

"It was a bad fever. And we had no priest to call upon. As if people here did not need one as well as in that wild place with a long name where they are hunting copper and maybe gold. But thanks to the saints and the good doctor, you have come through. Ah, we ought to have a chapel at least where one could go and pray."

"It is so beautiful and sweet. One would not want to be put in the ground."

She shuddered thinking of it.

"No, no! And M. Pontgrave has come in with two ships. There is plenty of provisions and fruits from La Belle France. See, M'sieu Ralph brought them in for you. Now you have only to get well."

Mère Dubray's face was alight with joy. The child smiled faintly.

"And the Sieur de Champlain?" she asked.

"Oh, he is as busy as any two men with plans for building up the town, and workmen, and some women for wives—two of whom are married already, though one couple did their courting on shipboard. Oh, you must soon get about. We are going to have a rare summer."

The child raised herself up a trifle and then sank back.

"Oh, dear!" with a little cry.

"Do not mind, *ma petite*. People are always so at first. To-morrow maybe you can sit up, and a few days after walk. And then go out."