

feet, and, putting up her little hands, said many words in a strange tongue. At last she said in Thinklet, "Be not afraid, for I am with you always": this is the promise of our God, yours and mine, and He will save us.' And very soon after that the wings of the darkness lifted, and it flew away, and I knew where we were—not far from my landing-place; and I beached the canoe and carried the child up the steep trail to my mountain hut, and I could not be cruel or harsh to her. She told me such wonderful stories of her God: that I was one of His children; and about a beautiful country where He waited for our coming; and that by living kindly and wronging no man, and believing in Him, and doing good, we would, after our death here, be welcomed there, and never have any more sorrow or pain.

"And I never had been so happy in all my life. I carried her all the things that I prized most, and she made the hut in the mountains a beautiful place, and I loved her as a mother loves her baby, and I would have suffered all things for her sake.

"One day she told me that God was calling her, and she must obey, and leave me for a time. Then I wished to see Him face to face, and fight to keep her with me; but she told me that God was with me every day and hour, and that He could only be conquered by love and resignation; and much more she told me, until my stormy heart rested in peace. And then I saw her fading away like a flower each day, and near the end she could not walk nor even feed herself, and I came here after Ne-that-la, whom you all know for a kindly woman. She went with me, and tended and nourished the white blossom as best she could until the time came when God touched her heart and it was still.

"Just before she left us for His beautiful country she made us both promise to try and come to her, and to lead as many of our people as we could to follow us. She said she 'would wait for us on the shore'; and because of that promise, and because I who loved her wished to live with her for ever, I have brought her dead body here to rest among my own people, and when I die I wish to be laid by her side on the hill which I have chosen as my last resting-place. And oh, my people, if you will listen and obey the counsels of a Sitkan *Shaman* who has learned to love and be tender, you will believe in one God only—the God of this little child."

Then he ceased, and the women of the tribe prepared the poor little body for its long rest in the house of the dead; and they placed her book *ictus* in her bosom, and the ermine robe they folded around her, and all the presents from the *Shaman* in a box and laid it at her feet; and day after day the *Shaman* waited alone on the hill beside her body, and night after night, through storms and starlight, he watched to see that no harm came to it; and one morning, after a great gale, he did not come to the village, and when a long time had passed some of the people went in search of him, and found him dead, sitting beside the house, holding to it strongly as if he would not be torn away. And my people laid him beside the girl, and placed his war canoe near by, with a smaller one for the child.

That is all I know.

Here Klanaut ceased talking. I believe there was a tremulous flutter in Metinoff's eyelids and my own, and a suspicious moisture, which perhaps was blown from off the sea. But I have visited the place many times since, and I think of the fair child, and picture her as graceful as the ferns which sway about her last resting-place; and I wonder if the *Shaman* found her—waiting on the "other shore."

ARTHUR WILLIERS.