

true as a magnet, pointed to the north." As she advanced in age her labors extended; but such as her childhood had been, such was her womanhood. She became the catechist of the Indian converts, and the teacher of their children. The earnest piety and the poetic genius of her race gave a peculiar originality and beauty to her figurative language; and d'Auban had sometimes concealed himself behind the wall of the school hut and listened to the Algonquin maiden's simple instructions.

"How is Pompey's son to-day?" he asked, as they met near the church.

"About to depart to the house of the great spirits," she answered. "He wants, nothing now, angels will soon bear him away to the land of the hereafter. We should not grieve for him."

"But *you* look as if you *had* been grieving. Therese, do not hurry away. Cannot you spare me a few minutes, even though I am a white man? I am afraid you do not like the French people."

"Ah! if all white men were like you it would be well for them and for us. It is for one of the daughters of your tribe that I have been grieving, not for the child of the black man."

"Indeed, and what is her name?"

"I do not know her name. She is whiter than any of the white women I have seen—as white as that magnolia flower, and the scent of her clothes is like that of hay when newly mown."

"Where did you meet her?"

"I have seen her walking in the forest, or by the side of the river, late in the evening: and sometimes she sits down on one of the tombs near the church. She lives with her father in a hut some way off, amongst the white people, who speak a harsher language than yours."

"The German colony, I suppose? Is this woman young?"

"She must have seen from twenty to twenty-five summers."

"When did they arrive?"

"On the day of the great tempest, which blew down so many trees and unroofed our cabins. A little boat attached to Simon's barge brought them to the shore. They took shelter in a ruined hut by the side of the river, and have remained there ever since."

"Have they any servants?"

"A negro boy and an Indian woman,

whom they hired since they came. She buys food for them in the village. The old man I have never seen."

"And why do you grieve for this white woman, Therese?"

"Because I saw her face some nights ago when she was sitting on the stump of a tree, and the moon was shining full upon it. It was beautiful, but so sad; it made me think of a dove I once found lying on the grass with a wound in her breast. When I went near the poor bird it fluttered painfully and flew away. And the daughter of the white man is like that dove; she would not stay to be comforted."

"Does she ever come to the house of prayer?"

"No. She wanders about the enclosure and sits on the tombstones, and sometimes she seems to listen to the singing, but if she sees any one coming she hurries off like a frightened fawn."

"And her father, what does he do?"

"He never comes here at all, I believe?"

"And you think this young woman is unhappy?"

"Yes. I have seen her weep as if her eyes were two fountains, and her soul the spring from whence they flowed. It is not with us as with the white people. We do not shed tears when we suffer. The pain is within, deep in the heart. It gives no outward sign. We are not used to see men and women weep. One day I was talking to Catherine, a slave on the Lormois Concession, who would fain be a Christian, but that she hates the white people. Many years ago she was stolen from her own country and her little children, and sold to a Frenchman. There are times when she is almost mad, and raves like a wild beast robbed of its young. But Catherine loves me because I am not white, and that I tell her of the Great Spirit who was made man, and said that little children were to come to Him. I was trying to persuade her to forgive the white people and not to curse them any more, and then, I said, she would see her children in a more beautiful country than her own, in the land of the hereafter; that the Great Spirit, if she asked Him, would send His servants to teach them the way to that land where mothers and children meet again if they are good. Then in my ear I heard the sound of a deep sigh, and turning round I saw the white man's