

cheer," the Indian farewell, he securely fastened his little bears with his furs upon his sled, and throwing the strap over his shoulder, he resumed the trail that led to his still distant home. Soon he was out of the village and in the forest. Snares and traps abounded on each side of the path, for the game was plentiful. Especially were the rabbits and white partridges, the beautiful ptarmigan, very abundant that winter and spring, and hundreds were caught in snares by the boys and women and girls. For a time he had the well-beaten trail over which these people travelled as they daily visited their snares.

On pushed Oowikapun until nearly every snow-shoe track of these hunters had disappeared. The sense of being alone again in the forest, or nearly so, returned to him with depressing results. Rapidly and vividly did there pass through his memory the events of the last few days. Especially did his singular dream come up before him. A feeling of remorse filled his heart that he had yielded to the importunities of his pagan friends and had been persuaded to take any part in the dance. Then his thoughts went farther back, and he was with Memotas again, and the memory of their last walk came up distinctly. Especially did he remember the loving words about the true way. Then as he recalled the spot where with him he bowed in prayer, and put up his hand on his brow where the good man's kiss had been imprinted, the very spot seemed to burn, and Oowikapun could have wept, only for his indignation at his cowardice.

Thus moodily he strode along on the trail, now nearly destitute of all evidences of travel, when he was startled and amazed by a strange sound.

It was a woman's voice he heard. And although the tones were low and plaintive, yet he could easily make out the words of the song. He had heard them over and over again in the wigwam of Memotas. They were:

"Jesus net it a ye-moo-win,  
Is pe-mek ka ke it oo-tate,  
We-ya pi-ko ne mah-mc-sin,  
Nesta a-we itoo ta-yan."