

## STORY OF GLUSKAP AND HIS PEOPLE

maker of paddles, as he hoisted the stick of maple back to his shoulders.

“At the outskirts of the village, in a modest wigwam, the young couple found the eldest of the three brothers, the man who had chosen the moccasins of the wind. He was lying on a couch of skins, and his children played about the door. His greeting was modest and kindly. But he could not rise from his couch to welcome them.

“‘In my pride,’ he said, ‘I forgot that my prowess in the chase and the battle was all of the magic moccasins. I thought myself the very equal of Gluskap. But the moccasins flew away from me, and in the next hunt I was stricken to the earth by a wounded moose—for