

Louisburg Marsh, fifty summers the dusky watchers camped under the shadow of the low hills.

Twice that fiftieth year the waiting braves started on their homeward trail, twice by some strange influence returned and prolonged the watch. The lilies budded and blossomed and turned from all their gold to brown and faded quite; then, over the surface of the marsh shone the blossoms of the bake-apple; the blossoms had turned to their tinted fruit, when one evening as the sun set over the water and fired the bank of fog that walled the sea, a canoe shot from out the glory over the blue waves of the ocean and into the smooth desolate waters of the harbor.

When it touched the shore below the ruined city the dusky men were already there, and they lifted out with loving care the man who lay on the blancoating. Fifty years they had waited his coming, fifty years he had waited to come. All the honors heaped upon him in the fifty