

back! And thou, Curran, come outside and tell me the purpose of thy coming, after which thou canst go in and join in our rejoicing."

Mashkaugan had drawn to one side but Curran, disregarding the priest, took a step forward, glancing furiously at the old missionary and the hunchback.

But when he was inside the tent and his eyes fell on its occupants he remained like a man transfixed by an arrow, or as one lost in a blizzard who has leaned upon a tree and there been frozen stiff and stark. His mouth was open, his eyes glared, fixedly.