

## "COME TO ME, MARY, COME!"

Come to me, maiden, divinely fair,  
With the flashing eye, and the raven hair,  
Look not with scorn on my earnest prayer.  
Come to me, Mary, come!

The tempests of winter are yielding to spring,  
The swallow hies hither on blithesome wing,  
The sweet little birds are beginning to sing.  
Come then, dear Mary, come!

I work my way through the crowded street,  
'Mid the bustle and noise of a thousand feet,  
But still in a whisper my lips repeat,  
Come, oh sweet Mary, come!

I hurry away to the lonely dell,  
Where the modest flowers in silence dwell,  
But the longing oppresses me there as well,  
Come then, my Mary, come!

Come if you like it, at early dawn,  
Hand in hand with the blushing morn,  
When the dews are thick on the "upland lawn,"  
Come to me, darling, come!

Come if you choose it, at sultry noon,  
When the brook is humming its endless tune,  
And the smallest shade is a priceless boon,  
Come to me, Mary, come!

Come if you wish it at silent eve,  
When all from toil have a short reprieve,  
Darling one, soon will I cease to grieve,  
If you will only come!

Come if it please you at dead of night,  
Like some spirit all beautiful, fair and bright,  
Burst in this form on my wondering sight,  
Choose your own time, but come!

Kingston, C.W.

F. B. D.

## TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

*Continued from page 27.*

### CHAPTER III.

Eric and his sister stood alone, in the middle of the street St. Honoré; Eve holding in her hand the purse which the unknown lord had generously given her.

The rue St. Honoré was one of the largest and most beautiful in the whole city; but we are constrained to acknowledge that that is not saying much. Every one knows that at that period, and for a long time after, the houses of Paris did not present their fronts to the public highway. Each house projected over the street the shadow of its narrow gable end, pierced with a small window and guarded with iron bars; for the first requirement of a house at that day was; that it might serve at need for a fortress to its dwellers. These gable-ends had no windows in the basement, and there were none of those brilliant shops which, in our day, light up our streets better than the public lamps. The ordinary buying and selling took place in shops grouped together as at a fair, and were kept open only till sunset.

The taverns, as much frequented then as to-day, had their dark entrances at the bottom of long and tortuous alleys. Public society as well as the family circle was concentrated far from the street, which was left exclusively for malefactors. In those dark nights of ancient Paris, the hungry thieves laid wait for the rare passers whose necessities compelled them to be out late, but scarcely earned their bread at it. A prudent bourgeois would rather have leaped from the top to the bottom of the ramparts than be perambulating those dark haunts at night. The gentlemen of that day were always preceded by torch-bearers, and servants with drawn swords. It was a sorry trade that of the robber; but their ranks were always overcrowded.

In the midst of that silent obscurity, disturbed only by the roar of the orgies going on down the aforesaid alleys, Eric and Eve felt more lost

than in the open fields, or in the plantations of the Louvre. They knew not which way to move. The street lay before them dark and tortuous. In the distance they could perceive some trembling light smoking under some one of the votive offerings which, down to a very late day were to be found stuck up in our highways.

Eve, frightened, pressed against her brother, to whom the darkness seemed full of threatening phantoms. Indeed they were both so frightened that they thought not of the prophecy.

Ah! had some thief, up to his trade, appeared at that moment, how cheap he might have obtained that purse of gold, though Eric had his iron hammer over his shoulder, and a brave heart in his breast? The darkness oppressed and paralyzed him; the dark perspective of the rue St. Honoré appeared to him unfathomable, and he had no longer the courage to take a step forward or backward. At that moment a slow and grave melody fell upon the ears of our two travellers. It was a chorus of men singing in the German language. Eric listened, and the blood seemed to warm in his veins, as if he had suddenly in his distress heard the sound of some well-beloved voice. The chorus approached, and they could distinguish these words:

"It is a great distance from sea to sea.

"Where does that bird go to, which remains on the shores of the Rhine only three months in the summer?"

"We build high towers that the swallows may nestle therein."

Eve fell into the arms of her brother, and her joyous emotion brought tears into her eyes.

The chorus continued.

"Lisa! Lisa! daughter of our master! Lisa, child of our old man.

"Where is the hammer? The husband of Lisa should be the strongest of us.

"Since she is the fairest of the fair.

"When the swallows return, the copper vane shall be turning on the finished tower."

A light now appeared at the end of the street, while the measured step of a troop of men kept time with their song.

The song continued:

"Master, master, thy daughter has borne a son, and thou art happy, and the sons of thy daughter shall be called after thee.

"The shining trowel is the sword of the Artisan—we will all attend at the baptism.

Are not the bells in our towers already rusty for want of ringing?"

The street was now full of men, who advanced, hand in hand, carrying lances without points, but ornamented with flowers. As they stopped before a paved doorway, Eric took his sister by the hand, and approached them, joining in the chant.

"The swallow is come. His nest is in the tower. Master, alas! the bells ring.

"Thee and thy daughter must die, we shall all die; but the tower shall live.

"And after a thousand years, it will still be the house of the swallows."

The man who walked in advance of the troop struck his lance against the pavement of the street.

"Who art thou, comrade?" exclaimed he, addressing Eric.

"I am of the hammer and trowel," replied the young man.

"Knowest thou any of us?"

"I am one of you."

"By what title?"

"By the title of free companion."

The chief of the troop was a little in advance of his comrades, who had stopped, and were listening.

"Approach," said he to Eric, "and let thy hand speak to my hand!"

Their hands touched and they exchanged that mysterious sign which has ever been the passport of the Brotherhood of Free-masonry.

"Oh, ho!" said the chief of the band, turning towards his troop, "our friend is a cousin of Solomon. I have recognized from his finger ends the accent of Cologne; open your ranks, my pretty fellows, and hail the arrival of a brother!"

"Brother!" cried the choristers,—"welcome, since thou bringest thy stone to the temple!"

"But he is not alone," said a voice in the crowd.

"Who is this?" said the chief, pointing to Eve.

Eric took his sister by the hand. "Woman," said he, "is an easy prey to the evil-disposed; but I am now at the end of my wanderings, and I do not distrust my brothers. This girl is my sister."

"The sister of our brother is our sister," said the chief gravely, "enter both of you with us."

The sticks rattled again upon the door, which was opened, and an instant after the street was silent and deserted. From the threshold of a neighbouring doorway a mis-shaped object, like a bundle of rags, began to move, and from a dirty cowl of coarse stuff, which denoted a vagabond monk, there proceeded a whistle. A similar whistle answered from the other end of the street, and another bundle of rags put itself in motion. I have already said that the trade of a robber had gone to the Evil One in those times, in consequence of the keen competition.

"Ezekiel!" said the first bundle of tatters.

"Trefouilloux!" replied the second heap of rags.

"They were both close to me," said Trefouilloux! in a bitter tone of regret. "I was about to plant my knife between the shoulders of the tallest one—the little one was but a woman."

"Ah!" said Ezekiel, in a melancholy tone, "we have no luck."

Trefouilloux took his forehead in both hands under the soiled debris of his cowl.

"And yet they say that king Phillip governs his kingdom well," groaned he, "to allow such idlers to run the streets after the *couvre-feu* has sounded!"

"That's a great scandal," sighed Ezekiel, "it is horrible!"

Trefouilloux thrust his cutlass into the twisted rag that served him for a girdle, and our two unfortunates resumed their way. Alas! all the rest of the night nobody passed; and they had to tighten their waists next morning for want of a breakfast. But in our days I can affirm that the night thieves breakfast on good beefsteak, and chickens' legs, *en papillotes*. Why? because we have now a well-ordered police, so they say; and because a good police gives confidence—and because speculators base their action on confidence. We pray that those speculators, who work by day—will be pleased to remark that we make a distinction between them and the night thieves.

Freemasonry was a beautiful institution in the days when it shed over our soil the marvels of those illustrious temples, left for our admiration in the three last centuries of the middle ages. Notre Dame was the commencement of that splendid and Christian art; then followed the Cathedral at Cologne; then Strasburg; and lastly, Westminster—that glorious jewel of London.

Other arts remained in their infancy. The masons alone—we desire not to encroach on the title of architects—the masons alone conveyed in their inspiration the simple mystery of the Christian idea; reaching at one bound the utmost limits of the grand and beautiful, and studding Europe all over with *chefs-d'œuvre*.

They went forth the disciplined instruments of a will, one and hidden; the labour of their life was but a cipher in the unheard of amount of labour that the age expended. Often they knitted but one mesh of that gigantic tissue. Very rarely, at least, those who saw the laying of the first stone of the edifice, lived to witness the celebration of its opening.

But what signifies that? Their task was fulfilled. They had lived to work and sing: they had fought in the army of peaceful soldiers. True, their name died with them; but were they not named collectively—Westminster, or Notre Dame of Paris?

These vast associations bore the stamp of a Northern origin. The Ghildes had for a long time overrun Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and even Hungary. The St. Vehmme succeeded to the dispersed Ghildes, and had its free judges, from the Danube to the Loire. Freemasonry came only third in these old and illu-