

had hung so light in the old days. And now I must go back to my cross and my dusky children. Already I have been away from them too long.

The lovers had listened to him with puzzled ears and hearts. Now they went with him to the schooner's side and helped him over the rail into the little boat.

Father Pontin took up the oars and pulled away from the gliding schooner. After a dozen strokes he stood up and raised his right hand high above his head.

"I return to my cross and my children and my son's grave," he cried. "In the old days I was called Robert de Lacourt!"

Then he reseated himself on the thwart and bent to the oars.

Roger de Belot clasped his wife to his side.

"Did you hear?" he cried. "My God! Is there no end to the horrors of that accursed land!"

"But I love it," she answered. "You came to me there—from the land of the dead."