

heart full of gladness. "Thank God I have not waited in vain, for now you are mine, my wife, my Wanda." He clasped her to his breast, and all the people rejoiced at the wonderful way their beloved leader and his sweetheart had been brought together after so many years of separation.

Wanda's story was soon told. The white man who had bought her and desired her for his wife, resolved that she should be educated, and sent her to Montreal. While on his way to meet her there he was drowned. The Hudson's Bay Company's officials had turned Wanda over to the care of missionaries, and with them she had found her way back to Norway House. She had been employed by Mr. Steinhauer for some time, and was delighted when he was ordered to the plains, for in that way she hoped to get back again to her own people.

The wedding between Three Arrows and Wanda was not long delayed. Everybody in the camp determined to make it happy and memorable, but the most supremely happy woman there was the mother of Three Arrows. She rejoiced that her noble son had at last found a woman for his tent, and that this woman was his old sweetheart Wanda. But she wondered if, in her life amongst strange white people, Wanda had forgotten what the mother thought were the good and faithful Indian ways of wifely service