

lightly upon the shoulder ; when he looked up, Ahasistari stood beside him, and beckoned him to follow him. After they had gone some distance from the spot, the chief paused, and, pointing to the group, said :

“ L’Espion Hardi is of the race of the pale-face. It becomes him to look to the burial of his dead. See ! the good blackgown is wrapt in sorrow ! the words of the chief would disturb his spirit. The braves will bury their brothers ! ”

“ Huron, I am but a rude forester. I have lived in the woods till I am like the Indian rather than my own blood and race ” —

“ Good ! ” said the chief, nodding his head approvingly ; “ Daring Scout is the brother of the Hurons ! ”

“ Chief,” continued Pierre, “ the youth must be buried like a Christian white man. ”

“ The Hurons are Christians,” said the Indian slowly.

“ True,” replied the scout ; “ your brothers must not be turned into the earth like the heathen Mohawk ! “ We must bury them side by side with the youth ! ”