

thigh. In its place he wore a long rapier with a silver hilt.

"I am for France with you," he said to Roger. "I have left my cross at the fort with Francis d'Armour and my dusky converts. I am too old and too frail a man to struggle longer in this bitter wilderness. I have toiled here manfully—and my reward is a broken heart. And though death even cannot heal my hurt I shall spend my few remaining years of mortal life in physical comfort at least."

Le Moyne was feverishly anxious to get back to his own country far to the north and west, up the great river Saint Lawrence, before any word of his marriage with the King's ward should reach the King.

Roger de Belot and his bride were bound for France and his parents. De Montigny's death had relieved him of all fear of the law.

The two vessels reached the mouth of the river without accident and let go their anchors off the little fort. Both Le Moyne and Roger went ashore. They found Henri Reignault enjoying blissful ignorance of all the tragedies that had transpired up-river in the vicinities of the Oromocto and the Nashwaak. They enlightened him fully concerning these matters and offered him a passage to Quebec or to France.