

“Go, lose not the beautiful moonlight,” exclaimed Onata to her, lifting another hot stone into the pottage.

The orphan and Hiawatha rose to go.

“Beware of the Men-eating Ghosts. Beware them, thou who art their child, for they will claim thee,” croaked Kâwi.

The youth led Quenhia by the hand out of the house, through the town gate and eastward by a path across the cornfields, until they sat down under a spreading butternut tree which leaned across the little glen of the east brook. Both were full of inherited love of and insight into the matchless music and the matchless art of Nature. They looked up and saw the round moon's light break in melting brightness on the branches and thin black leafage of the butternut, against the liquid sky above. They heard the soft song of the stream splashing gently down the slope. They heard from the fields and woods the concert of the ever-replying cicadas, the shrill pulsating myriad crooning of the crickets and the sweet treble of the tree-toads; all singing together to Ataentsic, the Moon-mother, in one harmony, of which some unseemly one was leader; and all these voices were one—the Voice of Night.