

"Peace! Keep still, I command you! Here! What on earth is the matter?" cried the priest.

But in an instant Curran had shaken him off, paying not the slightest attention to him. A fixed idea was in his disordered brain. Mashkaugan had been the one to play Judas, to betray him. The man was standing at some little distance, with folded arms, because the priest must be obeyed.

"I'll have no fighting," cried the old man. "Throw away that knife, Mashkaugan. Run away from him until we can seize him and quiet him. He's mad, I tell you. Help there! You men by the canoes. Hasten up, Atuk!"

The three who had been down by the canoes scrambled up breathlessly as Mashkaugan turned away, in immediate obedience to the priest's commands, but for which he would have eagerly held his ground. He flung his knife away as he covered the ground with wonderful speed, turning his head to watch his pursuer and paying little heed to where he went. But the infuriated man was outstripping him and getting very close, while the rest came running after, panting.