

"At the most, Deerfoot, we have but a few years to live. Naomi and Paul have gone on ahead of you, but they will wait for you above and you shall soon be reunited with them to part no more forever."

"Can not Deerfoot go *now*?" asked the Shawanoe with such a strange wistful expression that the heart of the Moravian almost stood still.

"In His own good time ; he doeth all things well ; wait with patience and your reward is sure."