

son—of your sire's power and your brothers' valour. You are strong, yes; but are you strong enough to make an enemy of the King of France?"

"If need be. I do not understand your reference to His Majesty; but I know my own heart."

"Jeanne's father was the exiled Count de Blois. Her mother was the King's cousin. Are you Le Moyne, of Canada, strong enough to keep the heiress of Blois and Tour and Mount Richard from the clutches of her cousin and guardian, the King of France?"

Claude le Moyne stared at the priest in awed bewilderment.

"But she is the daughter of Jean Richard. He told me so, on the very night that he died by the hands of the madman—and she has told me so many times."

"That is so. Your captain was the exiled count."

"Ah! He told me he was an exile. The Count de Blois!"

"Yes, the great count. They loved well, those two—De Blois and his dear lady. He was great even then, your captain—and true love knoweth no fear. But the King had intended his cousin for a greater even than Jean de Blois—for a greater in