

dren out of doors, so that the travellers might converse, if they cared to, in quiet.

When they had left the apartment, the preacher turned to his silent companion, and asked in a totally different tone of voice:

"You are from York, are you not?"

"Yes," returned the soldier shortly.

"From the Governor, and on his commission?" suggested, rather than queried the other, significantly.

"How know you that?" answered the young man sharply, as he rose to his feet.

"I mean no intrusion on your affairs," returned the preacher. "I would only warn you, and perhaps save you from trouble, and even danger."

"Trouble! Danger!" cried the other. "What mean you?"

"Are you not Captain Etherington of the Governor's staff? Have I not seen you at York? And it is well known that none goes this road from that source, save to one place hereabouts."

"And that place?" sternly questioned the young man.

"Castle Monmouth."

"How you have guessed my mission, if indeed you have," answered Etherington, earnestly, yet with some heat, "I know not; but I command you, I entreat you, in the Governor's, in the King's name, in the cause of freedom, for the safety of this Province, that you will do nothing to injure or oppose my object."

"None need preach loyalty to me, young sir," said the other calmly. "I am true to the King and the country, even if I do not see eye to eye with all his