

Only a few words of Micmac tongue he knew, but much of the Algonquin, for the Abbé, with a strange love for mastering all that touched him, had possessed himself of this language; and a knowledge of Algonquin among the Indian tribes of that time was what French is among European nations of to-day, so the boy knew that he could converse readily with the chief and elder braves.

The sun was sinking when he entered the plague-stricken village. The wigwams were ranged in a semicircle inside the picketed inclosure. Lying on the ground before some of them and across the thresholds of many, were the dying Indians, men, women and children; squatted in frightened groups were others, and from some of the wigwams came the sound of wailing and chanting.

As the fair-haired boy entered the open part of the inclosure, he could be distinctly seen from all the tents. Under his arms were great bundles of red and black roots, in his hands