

the two great birches that—that overlook the point. They—they see the glory of every rising sun. I—I have received much good in return for great evil.”

Then he closed his eyes again, and all were silent and very sad. The two women thought of how devotedly he had watched Loveland, night after night, and the men were impressed by sorrow that so fine a woodsman and great a hunter should be laid low, after a fight so heroic. It looked as if he could live but very little longer, and they moved about very silently, going far off for their provision of wood, that the strokes of the axes might not disturb.

But on the next day, by what Father Gregoire was disposed to consider a miracle, he was still living, though it yet seemed that he must soon be buried beneath the silvery trees. But another day passed and yet another, and finally he began to get better, slowly, thanks to the good care he received and the wonderful strength that was in his great distorted body.

The priest's two men had been sent to Tshe-