

here and there, with a convulsive spring, some form would cease its motion, and lie still and silent as the sod it pressed. The rest still struggled on. At length, from out the melee crept an unarmed savage, wounded, coiling himself slowly along the ground as if in dying agony. He reached the corner of the lodge, and passing behind its shadow, sprung quickly to his feet. His eye fell upon the kneeling figure of Father Laval as he bent him over a dying Huron, and tearing off a portion of his belt, he stole quietly behind him. In a moment he had gagged him — in another he was hurrying him rapidly, in spite of his resistance, from the spot. The priest attempted to cry out, but it was in vain; and casting a lingering look towards the group where his friends were fighting within reach of him — yet ignorant of his danger — resigned himself to his fate.

