

of Europe, so that we may return to the Great Nor'west with our brains well stored with material for small talk during an eight or nine months' winter."

Aunt Macnab had no objection. Accordingly, that day week he and she bade us all good-bye and left us. Big Otter was to go with them part of the way and then diverge into the wilderness. He remained a few minutes behind the others to say farewell.

"You will come and settle beside us at last, I hope," said Mrs. Liston, squeezing the red man's hand.

The Indian stood gently stroking the arched neck of his magnificent horse in silence for a few moments. Then he said, in a low voice :—

"Big Otter's heart is with the pale-faces, but he cannot change the nature which has been given to him by the Great Master of Life. He cannot live with the pale-faces. He will dwell where his fathers have dwelt, and live as his fathers have lived, for he loves the great free wilderness. Yet in the memory of his heart the mother of Weeum will live, and Waboose and Muxbee, and the tall pale-face chief who won the hearts of the red men by his justice and his love. The dark-haired pale-face, too, will never be forgotten. Each year as it goes and comes Big Otter will come again to Sunny Creek about the time that the plovers whistle in the air. He will come and go till his blood grows cold and his limbs are frail. After that he will meet you all, with Weeum, in the bright Land of Joy, where the