

THEN—NOW.

To A. G.

Under the tracried shadows
On the mossy grass-grown slope,
Where the autumn air throbb'd cooler
Fanning the pulse of hope.

Looking beyond the lines
Of the wavy, receding sea—
Through the darkness of the pines,
For one who was coming to me.

Quite close the vine leaves rustled,
And swayed with their purple weight;
Then an echo—but not her footsteps—
Ah! why did she come so late?

The daylight seemed to linger
For pity in the West;
The birds winged into the woodland,
But only for me unrest.

A doubt of growing pain,
A bitter blinding tear—
A step, a touch, a voice,
Chasing my fitful fear.

How brilliant the azure sky,
What a flush of new life in the air—
When bright through the dark'ning leaves
Shone the gleam of her golden hair.

Up the sundown-tinted hill,
Through the valley one by one,
The evening chimes swept softly,
From belfries tall and dun.

A flush from sunset clouds
Slept on the dimpled lake
Ah! would I were a painter,
This once but for her sake.

That the dream now overpast
Might enthrall her yet once more—
And my words across the gulf
Still thrill her as of yore.

Does she linger by me now
In thought 'neath that trysting-tree;
Or do other visions woo her
That have no part with me?

Ah! still, my heart, thy queries,
And know that, alas! no more
Can thy life and hers be one,
Till the life of the Evermore.

G. V. H.

THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

*Translated for the Saturday Reader from the
French of Paul Féval.*

Continued from page 107.

PART II.

Eric and his sister started with surprise.
"The same day as the marriage," murmured Eve.

"That day continued Christian," was a day of sad and cruel omen. Early in the morning the sun was obscured by red vapours. The silver cross which surmounted the town of St. Germain-d'Auxerre was struck to the ground by lightning. At the doors of the church, I remember seeing a woman dressed in mourning, kneeling and weeping and bewailing, with loud shrieks her dead husband. The bells rang a loud peal, but the master bell broke, leaving only two lugubrious clappers to continue the funeral knell. I was only a few paces from our princess Angel, during the nuptial benediction; opposite me stood the lord de Meran, covering the king with a sinister look; and the king turned pale, as though that look weighed upon his heart. When the bishop said in Latin, Phillip Augustus wilt thou take Ingeburge of Denmark for thy wife? the brow of the king became livid, and I could scarcely hear his reply. While the lord of Meran smiled, and cast upon the altar a look of impious defiance. In the evening the king withdrew to the tower of the Louvre, accompanied by the lord of Meran and Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet.

Ingeburge, the new queen, instead of being installed in triumph, as every body expected, was shut up that same evening in the Abbey of St. Martin-hors-des-Murs, and since that time has never passed the threshold of her husband's home. Berthoud, lord of Meran, departed; his daughter, Marie, was seen to arrive, and Amaury Montruel became the favourite of the king. The rest is as well known, doubtless, in Norway as here."

"In Norway as here," said Eric, "they know that King Phillip did not fear to contract a sacrilegious marriage with Agnes of Merania and that it drew upon him the anger of the church. They know, moreover, that Agnes, the illegitimate wife, is surrounded with grandeur and honours, while the true sovereign endures a cruel captivity—"

"And it is for that," interrupted Eve, "that we are come—both of us—her brother and her sister. It is for that we have encountered the perils and fatigues of the journey. Oh! venerable father, do not discourage us, I beg of you; kill not the faith that sustains and fortifies us! We have hopes that you know not of. God raised for us, on our arrival at this city, a powerful protector. We are weak—alas! I know it—weak against the enemies of our queen; but heaven will listen to our ardent prayers, and from to-day my brother will try to discover the good chevalier Dieudonné, who will, perhaps, be powerful enough to open the doors of the queen's prison."

"Dieudonné," repeated the old man, "I know no French lord of that name."

"And yet there is such a lord," said Eve, with vivacity, "a great lord, I am very certain of it."

And as the old man wore an incredulous smile, Eve continued, addressing herself to her brother—

"He does not believe, Eric," said she, "what the good chevalier Dieudonné has already done for us."

Eric then related, in the first place, his arrival under the walls of Paris in the night time, his misadventures, and the embarrassment from which he had been relieved by the second meeting, fortold by the famous prophecy of Mila.

"When the chevalier Dieudonné," continued he, "had left us inside the gate, we found ourselves as much at a loss in this dark and unknown city as we had been in the open country. Our first asylum was given us by the freemasons, my brothers, and afterwards I came to your home, master Christian. Then I fulfilled the order given me by the chevalier Dieudonné, by presenting myself at the dwelling of the Prelate, Maurice de Sully. I knew that the lord bishop must be very difficult to approach, so I took that step at once to have it off my mind. The secretary, who opened the door to me asked my name and condition, and shrugged his shoulders and growled at my reply."

"A mason! A mason!" said he; "masons devour our bread, and leave us nothing but a heap of stones; pass on—for you may believe me, monsieur knows not what to do with the masons that are coming to him from all parts of the globe!"

I had been warned how to surmount that obstacle, so I slipped a piece of money into the hand of the servant and said to him, "when I shall have seen your master, I will repeat that gift my worthy friend."

The servant took the money, and allowed me to enter, but with a kind of regret. I entered into a decorated hall, with stone and wood carvings. The escutcheon of the lord bishop, surmounted by a mitre and cross, was suspended over each door—great draperies hung over the whole length of the windows, coloured as with precious stones. Upon the floor were thick and soft furs, which stifled the noise of my steps. The bishop was seated before an enormous manuscript, posed upon a desk which moved on a pivot. The vellum pages of that handsome book were all full of figures, representing portraits, rose windows, and windows whose bold arches were filled in with open stone work as light as lace—porticoes and proud towers and handsome galleries running round deep naves. A learned lord, thought I; and I could form a good idea of the handsome church that he is now building, with his knowledge.

"Friend what is thy wish?" demanded he, with-

out lifting his eyes from a certain rose window, a delicate miracle—the details of which he followed with the points of his compass.

I answered, "after having laid my respects at your feet, monseigneur, I would ask you for work."

He did not yet look at me.

"What work?" he asked at last, in a kind of abstraction—murmuring at the same time to himself, as though carried away by the ardour of his thoughts—"I will put one of these over each side door, north and south."

"Mason's work, monseigneur," replied I.

"And a third," continued he, placing his open hand upon the vellum of the manuscript, "and a third, which shall be larger, between the two towers, over the great portal which faces the west."

His eyes were now lost in space, and I said to myself, this is as it should be with the pointiff or the king, who undertakes to build the house of the Lord; and I thought of the history of the wise and inspired king Solomon, as related by our old men. I kept myself silent, out of respect, for the good bishop caused me no fear. He had forgotten my presence, and when he perceived me, he trembled slightly and smiled.

"Oh! ho," said he, "here is a young and stout boy. Thou hast spoken to me, my son, but I have not heard thee; once in my dreams, and my mind and body become deaf. What is it thou hast said to me?"

I repeated my request.

He rose, and I admired his majestic figure: though age and meditation had already bowed his head; one of the frames of his tall windows turned upon a metal hinge, and he opened it, when I saw immediately above me, and so near that it seemed by extending my arm I could touch it, I saw the church which was in the course of construction.

"That corner of the Parisian Island—that promised land—is it for me," I exclaimed and the emotion drew from me a cry, which caused the bishop to turn towards me.

"Is it handsome, my son?" said he, with a sweet and calm smile.

"Monseigneur," exclaimed I, "may God grant me the grace to co-operate, by my weak part, in that *chef-d'œuvre*! I have no other desire." And to my great shame—I speak truly, my sister, Eve, and my father, Christian—before that immense and magnificent design that I saw above me, and that I could embrace in one glance of the eye, I had forgotten everything else. I had forgotten the real motive of our journey—even to the hard captivity of the holy queen Angel, our sister.

The bishop seemed to measure the depth of my admiration.

He looked at me—"thou should'st be a good artisan, my son," said he, "for thine arms are vigorous; and one may see by thine eyes, that thou hast a willing heart. But it was not to show thee my dear church that I opened that window, it was to show thee the workmen."

Without changing its direction my eye abandoned the work to seek the workmen—a strange spectacle to see that mass of granite covered by a sort of moving bark or by a human ant-hill.

"There are some there—there are some there," said the bishop—"seest thou a spare place?"

My eyes searched the edifice all over and I was constrained to admit, that there were twice as many there as was necessary.

"Monseigneur," murmured I, with sorrow but with profound respect, "you have a feeling heart, and have not been able to refuse them."

"It has become necessary that I should learn to do it," replied he. "I have sent away three times as many as my dear church occupies now. At the commencement, every time I said no! I found in my satchel some small pieces of gold to soften my refusal, and said to my friend, that I could not employ—'Wait, with that, my son—thy turn will come; but so many came that my purse is empty; then I could only say wait; and many are still waiting!'"

I took the hand of the prelate to kiss it; for a refusal, made in such terms, left none of the hope that one indulges, from those refusals made by caprice or bad temper. Sire bishop had not even asked me my name, and finding him so