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travelled south to get leave of the North West Company to go upon that journey back to Scotland, or to resign his commission if need be;—and the need was very probable after the part he had taken against the White Hands. He was to sail from Montreal and meet the others in London.

In the middle of summer the time came for Andrew and Benoni to go. A chief trader had come to take the Factor's place during his absence, though it was possible, as Benoni thought, that he might never return. His little company of *voyageurs* were ready for the start. The eve of his departure had arrived. He had now come face to face with his past and his future; he stood upon the bridge between. All the struggles, the fighting, the endurance, the manly hardships, and the conquests of the last ten years were about him. The Indians that he had subdued were his friends; the men to whom he had been a stern but just master were his firm adherents. He had no comrades; but men of his faculty and power seldom have. Masterful minds are solitary.

He sat in his office alone. The last stroke of the pen had been given, the last necessary command; his office had been handed over to another.

It was nightfall; in the morning he should go. Every item of life about him became distinct. A blue-bird was whistling its last notes in the trees without; he heard with interested complacency the tramp of the tame bear in the yard of the fort, its chain rattling after it. His watch ticked on the nail where it had hung, winter and summer, since he had come to Fort Savour; he looked at it now mechanically, yet fascinated by it; its keen, strong pulsations were suited to the time, for his brain was sensitively active, and his heart was beating almost painfully. These new sensations were strange to him; he could not define them. To a man better versed in the language of impressions it would have been known as undefined regret. Regret for what? Even that he could not tell. He was going to see again the woman he had loved since he was a little child, whatever it might bring to him. He was leaving—what? Here his thoughts numbed; he forgot the world, himself. The watch ticked on, and through the ticking, as though it came from a great distance, he heard presently the word, "Ironheart!"

He did not stir. Then a hand touched his shoulder. "Ironheart," said the voice again. He looked up. Summer-Hair stood beside him.

"I am come to say good-bye," she said, as his eyes turned to hers.

"I was coming to see you in the morning before I started, Summer-Hair," he replied. "I went to your father's lodge, but I could not find you."

"I am here," she rejoined simply. "I have brought you these, for the white chieftainess over the seas. She drew forth a beautiful wampum belt, hung with virgin gold and bright metal, and a pair of moccasins deftly and gloriously embroidered. "The belt is for her waist, as the great girdle of white in the sky; and the moccasins are for her feet, as for those who walk the stars. The Indian girl sends messages to her who loves Ironheart."

Venlaw took the gifts and gently said: "Summer-Hair, I will take the gifts, for the white chieftainess will love them; but you are wrong—she has not given her love to me."

The girl drew back. "You are a great man," she said, with an inflection of doubt, as though there was no woman but must love him; "besides, she sent for you."

He smiled, and shook his head sadly. "That is another thing."

"You will come back?" said the girl.

"I do not know," was his reply. "My arm works best here, my life fits in."

"The deer are wonderful upon the plains, the flesh of the moose is sweet; and the lodges of the red men are warm with welcome. You *will* come back," she urged. "I have read the sun upon the Sunstone on Waiting Hill, and it says so."

She smiled. He was in a reverie. He turned to the window facing the south. The moon stole in on a broad ribbon of light. The watch ticked loudly. Presently he roused himself, and looked round to speak. But the girl was gone; and he did not see her again before he left.

The next dawn, however, when he and his half-breeds stole away gaily towards the south, a figure stood beside the Sunstone on Waiting Hill, and watched them. Once he looked back, but he did not see her; and she remained there until they were specks upon the horizon, and were swallowed in the light of day. Then she sat down by the stone and watched the sun beat on it.

She sat till noon, not moving, but watching. Then she rose and said, retreating backwards from it,— "Nothing speaks since he has gone; the signs have gone with him."