

## 328 THE GREATER POWER

"We have a little more to do, boys, but we have left the toughest of our troubles behind," Nasmyth spoke in confident tones. "We'll have another supper when we're through with it, and I'll expect every one of you at the biggest event in my life."

There was a great shout that rang through the roar of the rapid and far across the climbing pines. Then the men sat down, and it was a little while later when their leader and the girl quietly slipped away from them. Those who noticed this said nothing, and the men still sat round the snapping fire when Nasmyth and Laura crossed the ridge of the divide.

There was a moon above them, and the night was soft and clear, while the Bush rolled away beneath, shadowy and still. Only the turmoil of the river came faintly up to them. The muffled sound sent a curious thrill through both of them, but they were silent as they went down the long slope among the climbing pines. Laura sat in the saddle, looking out on the silent forest with eyes that shone softly in the moonlight, and Nasmyth walked beside her, with his hand on the pack-horse's bridle. They had both borne the stress and strain, but now as the pack-horse plodded on they were conscious only of a deep contentment.

THE END