

your Majesty's person, can affect your Majesty, grant me a boon, I pray. Grant me this man's life."

"Well, well," the King laughed, "I have been hoping for some way out, I would hate to condemn so fine a man. You may retire to your estate in peace, Sir Michael, bound by no oaths of fidelity, and sir you have my compliments. You are a very lucky, though deserving young man. God bless you both," They knelt hand in hand before him and kissed the strong, thin hand that had bestowed the royal blessing, then slowly they issued from the royal presence into the night. A heavy guard followed them and they were not molested.

Let us approach closer, persevering reader, and hear their explanations. Sir Michael is speaking. "I came to call upon you, dear, to thank you for my life, and to offer it to you. I overheard your conversation with Cruikshank and so hastened to William's quarters and gave myself up. I told him the whole story. He offered me my life on the same grounds that he did before. You heard me refuse. And now, dear, how did you arrive at so opportune a time?"

"I hardly know Mike, I received a note from whom I do not know. It said to hurry to the King's Trial Chamber immediately; that I, and only I, could save your life."

"I wonder who wrote the note," he says, in a dreamy way, as he presses her close to him, and imprints a long trembling kiss on her up-turned mouth.

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Let us, before we close, listen again as the great King William deliberates aloud:

Maybe I was too lenient, I know not. 'The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath—it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown.' I wonder if they know that I was the author and sender of the missive that saved the brave lad's life. I could not swear it away with a flourish of the pen. Oh, God! Can justice never be? Will things exist so always, that by the mere signing of a name, a life, nay, thousands of lives may be forfeited. And life so sweet to all.....Still, it was the only way—to have her ask a boon and grant accordingly his life. It was the only way. But they must not know I wrote it. That would seem weak of me, too lenient."

Ah! good King, had you not so feared your people knowing your true character, how well would they have loved you, and how much better could you have carried out the work that you so nobly undertook.

The End.

Biscotin, '24.