

enemies assailed them, and the field heaped with slain, seemed yet alive with countless foes.

At length, facing the foe, with the guarded banner in the midst, slowly they began to retreat. Avoiding their charge, like that of a roused lion, the Saracens kept at bay, their unerring arrows from a distance making some steeds run masterless over the plain. One by one the companions fell, and their war-cry, "For the Temple!" quivered from white lips, as they were trampled under the horses' feet.

At length, Aldemar, with a band of twenty lances of the hundreds he had that morning led, arrived at the margin of a stream that wound its thread of silver through the sands. The "Ullahs" of the infidels rang faintly as they plunged into the wave, and, for a moment halting, looked again towards Damascus.

Among the survivors was De Vincent, who held the rank of Preceptor, and was accounted one of the bravest knights in Christendom. Turning to the leader, from whose side the blood flowed rapidly, he said:

"Yonder city, most noble Master, claims my vow. Christians are dying there—one I have pledged to save. With six lances, and alone, I must return to redeem my word."

"Go, my brother, if mercy calls thee," said the dying leader, as, falling from his horse, his eyes rested on the banner-cross, and then glazed in the fixed stare of death.

Trailing their lances in the dust, six knights followed De Vincent, leaving the remainder to guard the body of the fallen chief.

Winding through circuitous paths, a few hours brought them under the walls of Damascus, and at an angle of the wall where a sallyport had been left unguarded, De Vincent stationed his forlorn hope. Midnight had scarcely arrived when the postern was opened, and a young man, whose black hair and beard spoke Oriental lineage, stood before the knights.

"Silence, and the city is yours," he said. "Follow me!"

Swiftly leading the way up a winding stair, which opened on a churchyard, they found themselves in presence of the guard, who secure in fancied safety, were sleeping heavily. A thrust, quickly given, prevented all outcry, and from the door of a small tower emerging upon the rampart, the knights, closely following each other, sounded their terrible war-cry, and charged the astonished Saracens. A fierce conflict ensued, as the panic-struck foe fled before their dauntless assailants.

"Fly, Andreas, and raise the standard of the cross on the wall!" said the girl, as she stood listening to the clash of arms, which reached the most distant quarter of the city.

"Nay, brother, do you falter?" she added, as the youth who had opened the postern hesitated; "then will I."

She sprang to the rampart, and, with her arm bound by a scarf, seized a battle-axe, and dealt blow after blow on the heathen banner-staff. Andreas hastened to the aid of his heroic sister, and striking down a Turk stealthily advancing towards her, soon, by their united efforts the cross once more arose above the walls.

Cries of triumph soon echoed below, as De Vincent, opening the gates, welcomed back the Christians, who thronged to the aid of the Templars; and as the knight, now commander of Damascus, trod the rampart, he recognised in the form fallen before the standard his protegee of the battle-field, whose white garments had rendered her so conspicuous a mark for the heathen shaft; and as the soldiers raised the light form upon their breckles, a moan burst from the lips of all as they gazed on the still, marble face. The Greek girl was dead.

*The Landmark.*

Silence is more safe than speech when our enemies are the auditors.

To know well and to do well, are the two points belonging to virtue.