hand and pointed. " There, by the bend, the English boats will come in sight. Suppose, Dominique, that as they come you launched out against them, and fought and sank the fleet single-handed, like the men in the old tales——"

" He would save New France, and live in song," Diane put in. " Would that not content any man, Bateese ? " She threw back her head with a gesture which Dominique noted ; a trick of her childhood, when in moments of excitement her long hair fell across her eyes and had to be shaken back.

" Ma'amzelle," he pleaded, " there is yet one favour."

" Can I grant it easily ? "

" I hope so ; it is that you will let down your hair for us."

Diana blushed, but put up a hand and began to uncoil the tresses. " Bateese has not answered me," she insisted. " I tell him that a man who should do such a feat as he named would live in song for ever and ever."

" But I say to you humbly, Ma'amzelle, that though he lived in song for ever and ever, the true sweetness of his life would be unknown to the singers ; for he found it here under the branches, and, stepping forth to his great deed, he left the memory for a while, to meet him again and be his reward in Heaven."

" And I say to you ' no,' and ' no,' and again ' no ' ! " cried Diane, springing to her feet—the childish, impetuous Diane of old. " It is in the great deed that he lives—the deed, and the moment that makes him everlasting ! If Dominique now, or I, as these English came round the bend——"

She paused, meeting Dominique's eyes. She had not said " or you," and could not say it. Why ? Because Bateese was a cripple. " Bateese's is a cripple's talk," said their glances one to another, guiltily, avoiding him.

Dominique's gaze, flinching a little, passed down the splendid coils of her hair and rested on the grass at her feet. She lifted a tress on her fore-finger and smoothed it against the sunlight.

" There was a war once," said she, " between the Greeks