

name and lands, at least—for a prince of Spain. But your captain had great friends and great wealth in those days. Fear of these stayed the King's hand for a time. It was not until after Madame's death that the King struck."

"So be it," said Claude le Moyne. "Let the King keep the lands and houses of Blois and Tour and Mount Richard. We, too, love without fear—and my wife will not lack for lands, though they be new, wild lands. Great names! Yes—but the Le Moynes do not shy at names great or small, good or bad. No blood is so high or so low that a Le Moyne cannot match it in his own veins."

"It is well," said the priest. "This wild country is the land of promise and fulfilment for the clean and fearless of heart. Had I my choice, and youth and love on my side, I would be a Le Moyne of New France rather than the King of Old France."