

their old home, and so the old people and the children packed up the things and moved the camp. The young mother went with the hunters as usual, although she had no wish to go, and said goodby to her little son and bade him be good until such time as they could be together again.

When all the camp was ready to start, the old woman stooped and put on her moccasins.

"When will you put on my moccasins?" asked the little boy, for the wind was sharp and he felt cold.

"Very soon," answered the old woman evasively, and hung about until everybody but herself and the boy had left camp.

"Come, it is time to put on my moccasins," insisted the boy.

"I am not going to put on your moccasins," answered the old woman. "You will never grow into a big, fine hunter—you are weak and puny—and I am tired of taking care of you!"

Then she set out on the trail which the others had taken, and left the poor, trembling little fellow all alone. For some little time he tried to follow her; but the driving snow was coming down over the land like a huge blanket, and the cold hurt the little boy's feet so much that he soon had to give up the trail and go back.

"If I had only gone with my mother," thought he. "But surely she will come back, and my father also, when they see that I am not with the old woman!" He sat down and huddled up in a little heap by the roadside to wait.

He sobbed bitterly, for he was only a baby and cold and motherless and hungry. All at once he felt soft animal fur rubbing against his soft bare legs. He glanced up hastily, and there stood his best friend—the Wolf. The little red boy had never been so glad to see anything or anybody before, and he stopped crying at once when the animal said, "I will be glad to take you to your mother and father at your home camp, for you have been kind and gentle to me."

With a little cry of delight the boy sprang upon the Wolf's back, and they went off together, following the trail left by the Indians. They had gone a long distance before the little red boy spied a porcupine in a tree.

"I am so hungry, my friend Wolf," said he. "Please stop and get me that porcupine." But the Wolf only made answer: "No indeed; it would take far too long," and trotted steadily forward. After a time they found the tracks of a rabbit.

"Oh, friend Wolf," said the little red boy, "get me that rabbit or I will starve!" Then the wolf put the little boy safely on the ground and, catching the rabbit after a chase, laid it at the boy's feet.