

THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS

Gently he laid Kazan down upon the snow, and for a full minute he stood and listened, and heard, lower and sweeter still, the gentle music of the violin. Some one was in his cabin—living hands were playing! After all it was not the spirit of Mélisse that had come to him in the hour of his deepest grief, and a sob rose in his throat. He went on, step by step, and at the door he stopped again, wondering if he was mad, if the spirits of the forest were taunting him still, if—if—

One step more—

The Great God, he heard it now—the low, sweet music of the old Cree love song, played in the old, old way, with all of its old sadness, its whispering joy, its weeping song of life, of death, of love! With a great cry he flung open the door and leaped in, with his arms reaching out, his eyes blinded for a moment by the sudden light—and with a cry as piercing as his own, something ran through that light to meet him—Mélisse, the old, glorious Mélisse, crushing her arms about his neck, sobbing his name, pleading with him in her old, sweet voice to kiss her, kiss her, kiss her—while Jan Thoreau for the