

my consent to your marriage. I could not give it then. He will soon return. I cannot give it now."

"But it was a promise. Monsieur, your life was of more account than mine."

"Do you think I will accept the sacrifice? I have been weak and cowardly not to settle this matter before, not to give you the assurance that I will make a brave fight for your release."

"I was very sad and frightened at first, partly ill, as well, and I hoped not to live. But the good God did not take me. And if He meant me to do this thing, keep my word, I must do it. I asked Father Jamay one time about promises, and he said when one had vowed a vow it must be kept. And I have prayed for courage when the time comes. See, I am quite tranquil."

She raised her face and he read in it a nobly spiritual expression. He recalled now that she had gone up to the convent quite often with Wanamee, and that more than once she had slipped into Madame de Champlain's *prie-dieu*, that her husband never would have disturbed. Was she finding fortitude and comfort in a devotion to religion that would strengthen her to meet this tremendous sacrifice? She looked like a saint already.

She could not tell him that he knew only half, that he might still be the object of Savignon's vengeance, if she failed to keep her word.

"Perhaps the Sieur will have something to say, if