

How such a knitted throng could part as do not know; who went down under whose the surge backwards I do not know; but the thundering gallop, and the naked steel cleaved like a plough cutting a furrow through a sodden and we burst into the square unchecked.

In the centre was a hollow kept clear of by treble lines of soldiers, and we, looking about a swaying sea of heads, saw what they guarded: a gibbet, a wheeled platform drawn by oxen, and on the platform three men; they were Gaspard, Paulus, and another. A short ladder rose from the ground and hung above the wheel.

"God save King Charles!" we cried, "God save King Charles! A pardon! a pardon! The King is dead, is dead; God save the King!"

What a silence fell upon the crowd! what a silence it was stiller than death itself. Then a roar came out, drowning our puny outcry.

"Long live King Charles! Long live King Charles!"

But for myself I say this: another King might indeed come to his throne that day; a greater than Louis who was dead, a greater than Charles who had come to his own; a greater than any who ever reigned in France; for it was the King of Life and Love.

The Lord God be praised for all His faithful mercies!