

Nor did the cub move. Every instinct of his nature would have impelled him to dash wildly away, had there not suddenly arisen in him another instinct. A great awe descended upon him. He was overwhelmed by his own sense of weakness and littleness. Here was mastery and power, something far and away beyond him.

The cub had never seen man, yet deep within him was the knowledge of his ancestors, the eyes that had circled in the darkness around countless winter camp-fires, and peered from safe distances at the strange, two-legged animal that was lord over living things. Had he been full-grown, he would have run away. As it was, he cowered down in a paralysis of fear, already half offering the surrender that his kind had made from the first time a wolf came in to sit by man's fire and be made warm.