

stepped back about thirty yards from the youth, where they intended to discharge their arrows at him. Red Deer betrayed no emotion. His face was calm and passive. He would show them that he could die as became an Iroquois. The first brave drew down his bow, and an arrow lodged itself in the captive's arm. Not a muscle of the latter moved. As the blaze of the fire lit up his features, his eyes were seen to be turned towards Heaven. "He prays to the God of the pale-face," jeered Lieing Heart. Just then Dark Hair rushed in front of the prisoner and, facing the braves, cried out: "Why will you kill the Red Deer? He has helped the Black Robe to escape you. Was this wrong? You wished to murder the servant of the Great Spirit, and if you had done so, would not Manito have punished us?" Then said the old Indian whom we have mentioned before as bringing the news of the result of the council to Dark Hair: "The words of the Dark Hair are good. The Black Robe is the friend of the Redman. Why have you believed the words of the Medicine Man, Lieing Heart?" This old man on account of his age was held to be wise and his words had great weight with the tribe. "What says the Red Deer?" he added, turning to the prisoner. The latter spoke as follows: "Lieing Heart has an evil tongue. The Black Robe is a good paleface. He loves the Redman. Two moons from now is the great feast he told us about. If you wish it, he will come to you and tell you of the Manito and bring you tidings of great joy, so that your hearts will be rejoiced!" Hereupon Swift Eagle answered: "You shall not die Red Deer, you are released. We will hear the Black Robe. Let him come. I sent my arrow for the Black Robe, but the Manito turned it and I killed Lily Flower." Red Deer was happy, not only because he received life and liberty but also because the Indians would listen to the Black Robe. The following morning Red Deer, accompanied by two of the tribe, went to the fort and conducted the missionary to the camp. As they were returning, he directed the priest to the grave of Lily Flower. The devoted father knelt with tears