

ring upon the finger of the maiden; he uttered the final blessing of the church upon those who worthily enter into the holy bonds of matrimony, and the affecting scene was ended. Tears gathered in the eyes of Father Laval as he uttered the last prayer. Two years ago that very day, upon the feast of the Assumption, he had run the gauntlet in the villages of the Mohawk. These two young souls were now before him, the first fruits of his toils and sufferings, through the merits of Christ, and he returned thanks to God for his goodness in sending him so abundant consolation. At this moment a Huron pressed through the kneeling crowd, advanced towards the Mohawk, and stretching out his hands, exclaimed:

“Kiskepila! there has been war between thy people and my people. Let the hatchet be buried. Let the tree of peace spring up, and the Mohawk and the Huron will rest together, like brothers, under its shade. It is the spirit of the religion which thou hast embraced.”

“The words of the chief of the Hurons are good! Kiskepila loveth peace! He has come