

and the little White Bird and her sister brought him food and cool drinks every day, and looked pitifully at him. But Tawaina said to himself, The white men are only curing Tawaina, that when the time comes they may see how an Indian can die. But when he was well, they brought horses, and put a bow and arrows into our hands, and bade us go free. It is only in the battle that the great white chief is terrible. He has a great heart. The enemies he killed he did not triumph over. He laid them in a great grave. He honoured them, and planted trees with drooping leaves at their head and at their feet, and put a fence round that the foxes might not touch their bones. Shall the Indian be less generous than the white man? Even those taken in battle they spared and sent home. Shall we kill the White Bird captured in her nest? My brothers will not do so. They will send back the White Bird to the great white chief. Have I spoken well?"

This time a confused murmur ran round the circle. Some of the younger men were struck with this appeal to their generosity, and were in favour of the Raven's proposition; the elder and more ferocious Indians were altogether opposed to it.

Speaker succeeded speaker, some urging one side of the question, some the other.

At last the Stag again rose. "My brothers," he said, "my ears have heard strange words, and my spirit is troubled. The Raven has told us of the ways of the whites after a battle; but the Indians' ways are not as the whites' ways, and the Stag is too old to learn new fashions. He looks round, he sees many lodges empty, he sees many women who have no husband to hunt game, he hears the voices of children who cry for meat.