

He was not Sergeant à Clive of the regiment of Béarn; but almost as little was he that Ensign John à Cleeve of the Forty-sixth who had entered the far side of the Wilderness.

He wanted only to be quit of Menehwehna and guilt. It would be a blessed relief to lie lost, alone, as a ball tossed into a large country. As he had fallen, so he prayed to lie; empty in the midst of a great emptiness. The Communion of all the Saints could not comfort him now, since he had passed all need of comfort.

"You must go, Menehwehna. I will not speak until you are beyond reach."

"It is my brother that talks so. Else would I call it the twitter of a Wren that has flown over. Is Menehwehna a coward, that he spoke with thought of saving himself?"

"I know that you did not," answered John, and cursed the knowledge. But the voice of the falls had begun to lull him. "We will talk of it to-morrow," he said drowsily.

"Yes, indeed; for this is a thought of sickness, that a man should choose to be a prisoner when by any means he may be free."

He found a tinder-box and lit the night-lamp—a wick floating in a saucer of oil: then, having shaken up John's pillow and given him to drink from a pannikin, went noiselessly back to his corner.

The light wavered on the dark panels of the *armoire*. While John watched, it fell into tune with the music of the distant falls. . . .

He awoke, with the rhythm of dance-music in his head. In his dream the dawn was about him, and he stood on the lawn outside the Schuylers' great house above Albany. From the ball-room came the faint sound of violins, while he lingered to say good-bye to three night-gowned little girls in the window over the porch; and some way down the hill stood young Sagamore, of the Twenty-seventh, who was saying, "It is a long way to go. Do you think he is strong enough?"

Still in his dream John turned on him indignantly. And