



### Childhood of Ji-shib

Toward evening it began to rain, so he sought the shelter of the friendly old hollow tree where several years before he had once slept when he was lost. He wished very much to know what the Sacred Spirits would send him as his Guardian Spirit.

That first night, alone in the forest, brought to his restless dreams only the home-life of the village. He seemed to hear the barking of the dogs, and now and then the call of an Indian, and the plaintive music of the lover's-flute, which at that time of the year was heard almost nightly in the village.

But the next night, as he slept hungry and lonely in the hollow tree, he saw his old friend, the beautiful young Indian, come to him and beckon him. Ji-shib looked, and saw his good mother come out of her wigwam. She was smiling and seemed very happy. She carried his little baby cradle in her hands, and leaned it up against a tree. He could faintly hear her say, "My little Blue Bird is fast becoming a warrior." As the mother passed into her wigwam the

