

ding his silent driver turn in, they were soon thawing out their frozen members at the huge open fire place, filled with a sputtering cracking log. The young Indian was despatched ahead to prepare the wigwam for the August Guest whom the priest was to bring in a short space of time ; while " Cousin Dan ", a stalwart son of Bonnie Scotland prepared to accompany the priest to the Reserve, which could only be reached by a footpath through the dense forest.

Bravely the two set off on foot, following a trail that would have been difficult to follow in daylight by a less practised eye. Above them, tall trees arched and met overhead, while here and there, through the network of branches, the silent stars kept watch like sentinels guarding the Host lying on the heart of the devoted priest.

After tramping silently through the forest for fifteen or twenty minutes they came to a clearing where five or six wigwams dotted the snow-covered ground. From the crevices in one, a light gleamed, and at the sound of their footsteps an old squaw, bent almost double with age, opened the flap of the tent and beckoned them in.

Lying on a bed of spruce and pine branches, her two brilliant, dark brown eyes eagerly gazing into the darkness, and her thin, transparent arms extending welcome to the priest and his heavenly Guest, lay this wild woodflower in the last stages of the dread foe, consumption.

" Fader, me so sorry to bring you through the storm, but we couldn't go on long journey to God till you bring God to me. No, no ; we could not go to God without God."

Motioning the old squaw out of the tent, Father William knelt by the rough bed of leaves and branches and heard the simple confession of this maid of eighteen ; a confession make so humbly and with such strong sentiments of humility and contrition, that the good priest mingled his tears with those off Juanita.

After a few words of comfort and consolation, he raised the flap. Three or four dusky Indians filed into the tent and knelt like bronze statues while God descended from His throne and took up His abode in the pure breast of Juanita. A look of such radiant happiness illuminated her face that Father William involuntarily knelt