

It is situated on the east bank of the St. Charles River, and a bridge across that stream connects it with the French Canadian village of St. Ambroise. The St. Charles is here very wild and picturesque, and, just below the bridge, there is a magnificent cascade, where the stream tumbles through a charming gorge in an almost unbroken sheet of foam. The precipitous sides of this beautiful defile, are densely clothed with spruce and other trees, which, during our visit, cast a cool and delicious shade over the pleasant foot-path at the river-edge, and filled the air with a balsamic fragrance that was truly delightful. After their stormy rush over the broken rocks at Lorette, the dark waters of the St. Charles wind in comparative tranquillity through a lovely valley to Quebec—where, in the suburbs of St. Rochs, they join the St. Lawrence.

Lorette is inhabited by descendants of the once-powerful Huron Indians, who took refuge in Quebec after the massacre of their tribe by the Iroquois. They have adopted the religion and the language of their allies and neighbours, the French Canadians, with whom they have intermingled to such an extent, that their individuality as a race has passed away for ever. The village was first settled in 1697, when the Hurons removed from their previous residence at Sillery. The population is under two hundred.

The drive to Lorette is a very delightful one at all times, and, at this season of the year, particularly charming, for the whole country is glowing in all the young beauty of a Canadian June—its rivers and lakes sparkling in the sunshine like dancing streams of silver and sheets of shimmering gold—the broad