

He had dropped again into the new form of master and man. His voice was cadenced, gentlemanly.

Jacques pointed to his own saddle-bag.

"No, no, they are not the things needed. I want the evening-dress which cost that cool hundred dollars in New York."

Still Jacques was silent. He did not know whether, in his new position, he was expected to suggest. Belward understood, and it pleased him.

"If we had lost the track of a buck moose, or were nosing a cache of furs, you'd find a way, Brillon."

"*Voilà*," said Jacques; "then, why not wear the buckskin vest, the red-silk sash, and the boots like these?"—tapping his own leathers. "You look a grand seigneur so."

"But I am here to look an English gentleman, not a grand seigneur, nor a company's trader on a break. Never mind, the thing will wait till we stand in my ancestral halls," he added, with a dry laugh.

They neared the Court. The village church was close by the Court-wall. It drew Belward's attention. One by one lights were springing up in it. It was a Friday evening, and the choir were come to practise. They saw buxom village girls stroll in, followed by the organist, one or two young men and a handful of boys. Presently the horsemen were seen, and a staring group gathered at the church door. An idea came to Belward.

"Kings used to make pilgrimages before they took their crowns, why shouldn't I?" he said half-jestingly.

Most men placed similarly would have been so engaged with the main event that they had never thought of this other. But Belward was not excited. He was moving deliberately, prepared for every situation. He