

hum of the wind through the tops of the lodge-poles, and the scurry of sleet ticking against them, it is odd that she should have begun to feel ineffably at rest with the world. Struggle, it seemed to her, had ended. It was as if she had reached finally the goal which she had long been seeking.

In this yielding to deep serenity, in this beneficent mood of sweetness and freshness, she could not but feel that the solemn joy now hers was something to endure—the prize which comes not to those who would selfishly have it, but to those who earn it; the reward which is not mere happiness, but wisdom of heart. Yes, it was that: the grace of understanding, the profound acceptance of the meanness and the mightiness, the shadow and the light, the pity and the glory of the thing called Life. Never, in the after years, would she fear it; for when abiding love is ours, then life is good, and all its paths are peace.

When she rose presently, with her husband's hand still clasping hers—now that the time had come for leave-taking—Alice noted that the chief also had risen. And when he began to speak again, it was with courageous hopefulness about the future of his race:

"Birth-givers suffer pain," he was deliberate saying. "Spring comes, there has to be struggle. 'Birth', my daughter always called it. She saw how game is disappearing. She foresaw that the buffalo will vanish away. And she used to ask: 'When the wild herds are gone, what then? Must we get our living out of the earth? But how? Who will teach us? How can young men, who have always been hunters, be brought to dig, and plant, and toil,