



CHAPTER XI.

THE WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

AHASISTARI and his foes were struggling; the combat was fierce; but, one by one, the Mohawks were overpowered or slain, and the Hurons were left undisputed masters of the village. The noise of battle had ceased; only the moan of pain broke the stillness of the scene. Few, but the wounded and the dead, were there besides themselves. Their chief looked around in vain for the Jesuit and the novice. He called out their names; they did not answer. They searched the village; none were there but the feeble, and those who were unable to flee. They turned in sorrow to the fires of torture. Bound to his stake, supported almost upright by his bands, like life but for the crushed and bleeding brow, was the dead body of the