

Over the wild peal of battle rose the firm voice of Ahasistari, and the Hurons sprung out from their covers to the charge, to strike the effective blow before the Mohawks could rally. Out from the impenetrable darkness bounded these dusky figures, rushing on, with wild and exulting shouts, to cut off the entrance to the cabins; one, a lithe and youthful form, shaking fiercely over his head his small steel axe, leaped forward to the prisoners. Watook was rushing to the rescue.

Kiohba pressed on in his fell purpose. He reached the side of the novice, he wound his hand in his long hair, he bent back his head, and, glaring fiendishly into his face, he seemed to make him die by slow and fearful agony; then his weapon flashed above him, and came down with a sullen crash, and the form of the poor novice sunk lifeless, supported by the withes that bound him to the stake. Kiohba unwound his hand from his locks, and tore the scalp from his mangled brow; then he turned towards the Jesuit. Le Loup struggled to burst his bands, but his iron strength would not avail him; in