

CHAPTER XXVII

HOMeward-BOUND

FATHER PONTIN married the lovers in the morning, in the hall of the fort, with windows and doors standing wide open to the wind and sunshine and songs of birds. All the garrison of the fort and all its hangers-on were there, red and white, to see Claude Le Moyne join hands with the widow of Lacourt and Roger de Belot with Anne de Montigny—save Madame d'Armour and Ysabel. A feast followed the weddings, during which the white men drank too much red wine and the red men ate too much meat and white pastry ; but, despite the feast, the brig and the schooner were manned before mid-afternoon. Then Monsieur and Madame Le Moyne de Sainte Monique went aboard the brig, of which Da Santo was now in command, and Monsieur and Madame de Belot went aboard the schooner. A minute before the anchors were lifted from the mud of the river, Father Pontin climbed over the schooner's rail. The cross of dull iron no longer hung on his