

ever hear now any thing of that other poor child. There may be duties to perform him yet. I had never courage to say this; but, now God calls us away, I feel it is right. Perhaps He is doing for me what I had not strength to do for myself."

"Thank God you see it in that light, dearest; but you should have told me you had those scruples."

"Oh, Henri! It is easier to accept than to seek suffering."

It was not quite in d'Auban's nature to feel this. Courage in endurance rather than in action is in general a woman's characteristic.

When it was known in the settlement that the inhabitants of St. Agathe were about to depart, though only for a few months, there was a general feeling of dismay. Not only the Black Robe was going, but the White Chief and his wife and child. It was a public calamity, and crowds came to St. Agathe to ascertain if it were true.

Mina assembled her friends on the lawn and made them a parting speech. She said she was going to the south, like the birds they used to watch preparing for their yearly flight, and that like them she would return when the winter had come and gone. She was sorry to go, and she carried away in her heart all her Indian brothers and sisters. She would bring them back gifts from the city of the white men: golden balls, such as Simon sometimes carried in his barge, and pictures like those in the church, only so small that they could hold them in their hands—and sweetmeats more delicious than maple-tree sugar. But she could not stay with the white people, she did not like white children—she could not help being white herself, it was not her fault: the lillies could not make themselves red like roses, if they wished it ever so much: she must be white whether she liked it or not." Here the little orator paused, and one of the Indian children answered:—

"We love your whiteness, little Lily; we should not love a red rose half so well. We should not think you so pretty if you were brown like us. But when you play with white children in the land where golden balls hang amidst shining leaves, do not love them as you love us; they will not love you as we do. You will get tired of golden balls and sweetmeats. You will long for the forests and the prairies.

You will not complain, for the daughter of the chief never complains, even if the enemy tears out her heart. But you will die if you do not come back to us, and then we shall not see you till we go to the land of the hereafter."

In a very few days d'Auban's arrangements were completed, a small amount of luggage stowed in a barge he had engaged, and a mattress placed at one end of it for his wife and daughter. He took with him a fowling piece, a pair of pistols in case of danger, and also some provisions; for he did not wish to stop at the Indian villages oftener than was necessary. He hoped to kill game as he went along, and so eke out their supplies till they arrived at New Orleans. As to Father Maret, his breviary was the heaviest portion of his luggage. They started on a beautiful October morning. St. Agathe was in its greatest beauty. Madame d'Auban fixed her eyes wistfully on the pavillion as the barge glided away, and took leave of it in the silence of her heart. She squeezed tightly the little hand clasped in her own. Mina's regrets were for the moment swallowed up in the excitement of the journey, and when the boat began to move she clapped her hands with joy.

The descent of the stream, as d'Auban had said, was far less trying than its ascent; still it had its difficulties, its sufferings, and its dangers. In some places it was difficult to steer the boat amidst the floating masses of rotten wood and decaying vegetation which impeded its progress. Sometimes a cloud of mosquitoes darkened the air and inflicted the greatest torment on the travellers. They had to step on shore now and then to get provisions and purer water than that of the river. If they landed amidst the brushwood they were obliged to light fires for fear of serpents. The sun was very hot and the nights sometimes cold. They hurried on as much as they could, without feeling any considerable amount of anxiety; still they could not but long for the journey to end. Now and then they exchanged a few words with some of the natives on the banks of the river. They seemed in general well disposed, and nothing in their language or their looks gave the least intimation that events such as M. Perrier anticipated were really impending.

One evening the rowers had slackened their speed; they were lying on their oars