

Bearing torches in their hands, the procession wound solemnly into the forest, and paused beside the new-made grave. Slowly and carefully they laid him in his silent resting-place, while the light of the torches beamed upon his angelic face, and reflected from the glowing colors of the wild flowers on his brow, his cheek seemed to bloom with a tinge of life. He had passed into death suddenly, in the midst of prayer; its heavenly radiance still hovered around the chiselled features. Beautiful in death, crowned with the wreath of flowers, and robed in unspotted white, the young martyr lay, a halo of unearthly glory seeming to the rapt beholders already to glow around his brow. By the side of the gentle novice they stretched the scarred forms of the two Huron warriors. In silence their brothers laid them down to mingle their dust with one of another race, yet one in faith, and hope, and charity; one by the bond of that church which gathers alike all souls within her fold.

"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine!" arose in the deep voice of the priest, and the Hurons responded.