

few tiny guns aboard their two little ships, while Champlain despaired of standing a siege on a barrel of fish and half a dozen sacks of potatoes. New France had hardly become even a footnote to history. With what an airy charm of royal condescension does Charles I. add the unconsidered trifle of "The County and Lordship of Canada," to the *other* estates of good Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling and Baronet of Nova Scotia!

But, among her few, Quebec counted almost as many heroes as early Rome or Sparta. And bravest of the brave, the Jesuits. Here was an untamed, new, defiant world to wrestle with. And here the Church, Anteus-like, rose stronger from each fresh contact with the primal earth. Nothing could stop her indomitable pioneers; neither cold nor heat, hunger, thirst and fatigue; not the lurking danger which dogged their every step, nor the fiendish death by torture which so many of them suffered; nor yet the silent, awful isolation in which their work was done. They crossed a waste of waters to enter an even wilder waste ashore. Quebec was, in fact, as much a point of departure and landfall for an inland journey as a coast sea-mark is for an ocean voyage. Within each new horizon, far and near, the forest veiled the mysteries of Earth as closely as the sea; and, like the sea, lay still in calm, or surged in wash and back-wash of green surf beneath the storm. And, whether in calm or storm, it closed impenetrably round each man who ventured within its labyrinthine depths. The Iroquois—so tiger-like in craft, stealth, spring and wild ferocity—filled with mortal dread everyone else whose way led through the woods. But not the Jesuit. He had no human hand to help him there; yet the bravest soldier was never more confidently eager at the front. As, in the time of Caesar, every Roman legionary knew that the might of a whole empire lay waiting for his call at need; and as, in Nelson's day, every blockading British man-of-war went boldly into action, single-handed and against any odds, sure that every consort would soon be sailing to the sound of the cannonade; so every Canadian Jesuit pressed forward undauntedly, among all the ambushes and strongholds of a pitiless foe, ever upheld by the confident belief that he was no mere lost and isolated man, but one of the pioneers and vanguard of the advancing army of the Lord of Hosts.

The Ursulines held their first triennial election, and their choice naturally fell on La Mère Marie. Their first convent was a mere hovel, near the site of the present Notre Dame des Victoires, and their first Indian school in it was broken up by a terrible attack of small-pox. In 1641, the first stone was laid on the site of the present convent. But the next spring Madame de la Peltre, burning to carry the cross still