

"No, Antoine, I am not going there; not yet, I mean."

"And where are you going, mademoiselle?"

"Do you know where the Comte de Saxe lives?"

"No, mademoiselle; but perhaps I can find out. But why do you want to know?"

"Because I must see him immediately—immediately. Antoine."

Antoine shook his head. "Monsieur said I was to take you to the Hotel d'Orgeville."

"I won't go till I have seen the Comte de Saxe. So it is no use asking me, Antoine. Come with me, and we will go and find out where he lives."

Antoine was so accustomed to do whatever Mademoiselle Mina wished, and so agitated with the scene he had witnessed, that he was really more in need of guidance than she was. So he passively submitted; and when she had put on her hat and shawl he followed her into the street. She then stopped, and asked him, "Do you think M. Drouin, the bookseller, will know where M. de Saxe lives?"

"Most likely he may," Antoine answered, and they walked there.

M. Drouin's shop was a large dark warehouse in the Rue St. Sulpice, where piles of volumes were ranged in far-stretching recesses and apparently inaccessible shelves. Mina timidly approached the counter. A lady was sitting with her back to the entrance door, and a pretty little boy of six or seven years of age standing by her. She was choosing a book for him.

"I don't want a book," said the child; "I want you to stay with me."

"Why, my good child," answered the lady, in a voice Mina remembered to having heard before, "I can't stay where I am and be good, and if people are not good they don't go to heaven; and you and I, Anslem' want to meet there some day."

"I think you are very good," answered the boy, in an aggrieved tone, "you give me every thing I want."

At that moment, the lady heard Mina ask the shopman if he could tell her where the Comte de Saxe lived. She turned round and their eyes met. Mademoiselle Gaultier recognized the young girl whose prayers she had asked in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont; she made her way towards her with a courteous smile.

"At the Hotel de Saxe, Rue du Palais Royal," the shopman answered.

"Is it far from here?" Mina anxiously inquired, and when the man had answered, "pretty well," Mademoiselle Gaultier caught the sound of a little tremulous sigh.

"Excuse me," she said, in a kind manner, to the young girl, "but do you want to see the Comte de Saxe?"

"O, yes; very, very much," answered Mina, "I must see him as soon as possible."

"Why *must* you see him?" said Mademoiselle Gaultier, in a good-humored off-hand manner.

"Because he is the only person who can help me."

Mademoiselle Gaultier felt in her pocket for her purse. "Excuse me, my dear, but is it any thing about which money can be of use?"

"No, no, thank you, it would not do any good." Mina turned away and was hurrying out of the shop.

"Stop a moment," cried Mademoiselle Gaultier, struck with the expression of her beautiful face. "If it is indeed important that you should see the Comte de Saxe without delay, I can take you to my house, where he dines to-day. By the time you get to his hotel he will have left it."

She pointed to her carriage and said, "Get in."

Mina looked at Antoine, who was standing by her. "I *must* see the Comte de Saxe, Antoine."

"Then get in," repeated Mademoiselle Gaultier.

"Not without me," said the old man, resolutely.

"Well, sit on the box then, and tell the coachman to drive to the Rue de la Michaudiere."

The little boy got in also, and they drove off. The child began to cry bitterly.

"Come, come, Anslem. This will never do. Men do not cry."

"But little boys do, and I must cry if you go away."

"Nonsense, I never told you I was going away. But you must go home to your father, and he will send you to a good school, where you will have plenty of little boys to play with."

The child threw his arms round her neck.

"There now," she said, when the carriage stopped, "kiss me, and get out."

She watched him into the house, and then said, as if speaking to herself rather than to Mina, "Ah, that comes of doing a good action; one never knows what the end will be. I took that child because it was motherless, and his father was too poor to keep him, and made a pet of it when it was little, as if he had been a puppy or a kitten. But when the creature began to speak and to say its prayers, and to ask me questions about the good God, I did not like it."

"Why not?" said Mina, looking at her with astonishment.

"Now, what could a person who never prayed herself say to a child like that?"

"Do you not pray? I am sure you did the day Ontara was baptized. Do you not thank God for having made you so beautiful, and so strong too?" Mina added, remembering the scene in the Tuileries Gardens.

It had never yet occurred to Mademoiselle Gaultier to thank God for her strength, but, some years afterwards, she remembered Mina's words whilst carrying an aged woman out of a house that was on fire. She looked fixedly at her now, and then murmured, "The rest of my life will be too short to thank Him, if . . ." there she stopped, and turning away, did not speak again till they reached her house in the Rue St. Maur.

Nothing could exceed the luxury displayed in this abode. Lovely pictures covered the walls, knick-knacks of every sort adorned every corner of it. Flowers in profusion, and little mimic fountains throwing up scented waters, perfumed the hall, and gave each room an *air de fête*. Mademoiselle Gaultier conducted Mina into a