

each costing more than would have ransomed Him from Calvary.

The fugitive was stilled in this sweet light, the music's purring, the overarching shadows, the ineffable spirit of peace. He seemed to have no curiosity, and no fear; after a moment, when the organ's prelude swelled to a mighty intrushing, the air vibrant, appealing with an ecstatic pathos to the souls of the throng, he sank lower, his head leaning to the crook of his folded arms, his eyes closed. Then they might have seen his weariness.

Before the liliated cloth and behind the rich woods of the chancel a cloud of white-robed youths arose, their voices breaking to praise of the Creator for the day; slowly, and with the set and practice of the theatric subtly underplaying to the senses, they came on by twos down the middle of the church, the first of the procession bearing above him a curious piece of white metal, inwrought and mysterious. Slowly the processional chanting passed; their white garments touched the man's arm on the pew end, their voices rose, the clear-eyed boys singing, and it was as if, triumphantly, a god had passed.

The tired man's eyelids fluttered, his nostrils drew from out the sensuous richness of the worship, a perfume; he drew it again and again from his dirty sleeve, the brackish sweetness of the buffalo pea-vines on the North Platte where he had lain for nine nights in the open after he killed Marty, the guard. And mingled with this was the stubborn