

Selecting a suitable spot, the Huron and the Frenchman turned up the sod with their hatchets, and in a short time had scooped a resting-place for the dead. Then they retraced their steps to the village, and joined the group. Rude biers were made of the branches of trees strewed with the softest foliage, that the lifeless corpse might repose gently there. In one of the lodges had been found the sacks in which, slung upon their shoulders, the missionaries carried their vestments and the sacred vessels in their journeys through the boundless forests.

In his white surplice they robed the gentle novice; in that pure garment in which he had so often served at the holy sacrifice they wrapped him for the solemn burial. His hands were meekly crossed upon his breast. They raised him sadly, and laid him on his bier; they lifted it and strode forward.

At that instant a slight female figure pierced through the group, and gazed for a moment on the face of the dead. Then she placed a wreath of wild flowers upon his brow, and, starting away, the wail of the Indian girl arose for the departed.