

walls. At length a step was heard without; and, through the opened door, entered a Jesuit. His face was averted as he came in, but when he had closed the door he advanced towards them. It was Father Laval. His countenance was very pale and attenuated, and his hair was gray: for the toils of a few such years as his had been will touch with white, as surely as the placid flow of many. Suddenly the impassive face of the Mohawk warrior lit up with a bright smile; a low exclamation of surprise broke from his lips, and he stepped forward to a spot where, from a window, the light fell full upon his manly form, and said:

“Blackgown! — Kiskepila! — Morning Flower!”

The Jesuit clasped his hands, and looked towards heaven, for the memory of sad scenes came over his soul; but in a moment the cloud passed, and joyously he stretched out his hands:

“Welcome, Young Eagle! Welcome, gentle maiden! Sad were the scenes in which we parted; joyful is this hour in which you come back to me, like the fruit of my captivity.”