

large sum of money in building an *habitation*, as the houses of the French settlers were called, totally out of keeping with the habits and requirements of the mode of life he had adopted. For one whole year he tried to persuade himself that he enjoyed that kind of existence; it was only at the close of the second year of his residence in America, that he acknowledged to his companion that he was bored to death with the whole thing, and willing to spend as large a sum to get rid of his concession as he had already expended upon it. At last, he declared one morning that he could endure it no longer.

Maitre Simon's barge was about to descend the Mississippi to New Orleans. The temptation was irresistible, and he made up his mind to return to France, leaving behind him his land, his plantations, his horses, and the charming *habitation*, called the *Pavillon*, or sometimes, "*La Folie de Harlay*." D'Auban, he said, might cultivate it himself, and pay him a nominal rent, or sell it for whatever it would fetch to some other planter. But in America he would not remain a day longer if he could help it; and if Monsieur Law had cheated all the world, as the last letters from Paris had stated, the worst punishment he wished him was banishment to his German settlement in the New World. And so he stood waving his handkerchief and kissing his hand to his friend, as the clumsy barge glided away down the giant river; and d'Auban sighed when he lost sight of it, for he knew he should miss his light-hearted countryman, whose very follies had served to cheer and enliven the first years of his emigration. And, indeed, from that time up to the moment when this story begins, with the sole exception of Father Maret, he had not associated with any one whose habits of thought and tone of conversation were at all congenial to his own. No two persons could differ more in character and mind than De Harlay and himself; but when people have been educated together, have mutual friends, acquaintances, and recollections, there is a common ground of thought and sympathy, which in some measure supplies the place of a more intimate congeniality of feelings and opinions.

He sometimes asked himself if this isolation was always to be his portion. He had no wish to return to Europe. He

was on the whole well satisfied with his lot, nay, grateful for its many advantages; but in the course of a long solitary walk through the forest, such as he had taken that day, or in the evenings in his log-built home, when the wind moaned through the pine woods with a sound which reminded him of the murmur of the sea on his native coast, feelings would be awakened in his heart more like yearnings, indeed, than regrets. In many persons' lives there is a past which claims nothing from them but a transient sigh, breathed not seldom with a sense of escape—phases in their pilgrimage never to be travelled over any more—earthly spots which they do not hope, nay, do not desire to revisit—but the remembrance of which affects them just because it belongs to the dim shadowy past, that past which was once alive and now is dead. This had been the case with d'Auban as he passed that evening through the little cemetery of the Christian Mission, where many a wanderer from the Old World rested in a foreign soil by the side of the children of another race; aliens in blood but brethren in the faith. A little farther on he met Therese, the catechist and schoolmistress of the village. He stopped her in order to inquire after a boy, the son of one of his laborers, whom he knew she had been to visit. Therese was an Indian girl, the daughter of an Algonquin chief, who, after a battle with another tribe, in which he had been mortally wounded, had sent one of his soldiers with his child to the black robe of St. Francois des Illinois, with the prayer that he would bring her up as a Christian. He had been himself baptised a short time before. The little maiden had ever since been called the Flower of the Mission. Its church had been her home; its festivals her pleasures; its sacred enclosure her playground. Before she could speak plainly she gathered flowers and carried them in her little brown arms into the sanctuary. When older, she was wont to assemble the children of her own age, and to lead them into the prairies to make garlands of the purple *amorpha*, or by the side of the streams to steal golden-crowned lotuses from their broad beds of leaves for Our Lady's altar; and under the catalpa trees and the *ilexes* she told them stories of Jesus and of Mary, till the shades of evening fell, and "the compass flower,