

on the blessed
law," exclaimed
as the servants
meone in their
claws but pigmy
boy!" she cried,
set down their
her. "I fear me
ie past helping,"
over the wet, un-
Where found ye

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wered the man.
under the snow,
dead. If we rub
wet clothes, he'll

ng warm, dry
host; "he'll re-
peats. Rub thou
nd, Pierre, hand
set. An' he swal-
his eyes."
drink was forced
ips of the waif.
cques, for it was
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he surveyed the
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"Eh bien?" queried the amused host, as Jacques's intent gaze rested finally on him, "art satisfied thou art in good hands? Methinks," he continued, "he is sufficiently restored for us to proceed with our celebration. Bring the royal robe and crown."

From a brass-bound chest at the upper end of the hall the attendants brought a long purple robe trimmed with ermine and wrapped it around the bewildered boy. Next, a gold crown was set on his forehead and an ivory sceptre placed in his unresisting hand.

Then gradually it dawned on Jacques that this must be the feast of the Three Kings, and that somehow he had been brought into a nobleman's chateau to be made king of the feast. Therefore, he straightened his little form, and, with all the dignity he could muster, walked gravely by the side of the chateleine to the seat assigned him at the table; and the company were charmed with his behaviour.

Jacques gave small thought to the unaccustomed dainties set before him, but satisfied his hunger, with his eyes alternately on the company and on his own magnificent attire. He listened entranced while the chateleine, standing before him, sang the song of welcome to the stranger at the feast. But he was taken aback when the assembled guests, passing from grave to gay, gave a vociferous shout as he raised his glass to his lips.

"The king drinks! The king drinks!" they cried, and all with one accord raised their glasses in salutation to him.

However, the tender-hearted chateleine was more interested in the boy himself than in his temporary pomp. His emaciated form and his bright, intelligent face appealed to her sympathies.

"Who art thou, little one?" she asked, after the lords and ladies had, one by one, followed their host and done homage to the king of the feast by bowing over the boy's hand. "Why art thou so starved. And why wast thou lying out in the forest?"

Jacques raised his large brown eyes to her.

"I am the son of poor peasants of Melun, gracious lady," he answered.

"They could not give me more to eat, for they had it not themselves. I was on my way to Paris when I lost myself in the forest, being frightened by the sounds of savage men."

"On thy way to Paris! And what wouldst thou do in Paris that thou goest so far alone? Hast friends there?"

"No, gracious lady, I know no one in the great city. I am going because I would fain study at the College de France."

"Study at the college! But, child, poor as thou art, how canst thou pay thy way?"

"I can work for the other students, noble lady," replied the boy, simply.

"Now, this is a right worthy peasant lad," exclaimed the Seigneur of Brunay, "and glad am I that to him has fallen the honour of being our king of the feast."

"My lords and ladies," the chateleine addressed the company, "shall we not give this boy more than the usual alms? Methinks we could not give to one more deserving."

She took a silver cup from the table and went the rounds of the room to collect from her guests whatever they wished to give. The cup was filled with gold pieces.

The chateleine counted the gifts. "Here are one hundred pounds, little Jacques," she said, much pleased.

"Now, you can make your way to Paris without hardships, and pay a good bit of your schooling, too."

"I thank you, gracious lady; I thank you, noble lords," exclaimed the delighted boy. "Never will I forget this blessed Epiphany, nor—nor—" The crown slipped off the bobbing head, the sceptre fell from the weary hand, and the king of the feast fell over on the table asleep.

The company laughed merrily and laid him down, royal robes and all, on a bench to sleep for the night.

The next morning they failed not to bid him godspeed on his journey and to wish him success in his great enterprise of learning. But much as they admired his pluck and determination, they little thought as they watched the small figure trudging happily away on the road to Paris that they were looking at the future preceptor of the royal princes, the great Bishop of Auxerre, the grand almoner of France, and the famous translator of Plutarch — Jacques Amyot.



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