

nor dismay! How noble an ending of their crusade! Thus we have seen the army which left Vendome so full of hope, betrayed, scattered and enslaved.

THE MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

While this movement took place in France there was also a similar rising among the children of Germany.

The tidings of the preaching of Stephen of Cloyes quickly spread across the country until it reached the lands along the Rhine. In a small village near Cologne, there lived a boy who was to be the apostle of this crusade in Germany and play the part which Stephen acted in France. His name was Nicholas. In his case it was his father and not a crafty priest who incited him to this holy enterprise.

Inspired by religious enthusiasm Nicholas went to Cologne and there proclaimed his mission. There were the same reasons to recommend it as a suitable place for the purpose which made St. Denys such for Stephen. It was a great national shrine. Thither it was believed had been carried the bones of the Three Wise Men from the East who brought their gifts to the Babe of Bethlehem. To this sacred spot many thousands of pilgrims came every year. Marvellous was the effect of the preaching of Nicholas. He soon gathered thousands of adherents, who assembled at Cologne just as the French children had done at Vendome, and they presented just as motley an aspect.

At this point our narrative divides, for there was a division of the host into two armies. The fate of that which started under the leadership of Nicholas will be traced first.

One morning in early June, in the year of grace 1212, with banners and oriflammes and crosses upraised, at the sound of the

trumpets the strange army set forth. Vain had been the efforts to stop the enterprise. Too confident to be dissuaded, too elated to be discouraged, the band of twenty thousand children commenced its march towards Palestine. From the city walls thousands of eager eyes watched the receding army till it disappeared in the distance, their songs and their shouts sinking slowly into silence.

From the oblivion of ages there has survived one and only one of their marching hymns. It seems as a gleam of light in the darkness of the age. We give one stanza in the quaint German, and a literal translation of the hymn.

Schönster Herr Jesus,
Herrscher aller Erden;
Gottes und Maria's Sohn;
Dich will ich lieben,
Dich will ich ehren,
Du, meiner Seele Freud' und Kron.

TRANSLATION.

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
Thou of Mary and of God the Son:
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honour,
Thee my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes our saddened heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the sparkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Along the Rhine, with its now legend-haunted castles, marched the children, until at length they reached the territory since called Switzerland, and beheld the Alps which rose grand and majestic before them. Weary and worn, singing and sighing, they neared the dark mountains, on whose summits rested the eternal snows. They followed the route over the