

Indian mountaineers know them by tradition, and at this day acknowledge that, "The Great Spirit never smiled more graciously on their dark race, than when he sent to these shores the tall white virgins from beyond the seas!" But whither are they going? To the far western shores of the great St. Lawrence? Yes, to the shores of our own St. Lawrence; not indeed smiling, as we now behold them from the gay steamer as we sail along, admiring the surpassing beauty of mountain, wood, and water-fall, enlivened by golden harvests, and crowned with cottage, hamlet, and village spire! At that remote period these shores were yet covered with their tall original forest trees, whose dark deep foliage oft concealed the lurking savage foe, maturing his deathly designs of invasion and massacre, while here and there, the smoke of a solitary wigwam announced the presence of the primitive proprietors of the soil.

The adieus are over, the vessel sets sail—her path lies across the trackless waters of the western deep, and, as the sunny plains of France recede from their view, all eyes turn in anxious expectation towards the little fort of Quebec! Let us follow them across the stormy sea, let us keep in sight this illustrious widow and her pious companions; ever the same in tempest and in calm, their prayers ascend to Heaven calling down blessings on all around them, and ere we witness their reception in Quebec, let us improve our leisure moments, while with the help of our ancient manuscripts and home-tradition, we pass in review the most remarkable events which illustrate the life of this distinguished and virtuous lady.