, the great sweep of mountain and valley to the north and south, and at his feet the noble river which he vainly thought would open to France and Frenchmen the treasures of China and India. He longed to tell the king of his great discovery; and after a miserable winter spent at Quebec, in which he lost many men from cold and disease, he set sail for France, taking with him the chief, Donnacona, and several of his Indian subjects, whom he had coaxed on board his vessel. This was a base return for the kindness Cartier had received at the hands of the Indians; but it was only one small instance of the cruelty and lack of faith of those who came to America to discover, then to conquer and to settle. The story too often is one of greed and cruelty on one side, and hate and slaughter on the other.

**The Indians.**—The Skrellings (yelling savages) was the name