

Childhood of Ji-shib'

The fast was ended, and Ji-shib', with his beaver-skin bag in his hand, left the old tree in the forest, and started slowly homeward. Under the pine trees, past the great shady maples, stopping to pick the bright red winter-green berries, lingering a moment at the wild rice fields to hear the liquid song of the bobolink, together they went, Ji-shib' and the beaver, on, on to the village. And thus they were always together, for the beaver watched over Ji-shib' and kept him, and Ji-shib' knew that the Spirit of the beaver was at all times stronger, and better, and wiser than he.

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