

"Ma! I'm going down by the fort. Mebby I can pick up some odd jobs or errands to do for the soldiers."

Mrs. Merton offered no objections to this, and he slipped out of the door and scampered down the hill to where the scouts were quartered.

His flying feet were left far behind by the speed of his thoughts. If his mother's view of the rebellion was right—and he had never before thought to question the correctness of her moral judgment—it might be right to get some kind of a place with the government scouts, for if the rebellion was bound to end in defeat for the settlers, and it was a mercy to bring it to such an end as quickly as possible, why should it not be right for him to contribute to help bring about such an end by joining the government forces?

But against this line of reasoning came up the memory of his father, the injustice he had suffered, and the desperate resentment against such oppression, which had grown more bitter with every year of his life.

The boy's heart gave a quick leap at the inward question: If father were alive upon which side would he fight?

Rodney could not evade the answer: With Riel.

By the time he had joined the men and boys in front of the post, his mind was a confusion of conflicting theories, in which the thought of finding an errand to do was entirely lost. At one moment duty and honor seemed to forbid him, in spite of his