

and cut grass? Little children will cry with the hunger-pain, and there will be no meat."

Here the stark lips of the chief twitched a little—not in mourning for the dead, but in grief for his people's sorrowing. Soon, however, he grew calm again, and with palms toward the ground, and then raised toward the sky, that the blessing of our Earth-Mother and of our Sun-Father might come to these two, his quiet visitors, he stretched forth his hands over them before they should go hence into the night and the storm. Then he began speaking his benison, in the way of wisdom, quietly:

"Laughter is given to man, and tears. Change comes. There is death, and there is birth; heat and frost must have their day. And we, the children of the Earth, have to keep our hearts strong lest we fear birth and death, and lose our way in the black trails of sorrow."

THE END