

the darkness, whirling, twisting, and dancing, like so many happy fairies. The tall trees stood out in bold relief, sombre and silent. "Yes," he mused, "I believe it's a warning, and I must no longer hesitate. That poor fellow needs help, and no doubt this dog was guided by some good angel. I must go as soon as the day breaks, and leave the matter of food to the Father's care."

With the fire well replenished, and the loaded rifle close at hand, Keith rolled himself up in his wolf-skin robe and was soon fast asleep.

It seemed that he had lain but a short time, when he was aroused by a weight pressing against his body, accompanied by a startling noise. Half dazed, he lifted himself to a sitting posture and looked around. The fire was almost out and the charred sticks were emitting but a feeble glow. The weight against his body was caused by the dog, huddling near as possible and growling in the most ferocious manner. It did not take long to understand the creature's terror, for a sound fell upon his ears which caused his heart to beat fast and a cold chill to pass through his body. Out of the darkness came the long-drawn howls, which he easily recognized. They were wolves, drawing nearer and nearer, how many he could not tell. Quickly throwing a few fresh sticks on the smouldering embers, he seized his rifle, examined it carefully, and looked to the keen knife in his belt.