

edies. A child's book she had never seen : the few that might have existed at that time were not to be met with in the colony. One prevailing feeling seemed to grow with her growth, and to strengthen with her advancing years. This was her devoted attachment to the land of her birth and its native inhabitants. It made her angry to be called a French child. She once stained her face and hands with walnut juice to look like an Indian. All the high-flown sentiments to be found in books about patriotism she applied to her own feelings for this beloved country. Whilst learning history and geography from her father she always harped on this point, and exulted on finding on the map that the Seine and the Loire were mere streamlets in comparison with the Mississippi and the Ohio, and maintained that Indian Christians would never do such wicked things as the bad Europeans. She had been named Wilhelmina at Madame d'Auban's earnest request. Her father would have liked to call her Agathe, but yielded to her mother's wishes, "But, my dearest wife," he said, "you will never let her know, I hope, that the royal blood flows in her veins, and that she can claim kindred with crowned heads. Let her grow up, I beseech you, in the freedom and simplicity of the lot you have yourself chosen, and let no thoughts of worldly grandeur come between her and her peace. It might well turn a young head," he added with a smile, "to be told that she was the niece of the Empress of Austria, and the sister of the future Emperor of Russia."

Madame d'Auban sighed, though she smiled at the same time. "I promise you to be silent on that point," she said, fondly gazing on her infant's tiny face; "but for my own satisfaction I like her to bear a name which reminds me of my childhood. It is, perhaps, a weakness, but, having broken every tie which bound me to my family, there is something soothing in the thought of one slight link between us still."

And so the little Creole was named Wilhelmina, and called by her parents Mina, and by the Indians Wenonah, "Lilly of the Prairie."

On the evening previously mentioned she had been mistress of the revels at a feast given by Therese to her scholars, and now, after dismissing her courtiers with

parting gifts of maple sugar and pine-jelly she sat down on her mother's knees. Her father, noticing that she seemed rather pensive, asked her what she was thinking of. She raised her head, and said, "I wish I had a brother! Little Dancing-feet said to-night she would take her sweet-cake home to her brother because he was good, and carried her over the brooks and up the hills when they went out to look for berries. Mother, would not you like to have a son?"

"Come to me, Mina," cried her father, who saw tears in his wife's eyes. Mina went to him, but she too saw those tears, and rushing back to her mother, she laid her head on her bosom, and whispered, "Mother, have I got a brother in heaven?"

Madame d'Auban bent down and kissed her. "My Mina," she said, "you have a brother; but you will *not* see him on earth. You must never mention his name; but when you say your prayers you may ask God to bless him."

"What is his name? Oh, do tell me his name!"

"You may say, 'God bless my brother Peter!'"

"I shall say it very often," cried Mina, throwing her arms round her mother's neck.

"Not out loud, my child."

"No; like this," She moved her lips, without making any sound. Her mother pressed a kiss upon them, and, looking at her husband, said, "It is a comfort to have told her. I could not help it." He nodded assent, but looked rather grave. He was sorry that the least shadow of a mystery should lie in his little daughter's mind. She had an instinctive feeling that her parents were both grieved at what had passed, and, as is the case with children on such occasions, she did not know exactly how to behave. Slipping off her mother's knees, she went round to Father Maret's side, and asked him to play dominoes.

The tread of a horse was now distinctly heard coming up the approach, a very unusual sound, especially at that time of the year. In another moment both horse and rider became visible, and d'Auban recognized one of M. Perrier's messengers.

"What, Ferial!" he exclaimed, "is it you? Do you bring letters?"

"Yes, sir; a dispatch from M. Perrier."