

• your back upon fortune in a most affronting manner, and the fickle goddess is not likely, I am afraid, to give you in a hurry another opportunity of insulting her. I really think you would be wrong to refuse M. de Harley's proposal. You see, my dear friend, you are not a practical man."

"Well, I will not urge you to define that word," said d'Auban, with a smile; "but if your accusation is just, how can you believe that I shall triumph over the difficulties of a settler's life?"

"Oh, that is quite a different affair. What I call a practical man in Europe is one who bends before the blast, and slips through the meshes of a net. In the desert, and among savages, the temper of the oak may find its use, and stern self-reliance its element."

"I am afraid she is right," said M. d'Orgeville, with a sigh; "though I would fain not think so."

"At any rate, you will not be in a hurry to come to a conclusion on this important question, and if you do emigrate, all I can say is, that you will be a glorious instance of the sort of settler M. de Mesme does not believe in."

A few weeks after this conversation had taken place, M. de Harley and Henri d'Auban were watching the receding coasts of France from the deck of the *Jean Bart*, and four or five years later the latter was crossing the forest on his way back to the Mission of St. Francis, after a visit to an Indian village, the chiefs of which had smoked the pipe of peace with their French neighbors. He had learnt the language, and successfully cultivated the acquaintance of many of the native tribes, and was the head of a flourishing plantation. Madame d'Orgeville had proved right. The peculiarities of character which had stood in the way of a poor *gentil-homme* seeking to better his fortunes in France, favored the successful issue of his transatlantic undertakings. M. de Harley had fulfilled his promise by obtaining from the Company a grant of land for his friend adjacent to his own concession, and he had worked it to good purpose. His small fortune was employed in the purchase of stock, of instruments of labor, and, it must be owned, of negroes at New Orleans. But it was a happy day for the poor creatures in the slave-market of that city, when they became the property of a man whose principles and dis-

position differed so widely from those of the generality of colonists. He engaged also as laborers Christian Indians of the Mission, and a few ruined emigrants, too happy to find employment in a country where, from want of capital or ability, their own speculations have failed. It was no easy task to govern a number of men of various races and characters, to watch over their health, to stimulate their activity, to maintain peace amongst them, and, above all, to improve their morals. The Indians needed to be confirmed in their recently acquired faith, the negroes to be instructed, and the Europeans, with some few exceptions, recalled to the practice of it. He labored indefatigably, and on the whole successfully for these ends. His courage in enduring privations, his generosity, perhaps even more his strict justice, his kindness to the sick and suffering, endeared him to his dependants. He seemed formed for command. His outward person was in keeping with his moral qualities. He hunted, fished, and rode better than any other man in the Mission or the tribe. In physical strength and stature he surpassed them all. This secured the respect of those unable to appreciate mental superiority.

It was not extraordinary under these circumstances, that his concession thrived, that fortune once more smiled upon him. He was glad of it, not only from a natural pleasure in success, but also from the consciousness that, as his wealth increased, so would his means of usefulness. He became deeply attached to the land which was bountifully bestowing its treasures upon him, and displaying every day before his eyes the grand spectacle of its incomparable natural beauties. His heart warmed towards the children of the soil, and he took a lively interest in the evangelization of the Indian race, and the labors of the missionaries, especially those of his old friend Father Maret, whose church and the village which surrounded it stood on the opposite bank of the stream, on the side of which his own house was built. If his life had not been one of incessant labor, he must have suffered from its loneliness. But he had scarcely had time during those busy years to feel the want of companionship. On the whole he was happy—happier than most men are—much happier, certainly, than his poor friend, M. de Harley, who wasted a