

THE HEROIC ROMANCE OF H. Rider Haggard's Great Romance of the Crusades

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Then," answered Wulf, turning pale, "since we cannot, let us pray that some angel may deliver her."

CHAPTER XXI.

At the village of Bittir, some seven miles from Jerusalem, the embassy set forward down the valley in the hope of reaching the Zita before the midday heat was upon them.

looked up, to find Wulf staring back at the woman behind him, and reproved him saying that he must keep to the spirit of the bargain as well as to the letter, and that if he might not speak he must not look either.

"Rosamund! It is Rosamund herself!" gasped Wulf. "Rosamund disguised as Masouda? And he fell rather than from his saddle and ran to her, murmuring, 'God! I thank Thee!'"

good and Christian knight, mindful of the end which draws on apace, and of eternity beyond.

"The abbess started, and asked:—'Is she, then, of their accused faith, as how can you speak of her?'"

"Oh! Godwin, speak not thus," said Wulf, "for in truth it breaks my heart to hear such fearful words."

"The abbess started, and asked:—'Is she, then, of their accused faith, as how can you speak of her?'"

It was evening, and Godwin's tired horse stumbled slowly through the great hall of the Saracens without the walls of fallen Ascalon.

"The abbess started, and asked:—'Is she, then, of their accused faith, as how can you speak of her?'"

hiving boxes, the great army set its bivouac. Then came the night and the pale moon floating like a boat upon the azure sea above and everywhere the bright eternal stars which went upon the constant cry of 'Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! God is the greatest, there is none but he.'

"The abbess started, and asked:—'Is she, then, of their accused faith, as how can you speak of her?'"

He was in Jerusalem. She has been led to Jerusalem that you may spare it for her sake, and thus make an end of bloodshed and save the lives of folk uncounted."

"The abbess started, and asked:—'Is she, then, of their accused faith, as how can you speak of her?'"

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"Say on, O Saladin, the lady Rosamund is in Jerusalem."