

it not been known to turn brothers into enemies and bring true knight to low deeds? And though love should be always true, and charitable, and merry, is it not sometimes cruel, and false, and without pity? And," he continued, smiling, "it calls forth more bad poetry than a monk could write down in ten years. I, for one, can make little enough of this love,"—and he sang,

"When first I left my father's hall
And rode away, and rode away,
Love held my maiden heart in thrall.
Ah, lack-a-day, ah lack-a-day!
The maid was fair, the maid was tall;
Her voice was like the wild dove's call;
Her hands were like the May."

"When I came riding home again
A year had sped, a year had sped,
And I had won by blood and pain,
A name by many envied,
The leaves had blown. Cold fell the rain.
I called her name. I called in vain,
The pretty maid had wed."

"Another knight, with lands and fee,
Had won her heart, had won her heart.
He wore great spurs—a joy to see!
Fie on his art! Fie on his art!
And it has always seemed to me—
(I trust it seems the same to thee)
Love drives a golden dart."

By nightfall they came to the house of a farmer and here they were made welcome with humble cheer. As they sat at supper—the lady in her long, white gown stained with splashes of mud and water, the knight and squire with their armour laid aside—a fellow in black-and-gold livery, came to the door, crying to know if anything had been seen of the Lady Lionors, King Pellinor's beloved daughter. He was brought into the room, and upon beholding his fair mistress, fell at Sir Dinadan's feet and thanked him.

"It is none of my doing good fellow," said the gentle knight, and pointing with his left hand at Bertram he hid his nose in his goblet.

They rested that night, and early on the following day arrived at a castle that belonged to King Pellinor of the Isles.

(To be continued.)

IF YOU HAD GONE SOME OTHER WAY!

If I had gone some other way,
And you had passed without a glance,
Dear Girl, would you be glad to-day?

And was it Fate, or was it Chance,
That brought our paths together then
With music of the *True Romance*!

And might you, from the nine or ten,
Have chosen otherwise, and not
Picked me from all the other men?

Might I, contented with my lot,
Have gone on scribbling just the same
Complacent prose, and rhythmic rot?

And idly made my cast at fame?
And idly chased the joys I knew?—
The vision of you but a name!

If I had never knelt to you,
And you had never bent to me,
I wonder would life's song ring true?

Or would some strange dream come to me
At midnight where the long waves climb
The eternal hillside of the sea?

And would you, in the twilight time,
Miss something—hand or voice, or face,
Or laughter, or a lilt of rhyme?

Would I, in some outlandish place,
Watch the tired sun glide down the west,
And sicken of the weary chase?

Would comrades jeer my nameless quest?
'Neath wind-stirred palm-trees would I hear
Your dear voice calling me from rest?

If you had passed me with a smile,
And I had lightly said good-bye,
Would Life, I wonder, seem worth while?

Or would you weep, and wonder why?
Would I forget that we had met,
Dear Girl, or would I only try?

I wonder was it Fate or Chance
That brought our hearts together, Sweet,
With music of the *True Romance*?

BERTRAM NORTH.