

Two hours later, having made their farewells to the old Governor, Arnold and his wife stood on the deck of the great ship which was to take them home to Europe. The Sieur de la Salle stood by the rope ladder down which he was about to depart.

"God keep you both, comrade," said he, and he embraced the young Earl with an impetuous warmth which was strange in him, and when Marjorie gave him her hands he stooped and touched his lips upon them.

"Oh, Monsieur de la Salle!" cried Marjorie, "there are no words to thank you, who have given us life and happiness."

He smiled bravely as he looked for the last time into the eyes that had haunted him.

"The bon Dieu gives us life, madame, while it seems good to Him; and as for happiness, it comes where there is love and faith." He bowed slowly with a courtier's grace, and the next minute he was gone down into his boat.

The *Grace de Dieu* sailed away at sunrise. For a whole month the prospering breezes followed her, and on a day in mid-July, when the green English Channel was dreaming in a thick summer haze, a fisherman, who was setting his nets off the mouth of the Rundle River, looked up with a scared face at a great shape which loomed swaying out of the mist above him.

When he had pulled clear the fisherman stared up, in two minds whether or not to warn the skipper of his whereabouts—for the wreck of such a vessel would be a godsend to the folk along the beach! Seeing that she was a foreigner, and would probably not understand him anyhow, the honest fellow gave his conscience vent.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried. "Ye'll be on the Rundle bar in half an hour!" He saw the leadsman in the chains carefully heaving the lead, but from one who stood above the leadsman there came a cheery laugh.