

thought he had passed away, but soon they found that he was still breathing and gently bore him to the tent, where they put him down carefully upon a bed of balsam. The eyes were closed, the lips very pale and bloodless, and the missionary knelt again, opening the shirt over the great deformed breast whose mossy surface showed a great splash of blood. As best he could he dressed the wound, while tears came from his eyes, for neither the years nor his great experience of suffering had affected the softness of his heart.

"Oh! the poor man," he cried. "I—I did it for the best—I should not have prevented him from defending himself at once—I was hoping that . . ."

But Mashkaugan's eyes opened and a smile came to his lips.

"It may be for the best, my father," he said in a whispering, halting voice. "I—I shall not die at—at once. There is time—time to speak to thee—I want to tell of my many sins, though—though I fear they can never—be forgiven. Come nearer—put thy ear to my lips—I can speak but low. The breathing comes hard."