

catch a glimpse of the lodges, and at the same time be near the path to the rendezvous. The glare of a large fire flashed up towards the darkening sky, and tinged with red the waving branches of the forest. Two figures were still bound to the stakes, and groups of boys and men were loitering about, seemingly awaiting some approaching event.

"The Hurons must speed on, or they will come too late," exclaimed Ahasistari bitterly, as he stretched himself upon the ground.

The fire flashed out more brightly now, for some hand had cast more fuel on it; and the light of the flame played around the mild face of the Jesuit as he stood bound to the stake. His high, bold forehead seemed to catch the floating beams, which lingered round it, like a saintly halo of coming glory. Ahasistari recognized the form of Father Laval, even at that distance, and, looking for a moment in silence, exclaimed:

"They will come too late! there will be one more stake and one more torture! My father, I swear to thee that Ahasistari will share thy fortunes, whether of death or life!" and he arose