

raised himself, and, with a look of proud defiance, said:

"Kiskepila is the young eagle of his tribe! the triumph of the Huron is but little without his scalp."

Ahasistari did not move; but the Jesuit replied: "My son, do not entertain such thoughts; the Huron does not desire to shed your blood. It is our sincerest wish to be your friend, and the friends of all men rather than their foes." The Huron chief assented.

After a pause, the Mohawk continued: "My people are routed; but they fled, not from the living, but from the dead! The blackgown called the great white warrior from the spirit-land to rescue him."

Father Laval listened in wonder, and replied: "My son, this is some wild mistake."

"Champlain!" said the other; "Kiskepila heard the cry, and saw the warriors of his tribe turn like women from the face of the white man. Who could fight the dead?"

In a moment the whole matter became apparent to the mind of the Jesuit. The division of