

was fair like her mother, her features as delicate, and the oval of her face as perfect; but her eyes were of a deeper blue, and shaded by dark eyebrows and eyelashes. From her earliest infancy she had always looked older than she was. In her firm step and determined manner there was an amusing likeness to her father. She evinced the most decided preference for the Indians over the Europeans and the negroes. Even as a baby she was wont to stretch out her little arms and call them her dear brown faces, and at a latter age would fall into a passion if any one said white faces were prettier. The loud, monotonous chant of the women, unmelodious as it is in European ears, was pleasing to the child, who in her aerial cradle amidst the pine woods, had been rocked by its wild music. Her playfellows were almost all Indians, and their language was as familiar to her as French or German.

Brought up in the Mission-school, and by their christian parents, these children were good and innocent. There was only one point on which Min's parents dreaded the effect of her constant association with them. The missionaries had not yet succeeded in eradicating from the minds of their converts all their ancient superstitions. Sorcerers and jugglers still exercised some influence over the native Christians. It took a long time to induce them to give up their manitous and their fetishes. These were objects to which a superstitious reverence was attached, and to the possession of which were ascribed many supernatural advantages—success, for instance, in war and in the chase, and immunity from various dangers. A fetish was sometimes an animal, or it might be a plant, or a stone, or a piece of wood. Tales of magic were current amongst the Indians, and held in belief even by those who on principle renounced all intercourse with sorcerers or magicians.

Madame d'Auban, whose mind had wandered at random in her youth in an imaginary world, peopled with self-created visions, and unchecked by any definite faith, and whose only ideas of the supernatural had been drawn from the legendary lore of her native country, and stories of apparitions, such as the well-accredited ones of the white lady who visits the places of the Teutonic kings when death is at hand, and of spectral processions like

Lutzoff's wild rushing midnight hunt, could not always repress a shudder at the mysterious tales of the Indian wizards. But Wilhelmina, who from her earliest childhood had believed in angels and saints, and to whom the thought of the supernatural world was one of the brightest joys of life, utterly scouted whatever the Church did not teach, and set her face against all superstitious practices with the resolution which was even at that early age a feature in her character. If any of her companions happened to show her a manitou, she stamped with her tiny feet, and cried out "Throw it away, or Mina will not love you." If they spoke of apparitions, wailing voices in the forest at night, eyes glaring on them in the darkness, invisible icy hands clasping theirs, she would shake her head, and say, "Mina never hear those voices—Mina never sees those eyes—Mina never feels those hands—Mina makes the sign of the Cross, and, if there are devils near her, they go away."

"But, little Lilly of the Prairie," they would sometimes urge, "Redfeather has a manitou that makes him catch more game than any other hunter in the village."

"I don't believe it," Mina would answer; and if they persisted it was true, she said, "Then the devil helps Redfeather. I am sorry for him, I am sorry for him and the game he catches will do him no good." In this way she fought her battles, always adhering to her principle, and insisting on her conclusion, "it is not true, or if it is true, it is wicked:" she never deviated from that line of argument. She would not play with any child that had a manitou; but if her companions were frightened at going home in the dark, or would not cross a part of the forest supposed to be haunted by evil spirits, she offered to accompany them, and they were never afraid when they held her little hand, and she sang as they walked along "*Salve Regina! Mater misericordiae!*"

Mina was a most joyous child. Her mother was sometimes almost alarmed at the exuberance of her spirits, but there was a deep vein of thoughtfulness in her character, and when she had once learnt to read her greatest delight was to take a book out of her father's library and carry it into the garden, where she sat for hours under the shade of a gum tree, poring over the Lives of the Saints or Corneille's Trag-