

parts, "do you not know that at this hour the only entrance is by the Porte Coquillière?"

Half-way from Porte Coquillière, they heard a clock strike; it was Porte Coquillière, closing in its turn. And you may believe that these precautions were not useless, at a time when the night was the property of thieves; however, through the wicket of Porte Coquillière a sergeant cried out to them,

"Beware of approaching here; go and see if they will allow you to enter by Porte St. Honoré, which is left open to-night for the passage of the king."

"My good master," demanded Eric, "can you direct us, after passing Porte St. Honoré?"

"There is the river, where they ought to drown all such rascals as you!"

Eric and his sister resumed their journey; it was a sad welcome to the City of Paris.

"My brother," said Eve, "shall we seek hospitality at some monastery?"

Eric was angry. "I know not," said he, "whether hospitality is practised about here, my sister; but in our wild forests I have never walked so long without finding an asylum."

They were passing along close to the city walls. "Keep off in the open roads," cried a man of arms, whose round was on the ramparts above them; and they heard the dry thrum of the stringing of an arbalest. Eric seized the arm of his sister and drew her towards the open fields. Eve was now quite exhausted, and she sunk down upon the tilled ground; but as every minute was now precious, Eric picked her up and carried her in his arms. After a quarter of an hour's slow and painful walking Eric met with a road bordered by two rows of young elms. This was the Royal Avenue which led to the Tower of the Louvre, at the Porte St. Honoré. At the moment when Eric was entering this road, two cavaliers passed—a lord and his page.

"Holla!" cried Eric, emboldened by his distress,—"if you are Christians have pity on us."

Eric had forgotten the prophecy; but Eve remembered it—for a woman parts with such souvenirs only with death. By the clear light of the moon, she looked full upon the features of the unknown cavalier who had reined up at the voice of Eric.

"Destiny! Destiny!" thought she—

"Destiny," since the young stranger thus named him, was a knight of a noble mien, clothed with great simplicity; and had it not been for the remarkable beauty of his steed, one would have taken him for a poor gentleman—and yet there was something imperious and bold in his bearing, which protested energetically against the poverty of his livery. His page bore no colours. The gentleman was still young, and Eve found him handsome. He turned towards Eric, who still bore his cherished burden, and said to him—

"Is that young boy wounded, my master?" He spoke of Eve who wore, as we have said, man's clothing.

"My lord," replied Eric, "the poor child has neither been touched by iron or by fire, but fatigue has killed him. We have come from such a long distance, and the archers refused us an

entrance into Paris, where we might have found a bed and nonishment."

"Fatigue wounds as badly as iron or fire, I know that," murmured the unknown. Then he added, turning to his page—

"Albret, dismount my son; thou hast good legs, and the way is not long from here to the Hotel de Nesle."

So far "Destiny" showed himself propitious.

The page obeyed immediately and complaisantly assisted Eric to place the pretended young boy upon the saddle.

"He is very light," said the page. Then added, addressing him, "mount thee, also, if thou wishest, friend, my horse can carry three at need, and another still—like the celebrated horse of the four sons, Aymon."

Eric replied, "I am a man, and will walk, to testify my gratitude and my respect to the noble lord who has furnished us with assistance."

"As thou wilt, friend," said the page—and he took the lead.

The gentleman approached his horse to the side of the traveller. "Thy companion seems very young," said he, "to undertake such a journey."

"True, my lord," said Eric, "but you know necessity has no law."

Eve lowered her head, for she saw that the gentleman was watching her—while she had no necessity to turn her eyes upon him—for she had so thoroughly scanned him at their first meeting that the features of the unknown were engraved upon her memory. She found a strange majesty in his grave and sonorous voice. Poor Eve was thinking of the prophecy of Mila.

Albret, the page, who was walking in advance, said to himself, "Never have I seen a young boy so light as that."

"It is necessity, then, that has brought thee to Paris?" enquired the gentleman.

"Yes, my lord."

"And from what country comest thou?"

Eric did not seem disposed to tell the truth on this question, for he answered without hesitating—

"My lord, we come from the city of Cologne, upon the Rhine, where they have skilful workers in stone."

The gentleman turned his eyes, which had remained fixed upon Eve, towards Eric. Eve breathed more freely.

"I had not remarked," said he "that thou carried the hammer and trowel. Art thou a Freemason?"

"Yes, my lord, I received the Acolade at Aix-la-Chapelle from the hands of Master Cornelius Haussner, the first and the last."

"And thou art sure of finding occupation at Paris?"

"Occupation?" repeated Eric, with a singular inflexion of voice; "Oh, yes, my lord," and his eyes drooped under the piercing look of the gentleman.

"I mean occupation as a stone-cutter," said the latter.

Eric hesitated. "May God reward you, my lord," replied he at last, "for the charitable interest you have taken in a poor man. I know a little of master Christian the Dane, who fol-

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