

cious Huron would have returned days ago, to share the fortunes of his chief. Perhaps his last messenger had missed the trail in the forest, and for a time the chief almost regretted that he had not dared the risk consequent upon the concealment of so many men near the village, accompanied, as it was, with the advantage of their proximity in case a sudden opportunity of rescue presented itself. It was already time that the party should have reached the place of his concealment which he had designated as the point of rendezvous. But hours might yet elapse before the torture would begin, for although he did not know the exact result of the council's deliberations, he felt that there was little doubt of the condemnation of Father Laval and the other prisoners; and that their lives hung upon a thread liable to be broken at any moment by the whim or caprice of the savages. As he cast his eye around, indistinctly it caught the radiance of a stream of light illuminating the mist that hung above the village. Taking up his arms he descended to the forest below, and a few moments' walk brought him to a place whence he could