

he stood alone. "We will spare him," said the leader, "for he is brave and strong, and not like the cowards our people drove from this City many years ago. We will spare him and make him our slave. Now, yield thy sword," he shouted. But Nicholas laughed loud and clear, and waved his sword above his head, till the great gems in its hilt flashed with a hundred changing lights.

"Who art thou," cried the leader, "that darest defy us?"

And there came a voice high and clear from above: "He is our King, our chosen King, who shall lead us back to our home. Flee, flee, you pirates of the Sea, for the days of your doom are come."

Dumb with terror, all eyes were turned upwards whence the Voice came.

As Nicholas looked with eager hope he thought he caught a glimpse of a tall white figure gliding from the balcony above.

But now the horde, beside themselves with rage and terror, flung themselves upon Nicholas, eager for his death. High above the clamour came the shrill call of a