

produced wine for his guests. He patted them on the backs and wished them luck. They left him seated with a great jack in his fist, in a brown study, the eyes of his honest spirit visioning that fine future which, a few months later, he missed realizing by no more than the stroke of a New Englander's cutlass.

The brig and the schooner weighed anchor at dawn and sailed out on to the rolling breast of the great bay. Roger and Anne de Belot stood on the schooner's low poop and watched the barren shores recede and fade.

"I love that wild land, for there I found you and life again," she whispered. "But I fear it—the mystery of it—and the silent gliding of the black river at night."

Roger pressed her hand against his side but did not speak. He too, thought of that gliding river and of the things it hid from the white sun.

Father Pontin came to them there, a frail old man with the long rapier at his side. He laid a hand on Roger's shoulder.

"I have changed my mind," he said, "I must go back. I need my cross, and my dusky children have need of me."