hours later she awoke to find herself in the humble cabin of a fisherman. Her first thought was for her children. She unclasped a rich necklace from her little daughter. "Take this gage of my gratitude," she exclaimed; "accept it as an earnest,—you to whom I owe the life of my children." The fisherman shook his head. "I could not make use of such riches," he said. The mother took the hand of her preserver; young, and beautiful even in the humble vestment which the fisher's wife had substituted for her rich but drabbled clothing, her air was full of majesty. "You are right," she said. "The service you have rendered cannot be repaid with gold; and God, I trust, will put it in my power to testify my gratitude in a manner worthy of you."

"Your safety will be our recompense; we want no other," replied the fisherman; and the honest face of his wife bore testimony that she joined in the sentiment. "Tell me," the lady asked, after a pause, "on what coast has this misfortune thrown us?"

"On that of Denmark."

"Denmark!" she cried. "Listen; there is a price on my head and on those of my children. We were flying from the soil of Denmark when the storm forced us back upon it. I am——"

"Keep your secret; do not tell me!" cried the fisherman, abruptly checking the revelation she was about to make. "All that I have need to know is that you came here in distress, and that you are in worse distress while you remain. The storm is going down; the coast of the Low Countries is not far distant. To-morrow—or perhaps to-night—I will conduct you in safety from this kingdom to a place where the persecution of your enemies, whoever they are, shall not reach you. Meanwhile, confide in my hospitality."

The good couple prepared near the hearth a pallet of straw, upon which the beautiful unknown did not hesitate an instant to place herself and her children. With an arm around each she was soon fast asleep. In this calm rest she passed many hours. At length she was awakened by loud voices outside the hut; they were roughly questioning the fisher. The questions she could not hear distinctly, but the answer of Finn she did catch, for it was spoken for her ears.

"A hundred pieces of gold!" he said. "Truly, Captain, a sum like that would be worth striving for. Be assured I will take good care of the runaways if they fall in my hands. A hundred pieces of gold! Not a soul shall escape shipwreck for a month that I will not bring to your quarters. But, Captain," added Finn, with the characteristic coolness of a Danish peasant—"but, Captain, will you not enter for a moment's refreshment?"

The mother shuddered, lest the invitation given in bravado should be accepted in earnest, and for an instant she trembled at the possibility that her host might intend to betray her. But the voice of the Captain, as he declined the civility, reassured her, and in a moment he was gone, and Finn had re-entered the cabin. "Lose no time, Madam," he exclaimed. "The storm has abated; we must leave here at once."

Silently and swiftly preparations were made, and in a short time the fisherman was rowing his unknown passengers out of sight of the land. In ten hours the dawning light showed them the coast of the Low Countries. Through the night he had been guided by his familiar pilots, the stars, and as he had often endured such long rows as a matter of course, he did not think of fatigue.

As the night lifted, a new danger caught his eye. Two armed boats were pursuing him, and notwithstanding that they were loaded with soldiers, and awkwardly handled, they were gaining on him. It was evident that they had been lying near the coast in wait. He gave no sign of surprise. "Down, madam," he said, quietly; "lie down in the bottom; it needs ballast." She, all unconscious of danger, obeyed mechanically. The next instant musket-balls whistled over the boat. It was impossible for Finn to get to shore before his pursuers. He formed a desperate resolution. He ceased rowing, and turning his boat toward his pursuers, he shouted, "Boat, ahoy! what do you want?"