

duce you to him. Perhaps you may have seen his brother at St. Petersburg before the expulsion of the Jesuits?"

"I know him very well, and wished much to know where he had been sent."

"It may then, perhaps, interest you, sir, to read the last letter I have received from my brother; it contains no family secrets," M. Maret said with a smile.

This letter was dated from Illinois. It did not give a very attractive picture of the country where d'Auban had already travelled in imagination since the morning. It made it evident that Europe sent out the scum of her population to people the New World; and that if good was to be done in those remote regions, it must be by an unusual amount of patience, courage and perseverance.

But what would have disheartened some men proved to d'Auban a stimulus. There were, he perceived, two sides to the question of emigration; the material one of profit—the higher one well worthy of the attention of a Christian. It seemed to him a singular coincidence that, on the same day on which it had been proposed to him to emigrate to America, a letter should be put into his hands, written from that country by a man for whom he had a profound respect and attachment. He found in it the following passage:

"The excellence of the climate, the beauty of the scenery, the easy navigation of the river, on the shore of which our mission is situated, and which flows a little below it into the Mississippi, the extreme fertility of the soil, the ease with which European productions grow and European animals thrive here, make this village quite a favored spot, and one peculiarly adapted for the purposes of French colonization. But whether such establishments would be an advantage to our mission, is extremely doubtful. If these emigrants were like some few I have known, men of religious principles and moral lives, nothing could be better for our Indians, or a greater consolation to us, than that they should settle in our neighborhood; but if they are to resemble those who, unfortunately, have of late years been pouring into Louisiana—adventurers, libertines, and scoffers—our peaceful and edifying Indian community would be speedily ruined. The Indians are very like children. Their powers of reasoning are not strong. What they see has an unbounded influence over

them. They would quickly discover that men calling themselves Christians, and whom they would look upon as wiser than themselves, set at naught the principles of the Gospel, and, in spite of all the missionaries might say or do, the effect would be fatal. From such an evil as that I pray that we may be preserved."

When the visitors had taken their leave that night, and d'Auban remained alone with his friends, he opened his mind to them and asked their advice. M. d'Orgeville hesitated. His wife, a shrewd little woman, who understood character more readily than her excellent husband, fixed her dark penetrating eyes on Colonel d'Auban, and said: "My dear friend, my opinion is that you will do well to go to the New World. I say it with regret, for we shall miss you very much. If, indeed, you had accepted the heiress I proposed to you, and advanced your interests by means of her connections, it might have been different; but a man who at thirty years of age refuses to marry an heiress foolish enough to be in love with him, because, forsooth, he is not in love with her—who does not accept a place offered to him because it would happen to break another man's heart not to get it; and who will not make himself agreeable to the Regent's friends because he thinks them, and because they are, a set of despicable scoundrels—my dear Colonel, such a man has no business here. He had better pack up his trunks and go off to the New World, or to any world but this. Tenderness of heart, unswerving principles, the temper of Lafontaine's oak, which breaks and does not bend, do not answer in a country where every one is scrambling up the slippery ascent to fortune, holding on by another's coat."

"And yet," answered d'Auban, "there are men in France whose noble truthfulness and unshaken integrity none venture to call in question;" and as he spoke he glanced at M. d'Orgeville.

"True," quickly answered his wife laying her hand on her husband's embroidered coat-sleeve; "but remember this, such men have not their fortunes to make. They are at the top of the ladder, not at the bottom, and that makes all the difference. It is always better to look matters in the face. Here you have—some people say wantonly—I am persuaded for some good reason—but anyhow you have turned