

It was in those towers—the southern one—
 Sister Margaret Bourgeoys, that sainted nun
 Sat patiently teaching, day after day,
 How to find to Jesus the blessed way,
 Mid the daughters swarth of the forest dell,
 Who first from her of a God heard tell ;
 And learned the virtues that woman should grace
 Whatever, might be her rank or her race.

Here too in the chapel tower buried deep,
 An Indian *brave* and his grand-child sleep, (*)
 True model of womanly virtues—she—
 Acquired at Margaret Bourgeoys' knee ;
 He, won unto Christ from his own dark creed,
 From the trammels fierce of his childhood freed,
 Lowly humbled his savage Huron pride
 And amid the pale-faces lived and died.

With each added year grows our city fair ;
 Churches rich, lofty, and spacious square,
 Villas and mansions of stately pride,
 Embellish it now on every side ;
 Buildings—old landmarks—vanish each day,
 For stately successors to quick make way ;
 But we pray from change time may long leave free
 The ancient towers of Ville Marie !

—*Journal of Education.*

* Subjoined is a translation of the epitaph, still to be seen in the tower referred to.

" Here repose the mortal remains of Francois Thoronhiougo, Huron, Baptised by the Reverend Father Brebeuf. He was noted for his piety, and truthfulness, and was a pattern for Christians and the admiration of infidels. He died at the age of about 100 years, on the 21st April, 1690.

" Here repose the mortal remains of Marie Therese Gannensagousa, of the Congregation of Notre Dame. During three years she filled the office of Mistress of the Mountain School, and left a reputation of high virtue, aged 28 years, on the 26th November, 1695.