

gentle novice. Softly they loosened the cords, softly as if, even in death, they would not ruffle the placid slumber of those pale and delicate features. They laid him down upon the turf, and sought again for the Jesuit. He was not there. Catching up a burning brand, Ahasistari examined the edge of the forest; suddenly he uttered a low exclamation, and darted into its depths. The glare of the torch, as its flame tossed wildly in his swift course flitting past the dark trunks of trees, looked like a red meteor in its course.

The Hurons silently gathered their dead from the field, and laid them down by the body of the young novice. Then they stood around them solemnly. A few moments passed thus in stern meditation; when, gliding noiselessly into the group, and pressing aside the rest, two figures approached close beside the body of the novice. A low but joyful exclamation welcomed them. Father Laval heeded it not. The steel axe, which Ahasistari bore, was yet dripping with warm blood; it told the Hurons the story of the rescue. One by one came back the scattered warriors from the pursuit, and, last of all, Le