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sick brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and thank God, this good lad has recovered his reason! The bell and the boy will both glorify God. Amen!" said his hearers softly. Then the bell was let down, and while the wagon rolled away with its sweet toned load, the boy was lifted up and carried out; and both left the foundry together that bright summer's day, while the men hurried and threw up their caps.

The little "Inventor" later on proved his right to the title which had been so lightly given him in his unhappy youth. His name could be read on many a bell, whose noble fullness of tone spoke through his unsurpassed genius from the metals his art had blended. - Ave Maria.

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"The poor boy has brain fever," she told them. "Does he say anything in his delirium?" asked the chief in a low voice. "Oh, yes! He is always talking about the mold of the bell. He says he hopes it will have been filled." The men looked at one another. It was really true that the imbecile lad had, all alone, cast the bell of St. John's Cathedral! At that moment the doctor came out. "When he recovers," he said, "it may well be that this tremendous shock will have restored his reason." "Do you really think so? Heaven grant it!" said the chief. And the workmen began to talk again in subdued voices, and dispersed to their homes. Two months later the ponderous bell hung in the foundry and under it stood the great dray on which it was to be let down and carried away. A deep silence held the crowd of workmen, as the thin form of the "Inventor," with his pallid face, was borne into the foundry from an invalid chair. He had recovered his mind, and his body was daily getting stronger. His big grey eyes were forthwith turned to the bell, that splendid masterpiece, the casting of which had had for him such deep significance. He had been told the story of the casting and of the destruction of the furnace but he had seen a mere romance or fairy tale. "I can remember nothing about it," he said, laughingly shaking his head. "It is all new to me; and so strange, so strange!" "Yes," interposed the chief, solemnly. "It was God's hand."

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THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

In the great smoke-filled foundry that stood beside the shipyards of the town of Berlin, one could see a crowd of workmen busied in putting all in readiness for the founding of the great bell which was to be placed in the cathedral of a neighboring town. Yet another hour, and the boiling, glittering metal would flow from the great kine into the mold which stood beside it, upon the ground. Evening had come and in the gathering twilight the blue flames lit up the chimneys and the neighboring houses with a ghostly glow. The scene in the foundry reminded one of the workshop of a magician, and at the same time of a place of torture. The dusky figures of the workmen, partly lit up by the yellow light from the glowing kils, moved about like shadows in the under-world; and the smokes blackened beams, partly in shadow and partly visible through the golden light, brought to mind the workshops of the Cyclops, beneath Mount Etna. Suddenly something frightened him; he heard a noise, and saw that there was a rift at the top of the furnace. Again he heard a sharp crack, and a red-hot stone fell down close to his feet. The boy opened his mouth to shout, but he was so bewildered that the cry stuck in his throat, as if he were mastered by a nightmare. A thin red stream followed the fallen stone, and trickled like lava down the furnace. There came another noise, as of argillite, and a thin crack in the upper part of the furnace allowed more of the molten metal to escape. "Where was George? Was that light-headed workman still puffing at his pipe?" The furnace threatened every moment to burst, and there was no one but a half-witted boy to watch it. What could he do? He did what, perhaps a boy in full possession of his faculties would not have dared to do. He sprang to the mouth of the furnace, seized the long iron bar which lay there, struck with the sharp point against the stopple which closed the furnace, and after a few swift, sharp blows, the stopple gave way, and the yellow steam flowed out with no little force. It ran into the clay pressed mold, and the flames burst out. "The inventor" - the imbecile - had done a deed worthy of a general on a battlefield. Had he done it too late? Every moment new rifts appeared in the furnace. Stones kept falling from above, while the molten stream flowed ever more widely into the open cracks. The pressure would be comparatively slight through the flow of the glowing mass, but every minute there were fresh cracks round about it. It seemed rushing to destruction. "Now, Mopus," said George, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder, "you have sense enough to call and give the alarm if anything happens?" The boy looked at him absently and nodded. "Stand here, then and see to the furnace. Don't take your eyes off it for an instant." The lad smiled, and obediently did as he was told. Mopus was a strange lad, dull in ordinary matters, but remarkably well fitted to watch a smelting furnace. He understood, as it were by instinct, everything that concerned the work of the foundry; and his natural intelligence in such matters was all that was left of his once unclouded mind. If anything was at all out of order, he would always remark it, and say what ought to be done, although perhaps he could not explain why. Two years before, Mopus had been a bright boy, with good prospects. He was the son of one of the engineers attached to the foundry; he had always had free access to the place, and could mix with the men and see them at work. But one day the chain of a crane broke, and a piece of iron struck him on the head, making a deep wound. He recovered, but only partially; for the injury to the brain left a permanent disturbance. But his natural love for machines and mechanical experiments remained; and, as his bodily health returned, he spent most of his time among them, making wheels and pipes ready, and repairing old broken things, which he then exhibited with pride and happiness. This trait in the young man had earned him the title of "Inventor," which at first had been given him in jest. The men were always friendly with him, although in manner often rough and impatient. Such was the lad to whom was entrusted the watching of the furnace, from which the bell of St. John was to be cast. The "Inventor" remained steady at his post, while George went aside to eat his supper. Undoubtedly George had meant to keep a general oversight, but he left to the "Inventor" the greater share of this superintendence. Whether he placed too great confidence in the instinct of his companion, or whether it was laziness that whispered to him that nothing could go wrong; in either case he was much to blame for relieving his own shoulders of any part of the weight of responsibility. Not a word passed between the two watchers, and nothing was to be heard in the whole foundry but the dead roar of the furnace. George had finished

While the prince fixed his eye upon the point indicated, Matilda quickly unobeyed her falcon, and cast her off. The bird gave four or five strokes with her wings, and then circled gracefully before her mistress. "Of, off, dear falcon!" cried Matilda. And at those words the bird rose skyward like an arrow, till the eye could no longer follow it; then for some moments, poised in the air and motionless, she sought with her piercing eyes her quarry; there, afar off, flew the snipe, and more swiftly than a stone from on high, swooped the falcon on the poor victim, which she soon held in her sharp talons. "There, Messire de Valois!" cried Matilda, exultingly; "now you may see that a Flemish lady can break a hawk! I only look, how skillfully the faithful bird brings in her quarry!" And the last words were hardly over her lips, before the falcon was again upon her hand, with the snipe in its talons. "May I have the honor to receive the game from your fair hand?" asked Messire de Valois. But at this request the young lady's countenance became somewhat troubled; she looked longingly on the knight, and said: "I hope, Messire de Valois, that you will not take it amiss; but I had at ready promised my first quarry to my brother, Adolf, who is standing yonder beside my father."

episode, the bystanders had been variably affected by Robert de Bsthune's bold outbreak. Many of the French knights had felt inclined to take his words amiss; but the laws of honor did not allow their interfering in the quarrel. Charles de Valois shook his head with an air of annoyance; and it was easy to see from his manner how much the whole affair vexed him. But a smile of pleasure hovered upon the lips of the old Count Guy, and turning to De Valois he whispered: "My son Robert is a brave knight, as your king Philip experienced at the siege of Lille, when many a valiant Frenchman fell before Robert's sword. The men of Bruges, who love him better than they do me, have given him the surname of the Lion of Flanders, a title which he well deserved also in the battle of Benevento against Manfred." "I have long known Messire Robert de Bsthune," answered De Valois; "and every child, I ween, knows the story, how with his own hand he won the Damask blade he now wears from the tyrant Manfred. His deeds of arms are far and wide renowned among the chivalry of France. The Lion of Flanders passes with us for invincible, and has well earned his fame." A smile of contentment glided the old man's face; but suddenly his visage darkened, and his head sank upon his breast, while he sorrowfully replied: "Ah! Messire de Valois! it is not a misery that I have no heritage to leave to such a son? To him who was so well fitted to bring the house of Flanders to fame and honor? It is the thought of that, and of the imprisonment of my poor child Philipp, which is fast hastening me to the grave." Charles de Valois made no answer to the old Count's lament. He was sunk in deep thought, so that even the rein had fallen from his hand, and was hanging from the pommel of the saddle. Count Guy long watched him as he thus sat, and could not enough admire the generous feeling of the brave knight, who was evidently, from his very heart, concerned for the woes of the house of Flanders. But suddenly the French prince sat up in his saddle, his countenance beaming with joy; and laying his hand, with a sort of confidential familiarity, upon that of the old Count, he exclaimed: "It is a suggestion of heaven!" Guy looked at him with curiosity. "Yes!" continued De Valois, "I will bring it about that my brother, Philip of France, shall restore you to the princely seat of your fathers." "And what spell of power, think you, have you found to work this miracle, after he has conferred upon yourself the debt that he has taken from me?" "Give me your ear, noble Count. Your daughter sits disconsolate in the dungeons of the Louvre; your sisters are come from you, and their heritage from your children; but I know a way by which your daughter shall be released, and yourself reinstated."

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"Quick! Messire de Bsthune!" cried the chief falconer; "loose your hawk's hand and cast her off; yonder runs a hare." A moment later, and the bird was hovering above the clouds, and then swooped perpendicularly upon the victim as it fled. It was a strange sight to see. The hawk had struck its claws deep in the hare's back as it ran, and so held fast to it, while both together rushed onward like the wind. But this did not last long; for the hawk, looking one way, seized hold with its talons, and with the other held her prey so fast, that in spite of its desperate struggling, there was no escape for it. And now several dogs were uncoupled; these hurrying up, received the hare from the hawk, which now, as if exulting in its victory, hovered aloft over the dogs and the huntsmen, exhibiting its joy in the most various sweeps and turns. "Messire de Bsthune," cried De Valois, "that is a hawk that knows her business! A finer goshawk I never saw!" "You say no more of her than she deserves, Messire," replied Robert. "In a moment you shall look at her claws." With those words he lifted up his lure, on catching sight of which the hawk immediately returned to her master's look. "Look here," proceeded Robert, showing the bird to De Valois; "see what beautiful fair colored plumage, what a snow-white breast, and what deep blue claws." "Yes, indeed, Messire Robert," answered De Valois, "that is in very truth a bird that might hold comparison with an eagle. But it seems to me that she is bleeding." Robert hastily examined his hawk's legs, and cried impatiently: "Falconer, hither, quick! my bird is hurt; the poor thing has tried its claws too much. Let her be well seen to; you, Stephen, keep her under your own eye; I would not lose her for more than I care to tell." And he gave the wounded hawk to Stephen, his trainer, who all but wept at the accident; for the hawks he had broken and tended were to him as his very children. After the chief persons present had flown their hawks, the sport became more general. For two hours the party continued the chase after various kinds of birds of high flight, such as ducks, herons, and cranes, without, at the same time, sparing those of low flight, among which were partridges, fieldfares, and curlews. By this time it was noon; and, at the cheerful summons of the horns, the whole party came together again from every side, and proceeded on their way back to Wyndael as fast as a moderate pace could carry them. TO BE CONTINUED.

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"Bring me a spade, quick!" he cried. With nervous haste he began to remove the hot masses of rubbish that had fallen on the mold. It was the work of a Hercules; but, with the help of some of the workmen, he brought to bear upon it almost superhuman strength. Pieces of stone, ore, dress and earth flew in all directions. At last the chief's spade dug through to the sand and struck against something hard. He stooped, he looked - then he sprang up, and like a man half demonted, cleared away the remaining sand, and something came into view that was like a great metal bell. "My men," he cried, his face all radiant with excitement, "see, the bell is cast!" "Who did it?" voices were asking on every side, as soon as the jubilation was somewhat calmed down. "Two or three of you come with me," said the master. "I think I know who did it. It is a marvel!" They hurried to the half-witted boy's house. A nurse came to meet them, her finger on her lip.

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