

sacrifice in their power for the sake of the young Indian who had protected their child, and prayed daily for the brave man who had died to save her. But the mention of their names recalled such terrible scenes that they instinctively recoiled from it. Mina perceived this without quite understanding it. She had the quick tact to feel that though she was never told not to speak of them, the subject was evidently not a welcome one; and nobody could have guessed how much the child suffered from this tacit prohibition. St. Agathe, too, was not often alluded to by her parents. When she spoke of that beloved place, her mother looked sad and anxious. She watched her husband's looks with daily increasing anxiety. Yearnings for his native country, the home-sickness which sometimes so suddenly seizes exiles, joined to the early stages of a disease brought on by violent bodily exertions and mental anxiety, had greatly affected Colonel d'Auban's spirits, and Mina could not pour forth her thoughts in his presence with the same freedom she had been used to do. Nothing had been discovered as to Ontara's fate. Every inquiry had been made by d'Auban regarding the royal family of the Natches. He ascertained what had become of all its members except the two young men, Ontara and Osseo. They had either perished or taken refuge amongst some of the more distant tribes. A reward was promised for their capture, as it was deemed dangerous to allow any of the relatives of the great Sun to remain at liberty. But, at his friends' earnest entreaty, the governor gave orders, that if Ontara was arrested, he should be treated with kindness and instantly brought to New Orleans.

It was a great consolation to Mina to relate all her story to Sister Gertrude on the day when matters had arrived at a crisis between her and her companions.

"You see, dear sister," she said, "I am an Indian girl, though my skin is white. I was born in the Illinois; and I only wish I was brown, and had black eyes and hair like my own people."

"But, my dear, that is not right. You are a creole, not an Indian. Your parents are French, and you ought to be glad that you are like them."

"And so I should be, sister, if the white girls loved the Indians; but they hate them, and then I want them to hate me also."

"But what a shocking word that is for Christians to use! I do not think your companions really hate these poor people. I am sure I hope not, for we are going to receive here to-morrow six little native orphan girls whose parents were killed in the insurrection. They were to have been sold as slaves, but our good mother begged them of the Company, and we are going to bring them up as Christians. This evening, after night prayers, I shall say a few words to our children, and tell them that for the love of Christ they should welcome and cherish these little outcasts. But Mina, my child, you should also remember that Anna Mirepoix's father, and Jeanne Castel's brother, and Virginia d'Aumont's uncle, have all died by the hand of the red men; and when they say things which make you angry, ask yourself what you would have felt if your father had

been murdered and your mother burnt to death in the city of the Natches."

Mina threw herself into Sister Gertrude's arms, and shed tears of repentance for her fault, and of joy that the little brown orphans were coming to a sheltering roof. From that day a new era began in her school life. The nuns had rightly judged that the best way of softening their pupils' feelings towards the unfortunate natives was to appeal to their pity, and enlist their sympathy in behalf of the orphans. The experiment proved successful. A few days after the one on which Emilie de Beauregard had tumbled of the bench in the midst of her harangue, she was sitting upon it with a brown baby on her lap, whilst Mina, kneeling before her, was amusing it with a bunch of feathers. Rose Perrier and Julie d'Artaban were quarrelling for the possession of another. All the girls were making Mina teach them Indian words, that they might know how to talk to the little savages, who became quite the fashion in the school. As to Mina, she was a mother to them all; the tiny creatures clung to her with an instinctive affection. During her lessons they would sit silent and motionless at her feet, with the patience which even in childhood belongs to their race, and followed her about the garden in the hours of recreation like a pack of little dogs. Every sweetmeat given to her was made over to them, and the only presents she valued were clothes or toys for her infant charges. Her health and spirits rapidly improved under this change of circumstances. She grew very fast, and was not very strong; but her color returned, and bright smiles were again seen on her lovely face.

There are persons whose destiny it seems to have no lasting abode on earth; scattered workers, may be, or busy idlers; who, during the whole course of their lives, pass from one place to another, as if the wanderer's doom had been pronounced upon them. The place of their birth knows them no more. The homes of their childhood, the haunts of their youth, they never revisit. Every local attachment they form is blighted in the bud. The curtain drops on each successive scene of their pilgrimage, and *finis* is stamped on almost every page of their existence. Some call this a strange fatality; others see in it, in particular instances, the hand of God's Providence training particular souls to detachment and self-sacrifice. "*Le Chretien est-il d'aucun lieu?*" asks Emilie de Guerin, who was a genius, and perhaps a saint too, without knowing it.

Thoughts such as these, though scarcely put into shape, but vaguely floating through the mind crossed Madame d'Auban, as she sat one evening planning with her husband the future course of their lives. It was almost determined between them that they should go to France. Many a sleepless night, many an hour of anxious thought, she had spent before making up her mind to propose this journey. It had, however, become evident that his illness was increasing and that the best medical treatment could alone hold out a prospect of recovery. The physicians at New Orleans had pronounced that, within a few months, he would have to undergo an operation, and she could not endure the thoughts of trusting to the unskilful