

thought of her grief unnerved him. He would not see her till he could once more clasp her in his arms, and bid her weep tears of joy only because he was come again. After all, he had but an hour to wait. Before the castle clock struck twelve, he would be back again in life, remembering these things only as a dream. He sighed a little to think of it.

'All that to do over again some day,' he said, as he recalled his last moments.

Almost he turned again to the couch he had so lately left.

'But I have never yet done anything through fear,' said the king.

And he smiled as he thought of the terms of the compact. His city lay before him in the moonlight.

'I could find three thousand as easily as three,' he said. 'Are they not all my friends?'

As he passed out of the gate, he saw a child sitting on the steps, crying bitterly.

'What is the matter, little one?' said the sentinel on guard, stopping a moment.

'Father and mother have gone to the castle, because the king's dead,' sobbed the child, 'and they've never come back again; and I'm so tired and so hungry! And I've had no supper, and my doll's broken. Oh! I do wish the king were alive again!'

And she burst into a fresh storm of weeping. It amused the king not a little.

'So this is the first of my subjects that wants me back!' he said.

He had no child of his own. He would have liked to try and comfort the little maiden, but there were other calls upon him just then. He was on his way to the house of his great friend, the man whom he loved more than all others. A kind of malicious delight possessed him, as he pictured to himself the deep dejection he should find him in.

'Poor Amyas!' he said. 'I know what I should be feeling in his place. I am glad he was not taken. I could not have borne his loss.'