

be brought me to Maman. Oh, it was a long while ago. Maman is good in some ways. She gives me plenty to eat when we have it and she does not beat me often, as she does Pani."

"And who is Pani?"

"Oh, the little slave. His tribe was driven away after they had lost their battle, but some of the children were left behind and they are slaves. Do you suppose the Indians will ever conquer M. de Champlain? Then we should be slaves—or killed."

He shuddered. Already he had heard tales of awful cruelty in the treatment of prisoners.

"Are you not afraid some Indians may be prowling about?" and he glanced furtively around.

"Oh, they do not come here. They are good friends with M. de Champlain. And the fort is guarded. I should hide if one came."

She began to descend and presently reached his level.

"There are long shadows. It gets to be supper time."

He smiled. "Are the shadows your clock hands?"

"We have no clock. M. de Champlain carries his in his pocket. But you see the sun sends long shadows over to the east. It is queer. The sun keeps going round. What is on the other side?"

"It would take a good deal of study to understand it all," he returned gravely.

"I like to hear them talk. There are wonderful places. And where is India? Can any one find the passage they are looking for and sail round the world?"