

Traherne, whom I rescued out of a dark strait, believed in no religion. They both have seen Christianity conquer over the forces of witchcraft and atheism. There is a star to guide them now—the Cross! They will carry it—as man and wife!”

Donald’s eyes twinkled as he held out his hand to Traherne.

“A wee bit dry,” he said of the sermon, “but the end was convincing. Ye were scotched by th’ auld mon, but he’s a gude soul at heart. He married ye according to the law north o’ 53.”

Traherne went to Moona’s cabin the next day. He suggested that they climb the cliff above the native village and watch the great north pack break up in the strait between the Island and the mainland.

He led her along the beach and assisted her to reach the top. They stood with their faces turned toward the south.

“See,” she said, “there is an open lane of water. Through it the ships will come.”

He breathed the warm air. His shoulders squared. “We’ll go to Nome,” he said, “as soon as we can. Hank offers to sail us there in the whaleboat. He wants to go to Seattle, where the roses bloom, Moona.”