

pastures where they had tended their sheep and goats, they soon learned that if glory and honour were at the end of the pilgrimage, fatigue and suffering intervened.

Their innocence and credulity were such that often when they came in sight of an old castle or walled town, forgetful of the sea which must be crossed, they would ask, "Is that Jerusalem?" Poor little

climbed the last hilltop and saw stretched before them the cool blue sea and below them on the shore the great port of Marseilles. Halting before its gates, they asked and obtained shelter in the city. That night they went to sleep full of hope that in the morning the sea would open before them. Morning dawned, but it showed a still unsevered expanse of sea, presenting no path for the pilgrims' feet.



RUINS OF CRUSADERS' CASTLE OF ES-SUBEIBAH, NEAR BANIAS.

pilgrims, how often have children of a larger growth, as they toiled along life's highway, fancied that they beheld in some prospect before them the Jerusalem they sought!

Down through Central France they passed to Lyons, where their numbers were increased. Past broken aqueducts and roofless temples they wandered on in the beautiful country, through Vienne and Avignon and Arles, until they

Another day they tarried, and still another, but the sea remained pathless. Sore perplexed were the children. Some grew disheartened and, abandoning all hope of reaching the Holy Land, began their weary march back to their distant homes.

While the army was thus gradually melting away, like snow-drifts in the summer sun, unexpected relief came. Two wealthy merchants, who had vessels in the har-