

was eminently satisfactory. His wounds from that letter were neither here nor there. He would leave them in the comfortable pose (worn rightly or wrongly, he was too glad of his chance of escape to argue) of saints and martyrs. To write his thanks would be anticlimactic, would a little disturb the picture. The entrance of the postman with his letter would be a jarring note in the tableau. He would leave the tableau undisturbed. They had their desire—pity and esteem. And he—he was free, and alive, alive, and free—which is a great matter.