

---

*The Conversion of Sweet-Grass*

---

ward eagerly in a half-famished way, as a gaunt wolf eyes a life that is just out of his reach. "Two-Winds?" he whispered huskily, expectantly.

"Yes!" answered the priest, in his deep voice, as he drew aside the canvas of the cart.

It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp as Two-Winds came and stood in the light of the camp-fire; the same light that had flicked at the brass Saviour streaked with bronze the black mass of her hair and showed the great love-light in the sparkling eyes.

Père Lacombe stood a little to one side with bowed head, his hands crossed lovingly over the brass Saviour as he held it against his breast. The power of the Cross had come to pass.

Thus was the conversion of Sweet-Grass.