

The Return Home

spend it on the chance. I am going to look out for some post suitable for a one-armed man. I grant you they are not many, but one may be found. I have good friends. By the way—you have seen Miss Standish?"

"I have seen her."

"And—her godmother is dead?"

"Yes, poor soul, she is dead."

"I want to tell you, mother. She was in the tent that night—when that brute stabbed me—she or her beautiful spirit. Oh, I know she wasn't there in the flesh, of course. She was thousands of miles away. But I saw her. You know how she stands upright as a flame, so rosy and white and golden. She made a light in the place. The brute would have stabbed me in my sleep if she had not wakened me. Do you know I was horribly afraid, at first, that she might be dead, that she had come from heaven to guard me. When you spoke of her in your first letter I began to live and mend."

"You say you saw her in your tent?"

"No wonder you are amazed! Yes, I saw her, when I was wide awake and struggling for my life. She stood there in the tent—she or her spirit. I saw her wring her hands. She awoke me only in time. The sentry, too, saw something white in the doorway of the tent, something that beckoned him to come. He thought it was the moonlight, a delusion of his senses. I knew it was she. I tell you, mother, I was wide awake, not asleep, not dreaming. She was there."

"My dear boy, I do not disbelieve you. I may tell you she saw the struggle, in a dream, in a vision, what you will. Am I a Celt for nothing? Can't