

the birds flitted among the boughs. Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees, his followers imitated his example, and all joined their voices in songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant place near at hand ; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant Charlotte Barre, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of all beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here were the ladies with their servant ; Montmagny no willing spectator ; and Maisonneuve, a war-like figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him,—soldiers, sailors, artisans and laborers—all alike soldiers at need. They knelt 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 and grow until its branches overshadow the land. 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 night came on. Fire-flies were twinkling over the darkened meadow, they caught them, tied them with thread 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.”

The following morning they proceeded to form their encampment, the first tree being felled by Maisonneuve. They worked with such energy that by the evening they had erected a strong palisade, and had covered their altar with a roof formed of bark.

It was some time after their arrival before their enemies, the Indians, were made aware of it, and they had improved the time by building some substantial houses, and in strengthening their fortifications. To recount the struggles of the early colonists would be a repetition of the history of every city or town founded in the midst of a savage country.