

"I will wait," said Father Sebastian, firmly. "It is a duty to bury the dead."

Rupert shrugged and looked at Marston. Wyndham, shivering with ague, had sat down and rested his head in his hands, as if he did not know what was going on.

"Watching the *padre* did not run off has cost us some time," Rupert remarked. "However, it would be awkward if he sent the next detachment of *casadores* after us. I expect he knows how I would meet the difficulty."

"We will leave you and not bother you for a promise," Marston said to Father Sebastian, who gave him his hand.

"There is much that puzzles me and I do not know why you help this bad man to escape, but I feel you are honest," he said. "Sometimes one must trust without understanding." He lifted his hand solemnly. "*Vaya con Dios!*"

Then they went out and left him in the dark with Peters.

Marston did not know if Father Sebastian sent the soldiers after them, but although he thought he did he bore him no grudge. The man was staunch, and from his point of view, was justified. In the morning, Rupert declared they must push on faster, and their march became a race for the coast. Now Marston could think about it coolly, he imagined Rupert feared some of the negroes had joined Larrinaga and were signalling news of the party's flight. Wyndham stumbled as they forced their way savagely in scorching heat across reedy swamps and through tangled bush, but he would not be carried and this would have