

in his arms. He seated himself on a bench and held her closely wound up in Mère's choicest blanket she had brought from St. Malo, and which had been woven by her grandmother.

Ah, how lovely that savage primeval beauty looked to the child, who felt more than she could understand. Every pulse seemed instinct with new life. The gardens with their beds of vegetables, the tall slim spikes of onions which everybody had been requested to plant plentifully, the feathery leaves of the young carrots, the beans already in white bloom, the sword-like leaves of the corn hardly long enough to wave as yet, and the river with boats and canoes—why, it had never been so brisk and wonderful before.

She drew in long breaths of health-giving fragrance. There had been some trouble with the Indians and the *Sieur de Champlain* had gone to chastise them. There were fur-traders on the way and soon everything would be stirring with eager business. And when she could they would take a sail around and up the *St. Charles*, and visit the islands, for besides *Pani* the Mère had another Indian boy the *Sieur* had sent her, so there would be no gardening for the small, white Rose. And he had made a new friend for her, who was waiting anxiously to see her.

Presently she went soundly asleep in the fragrant air, and he carried her back and laid her on the bed. Mère Dubray came and looked at her and shook her head. She was indeed a white Rose now. They had