

joys too deep for words, and this was one. The relief from pain and fear was unutterable. Even to God Himself their thanks could not be spoken. The glorious psalm of praise begun on their lips was finished only in their hearts. Some silent, some weeping, they left the church. Old and young, noble ladies and fierce Zealanders, burgomaster and admiral, passed out into the streets together, where the wild delirium of joy still reigned supreme. Singing, dancing, laughing groups of men and women thronged the thoroughfares and gathered in the market-place. And the bright sun shone, the fresh winds blew, and light and warmth was everywhere.

Yet, now and then, a shadow fell over the mirth of the people, as with slow step and bowed head a grey-bearded man or a black-robed woman passed among them. For many a mourner, Boisot had come too late; their nearest and dearest lay cold in death; and though overhead the bells still rang out their wild melodies of triumph, they sounded in those ears like a dirge.

Bertrand was not present in the cathedral; for, not seeing his brother and sister among the crowd, he had hastened anxiously to their house to learn their fate. As he turned the corner of the street his heart sank, so silent and deserted the place appeared. Heavy shutters still darkened the windows of Albrecht's house, but the door was open. He entered trembling, and stood for a moment in the dismal hall, listening in agonizing suspense for one sound of life.

As he stood there in the silence he felt his courage