

"Here, Paul," begged Andrews, "stand over where he can see you."

Carlisle stepped over with Joan to where he father leaned on his rifle by Richelieu's side. The Northwester lay in the groove between two of the three rows of logs in the triple boom, his shoulders supported by Andrews. At first glance Carlisle noted where Wayne's bullet had pierced his uniform high and to the left of the middle of his breast.

There was little blood staining it above, but underneath the bark was red, and his breathing came in long, irregular gasps. His black-bearded face was sombre with an unearthly sombreness on account of the pallor of the skin wherein the sunken pox-pits showed a bluish tinge. His eyelids lay shut, but at Andrews' whisper he opened them and stared weakly up into Carlisle's wondering face.

"*Dieu!*" he murmured, his eyes turning to Andrews. "It is my last breath, and it is good that it goes into confession, Father. I have lived in sin. That goes without saying. But I will not sink eternally into hell. *Oui*, and that is why I make confession openly and to all."

He paused, breathing heavily, while his eyes went back to Carlisle, to Joan, and then to Wayne.

"It was I, Wayne," he confessed with electrifying unexpectedness. "That day, in the Wyoming Valley—that old day of Butler's Raid! *Mon Dieu!* you knew I loved her, but you did not know how much. I was young. I was a lieutenant.