

"They have sailed round it."

"And have you seen Paris and the King?"

"I fought for the dead King. And Paris—why, you cannot imagine anything like it."

"Ah, but we are going to have new France here. And perhaps Paris."

There were pride and gladness in her voice. He smiled inwardly, he would not disturb her childish dream. Would she ever see the beautiful city and the pageants that were almost daily occurrences?

"When did you come here?" she asked presently.

"A fortnight ago, when the storeship arrived."

"Ah, yes. Maman and I went to see it and M. Hébert sent us some curious, delicious dried fruits. M. de Champlain is quite sure we shall grow them in time and have beautiful gardens, and fine people who know many things. Can you read?"

"Why, yes"—laughing.

"I wish I could. But we have no books. Maman thinks it a waste of time, except for the men who must do business and write letters. Can you write letters?"

"Yes"—studying her with amusement.

"Catherine could read. But she had no books. I once learned some of the letters. Jean could make figures."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, off with the fur-hunters. And Antoine makes ever so much money. And he says he and Maman will go back to France. And I suppose they will leave me