

Mademoiselle Mance and Madame dela Peltrie decorated. Now, all the company gathered before the shrine. In the centre was Maisonneuve's warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him—soldiers, sailors, artisans and laborers,—all alike soldiers at need. They bent in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them: You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise to grow till its branches overshadow all. You are few but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.

The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fireflies were twinkling over the darkened meadows. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal."

We will now pass over the struggles of the early Colonists, the attacks by Indians, disease, disputes and all the other accompaniments of such an enterprise and come at once to the year 1694 when three rich French gentlemen, M.M. Charon, LeBer & Fredin proposed founding an Institution for the relief of the sick and aged poor. The establishment began under the most flourishing auspices: the hearty good will of the Diocesan Bishop, a grant of land from the Sulpicians, who were the "Seigneurs of the Island," which land extended from Foundling street to the banks of the St. Lawrence, being the same locality and almost the same spot where the renowned Champlain had, 84 years previously, made the first clearance and laid the foundation of his proposed trading post,—then came the Royal sanction under Letters patent by His Majesty Louis XIV, in which the establishment is styled "General Hospital of Villemarie."