

still floated before him, but he knew that her brave spirit was one with his; she would never have bid him seek safety by sharing his king's dishonour. Rather than lose her he would have risked eternal salvation; but rather than see the shade of shame in her eyes, he would never look upon her again.

So he spurred on, but he had not ridden half a league past the Bannock before he fell in with another king. Surrounded by a troop of Keith's white-coated horsemen, the King of Scots was picking his way to whence he came. The pursuit had been carried as far as men afoot could follow to any good purpose. The victory was assured, and King Robert bade his captains recall their men and march back to camp. Only Douglas was allowed to persevere, with sixty of Keith's cavalry, hot upon King Edward's track. Marmion's first impulse was to charge the king's body-guard, but his common-sense prevailed. What purpose could it serve but to rid himself of life and sacrifice his handful of followers? He disdained to fly; indeed the way to flight was barred, for now he could see detached columns of Scots coming up behind their king. So he simply stood his ground, feeling it were no dishonour to yield himself prisoner to such a king.

King Robert was weary; long years of warfare had wasted the frame and stiffened the limbs which once had seemed of more than mortal endurance; but his eye brightened as he recognised the Lord of Fontenaye.

"Your friends have met with a rude handling this day, sir knight," he said. "Our troops have taken many prisoners, yet not one has fallen to our own share. They will mock at us if we return empty-handed. Come, yield you to the King of Scots!"