

Gradually Loveland is accumulating many books; the cultured instincts developed in his early life can have full sway, so that he is able to combine the happiness that comes from intercourse with great minds with that derived from the greatness and the freedom of a far country, in which problems are easily solved by men of strength and courage, and which bids fair to nurture many millions as the forests recede before the home-seekers.

His house is a pretty building, comfortably installed, where carefully nurtured old-fashioned flowers grow in a border against the walls, and in little plots of the garden, where Ameou loves to toil. In summer the bumble-bees drowsily buzz among them, and at times a humming-bird flits from hollyhocks to marygolds.

In a neat clapboarded house a bright young woman teaches some of the wisdom of the white men. That of the red is bestowed on them by old Nimissuts and Mashkaugan, who give them lessons in the wonderful lore that is found only in the marvelous book of the great wilderness.