

Bateese. . . . He did not suspect . . . but, in the other boat, they knew.

Her uncle's voice ran on like a brook. She could not look up, for fear of meeting her lover's eyes—yes, her lover's. She was reckless now. They knew. She would deceive herself no longer. She was base—base! He stood close, and in his presence she was glad—fiercely, deliciously, desperately. She, betrayed in all her vows, was glad. The current ran smoothly. If only, beyond the next ledge, might lie annihilation!

The current ran with an oily smoothness. They were nearing the Roches Fendues.

Dominique's boat was leading.

A clear voice began to sing, high and loud, in a ringing tenor :

“Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre :
Miron-ton, miron-ton, morontaine. . .”

At the first note John à Cleeve, glancing swiftly at Bateese, saw his body stiffen suddenly with his hand on the tiller—saw his eyes travel forward, seeking his brother's—saw his face whiten. Dominique stood erect, gazing back, challenging. Beyond him John caught a glimpse of Father Launoy looking up from his breviary ; and the priest's face, too, was white and fixed.

Voices in the boats behind began to curse loudly ; for “Malbrouck” was no popular air with the English. But Bateese took up the chant :

“Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre—
Ne sais quand reviendra !”

They were swinging past Bout de l'Isle. Already the keel under foot was gathering way. From Bateese, who stood with eyes stiffened now and inscrutable, John looked down upon Diane. She lifted her face with a wan smile, but she, too, was listening to the challenge flung back from the leading boat.

Il reviendra-z à Pâques . . .