

God will guide us safely over the dark waters, for we are Christians, and need not fear anything. I will meet thee to night on the sea shore, and bring gold and jewels enough to purchase a vessel and hire a skillful crew—and when, O, my Gilbert, we are afloat on the broad blue sea, sailing towards thy home, thou wilt bless me and love me—wilt thou not?”

The merchant kissed the maiden's hand, and promised to meet her on the strand at the appointed hour. And he did not fail—but he walked the lonely shore and no light-footed Zarina came flitting the deep night shadows and stealing to his side. North, south, east, and west, he looked—but all in vain. The night was clear, the winds whispered low, the little waves slid on the shining shore and seemed to invite him to sail away over them to the great seas beyond—but the stars overhead twinkled so merrily and winked so knowingly that he had almost fancied they had betrayed the story of his Zarina's love and intended flight. At length he heard a quick, light step, and sprang forward with a joyful cry. Alas, it was not Zarina, but her faithful nurse Safie, who came to tell him that Zarina's love had been discovered, and that her kinsman had confined her in a strong, guarded tower, and that he must escape alone. She sent him a casket of gold, with a promise that as soon as possible she would make her escape and come to him in London.

There really was nothing for Gilbert a Becket to do but to accept Zarina's casket of jewels and follow her advice; so, after sending her many loving farewell messages by Safie, he went.

He had a prosperous voyage and reached London in safety, where he gave his friends a joyful sur-

prise, for they had given him up for dead.

Year after year went by, and he saw nothing, of his noble Saracen love, Zarina, and at last he grew to think of her very sorrowful and tenderly as of one dead. But Zarina lived, and lived for him whom she loved and had taught her to love God. For years she was kept imprisoned in that lonely guarded tower near the sea—where she could only put her sorrow in mournful songs, and sigh her love out on the winds that blew toward England, and gaze up at the bright, kindly stars and pray for Gilbert. But one night, while the guard slept, the brave Zarina stole out on the parapet, and leaped down many feet to the ground below. She soon sprang up unharmed and made her way to the strand, when she took passage on a foreign vessel for Stamboul. Now, all the English that this poor girl remembered were the words “Gilbert” and “London.” These she said in sad, pleading, inquiring tones to every one she met!—but nobody understood what she meant by them.

From Stamboul she went on her weary wandering way, from port to port and from city to city, till she had journeyed through many strange countries, repeating everywhere these two words of English—but all in vain, for though everybody had heard of London, none knew Gilbert. Yet the people were very kind and gave her food and shelter, out of pity for her sad face and in return for the sweet songs which she sung.

At length after many months of lonely and toilsome wandering she reached England, and found herself amidst the busy, hurrying throng of London. She gazed about her bewildered and almost despairing at finding it so large a