

their right; and, riding in, entered without question, as one whose journey was not yet done. In the cathedral itself twenty thousand worshippers heard the ringing hoofs upon the marble flags and bent their heads before the vision. Blue-robed priests at the altar stayed their ministrations and turned to see who came. One man alone awaited the messenger with confidence; his sword trailed upon the marble floor, beams of the radiant light fell through the crimson glass and struck down upon his gold cuirass; his face was flushed, his arms outstretched to the figure of his salvation. He it was who lifted the figure from the horse, he who held the trembling girl in his strong arms and cried—

“My wife! my wife!”

They knelt together before the altar, and the old priest blessed them. Sunshine was upon their faces, joy in their hearts. To the God of their destinies they offered their hearts and their lives. But the people still cried, “A miracle!”