

shop, disclosed a round sinewy
Lee, jolly and corded like the bark
of a tree. Thick muscular arms, cov-
ered with a reddish down, protruded
from his wide sleeves of his habit,
while his white shirt, looped up upon
one leg, gave a glimpse of a huge
knotted leg, scarred and torn with the
scratches of brambles. With a bow to
the Abbot, which had in it perhaps
more pleasantry than reverence, the
novice strode across to the carved
wooden screen which had been set apart for
him, stood silent and erect, with
upon the gold bell which was the
private prisons of the Ab-
bey household. His dark eyes
glanced rapidly over the assembly, and
settled with a grim and menace-
ful look upon the face of his ac-

chamberlain rose, and having
unrolled the parchment-scroll,
began to read it out in a thick and
pious voice, while a subdued rustle
movement among the brothers be-
came the interest with which they fol-
lowed the proceedings.

"Charges brought upon the second
day after the feast of the As-
sumption, in the year of our Lord
thirteen hundred and sixty-six, against
Brother John, formerly known as
Hordle John, or John of Hordle, but
now a novice in the holy monastic
order of the Cistercians. Read upon
the same day at the Abbey of Beau-
lieu in the presence of the most rever-
end Abbot Berghersh and of the as-
sembled order.

"There is no need to go further,"
said the Abbot. "He has confessed to
all. It only remains for me to portion
out the punishment which is due to
his evil conduct."

He rose and the two long lines of
brothers followed his example, looking
sideways with scared faces at the
angry prelate.

"John of Hordle," he thundered,
"you have shown yourself during the
two months of your novitiate to be a
recent monk, and one who is un-
worthy to wear the white garb which
is the outer symbol of the spotless
spirit. That dress shall therefore be
stripped from thee, and thou shalt be
cast into the outer world without ben-
efit of clerkship, and without lot or
part in the graces and blessings of
those who dwell under the care of the
blessed Benedict. Thou shalt be
back neither to Beau lieu nor to any
of the granges of Beaulieu, and thy
name shall be struck off the scrolls of
the order."

The sentence appeared a terrible one
to the older monks, who had become
so used to the safe and regular life of
the Abbey that they would have been
as helpless as children in the outer
world. From their pious chests they
looked dreamily out at the desert of
life—a place full of stormings and
strivings, comfortless, restless, and

at your eyes were upon your sandals,
how came ye to see this snake of which
ye prate? A week in your cells,
false brethren, a week of rye bread
and lentils, with double Lauds and
double Matins, may help ye to re-
memberance of the laws under which
ye live."

At this sudden outburst of wrath the
two witnesses sank their faces on their
chest, and sat as men crushed. The
Abbot turned his angry eyes away
from them and bent them upon the
accused, who met his searching gaze
with a firm and composed face.

"What hast thou to say, Brother
John, upon these weighty things which
are urged against thee?"

"Little enough, good father, little
enough!" said the novice. "For the
matter of the ale, I had come in hot
from the fields and had scarce got the
taste of the thing before mine eye lit
upon the bottom of the pot. It may
be, too, that I spoke somewhat shortly
concerning the bran and the beans,
the same being pious provender and
unfitted for a man of my inches. It
is true also that I did lay my hands
upon this jack-fool of a Brother Am-
brose, though, as you can see, I did
him little harm. As regards the maid,
too, it is true that I did buff her over
the stream, she having on her hosen
and shoon, whilst I had but my wood-
en sandals, which could take no hurt
from the water. I should have
thought shame upon my manhood,
as well as my monkhood, if I had held
back my hand from her." He glanced
around as he spoke, with the half-
amused look which he had worn dur-
ing the whole proceedings.

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said the Abbot. "He has confessed to
all. It only remains for me to portion
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to the older monks, who had become
so used to the safe and regular life of
the Abbey that they would have been
as helpless as children in the outer
world. From their pious chests they
looked dreamily out at the desert of
life—a place full of stormings and
strivings, comfortless, restless, and

insurrection so sudden, so short, and
so successful, yet the Abbot Ber-
ghersh was a man of too firm a grain
to allow one bold outbreak to imperil
the settled order of his great house-
hold. In a few hot and bitter words
he compared their false brother's exit
to the expulsion of our first parents
from the garden, and more than hinted
that unless a reformation occurred
some others of the community might
find themselves in the same evil and
perilous case. Having thus pointed the
moral and reduced his flock to a fitting
state of docility, he dismissed them
once more to their labors and with-
drew himself to his own private
chamber, there to seek spiritual aid
in the discharge of the duties of his
high office.

The Abbot was still on his knees,
when a gentle tapping at the door of
his cell broke in upon his orisons. Ris-
ing in no very good humor at the in-
terruption, he gave the word to enter,
but his loss of impatience softened
down into a pleasant and paternal
smile as his eyes fell upon his visitor.

He was a thin-faced, yellow-haired
youth, rather above the middle size,
comely and well shaped, with straight
limbs and eager boyish features. His
clear, expressive gray eye, and quick,
delicate expression, spoke of a nature
which had unfolded far from the
boisterous joys and sorrows of the
world. Yet there was a certain
mouth and a prominence of the chin
which relieved him of any trace of
effeminacy. Impulsive he might be,
enthusiastic, sensitive, with something
sympathetic and adaptive in his dis-
position; but an observer of nature's
tokens would have confidently pledged
himself that there was native firmness
and strength underlying his gentle,
monk-hood ways.

The youth was not clad in monastic
garb, but in lay attire, though his
jerkin, cloak and hose were all of a
sombre hue, as befitted one who dwelt
in sacred precincts. A broad leather
strap hanging from his shoulder sup-
ported a scrip or satchel such as trav-
ellers were wont to carry. In one
hand he grasped a thick staff pointed
and shod with metal, while in the
other he held his coil or bonnet, which
bore in its front a broad pewter medal
stamped with the image of Our Lady
of Rocamadour.

"Art ready, then, fair son?" said the
Abbot. "This is indeed a day of com-
ings and goings. It is strange that in
one twelve hours the Abbey should
have cast off its foulest weed, and
should now lose what we are fain to
look upon as our choicest blossom."

"You speak too kindly, father," the
youth answered. "If I had my will
I should never go forth, but should
remain here in Beau lieu. It hath
been my home as far back as my mind
can carry me, and it is a sore thing
for me to have to leave it."

"Life brings many a cross," said the
Abbot gently. "Who is without them?
Your going forth is a grief to us as



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Fame, love, and fortune on my foot-
steps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and pass-
ing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or
late
I knock unbidden once at every gate
"If sleeping wake—if feasting, rise
before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or
hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and
woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not and I return no more."
—John James Ingalls.

Breaking the News.
Passerby—is that your pork down
there on the road, guv'nor?
Farmer—Pork! What d'ye mean?
There's a pig o' mine out there.
Passerby—Ah, but a motor car has
just passed.

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WITH A SHOUT HE TORE UP THE HEAVY OAKEN FRIEDIEU.

at he wished twenty thousand devils
could fly away with the said Monica,
other of the holy Augustine, or any
other saint who came between a man
and his meat. Item, that upon
brother Ambrose reproving him for
his blasphemous wish, he did hold the
said brother face downward over the
scatatorium of fish-pond for a space
during which the said brother was
bitten to repeat a Pater and four Aves
or the better fortifying of his soul
against impending death."

There was a buzz and murmur
among the white-frocked brethren at
his grave charge; but the Abbot held
up his long quivering hand. "What
hast thou said?"

"Item, that between Nones and
Vespers on the feast of James the
less the said Brother John was ob-
served upon the Brokenhurst road,
near the spot which is known as
Catehett's Pond, in converse with a
person of the other sex, being a
maiden of the name of Mary Sowley,
the daughter of the king's verdereer,
and that after sundry japes and
leers the said Brother John did lift
up the said Mary Sowley and did take
her, and convey her across a stream,
the infinite relish of the devil and
the exceeding detriment of his own
soul, which scandalous and wilful
falling away was witnessed by three
members of our order."

A dead silence throughout the room,
with a rolling of heads and upturning
of eyes, bespoke the pious horror of
the community. The Abbot drew his gray
eyebrows low over his fiercely questioning
eyes.

"Who can vouch for this thing?" he
asked.

"That can I," answered the accuser.
"So too can Brother Porphyry, who
was with me, and Brother Mark of the
Spicarium, who hath been so much
stirred and inwardly troubled by the
sight that he now lies in a fever
through it."

"And the woman?" asked the Abbot.
"Did she not break into lamentation
and woe that a brother should so de-
mean himself?"

"Nay, she smiled sweetly upon him
and thanked him. I can vouch it, and
so can Brother Porphyry."

overshadowed by evil. The young
novice, however, appeared to have
other thoughts, for his eyes sparkled
and his smile broadened. It needed
but to add fresh fuel to the fiery mood
of the prelate.

"So much for thy spiritual punish-
ment," he cried. "But it is to the
grosser feelings that we must turn in
such matters as these, and as thou art
no longer under the shield of holy
Church, there is the less difficulty,
Ho, there! lay-brothers—Francis, Na-
omi, Joseph—seize him and bind his
arms! Drag him forth, and let the
foresters and the porters scourge him
from the precincts!"

As these three brothers advanced to-
ward him to carry out the Abbot's or-
dination the smile faded from the no-
vice's face, like a bull at a baiting.
Then, with a sudden deep-chested
shout, he tore up the heavy oaken frie-
diou and poised it to strike, taking
two steps backward the while, that
none might take him at a vantage.
"By the black rod of Wolham!" he
roared, "if any knave among you
lays a finger-end upon the edge of my
gown, I will crush his skull like a fi-
bert!" With his thick knotted arms,
his thundering voice, and his bristle
of red hair, there was something so
repellent in the man that the three
brothers flew back at the very glare
of him; and the two rows of white
monks strained away from him like
poplars in the tempest. The Abbot
only sprang forward with shivering
eyes; but the chancellor and the mas-
ter hung upon either arm and wrestled
him out of danger's way.

"He is possessed of a devil," they
shouted. "Run, Brother Ambrose,
Brother Joachim, Call Hugh of the
Mill, and Woodman Wat, and Raoul
with his arabesque and bolts! Tell
them that we are in fear of our lives!
Run, run, for the love of the Virgin!"
But the novice was stratagem as
well as a man of action. Springing
forward, he hurled his unwieldy
weapon at Brother Ambrose, and as
back and monk clattered on in the
open door and sprang through the
door together, he sprang through the
open door and down the winding
stair. Slender old Brother Athanasius,
at the porter's cell, had a fleeting
vision of twinkling feet and flying
skirts; but before he had time to rub
his eyes the recreant had passed the
lodge, and was speeding as fast as
his sandals could patter along the
Lyndhurst road.

CHAPTER II.
Never had the peaceful atmosphere of
the old Cistercian house been so
rudely ruffled. Never had there been

well as yourself. But there is no help,
I had given my foreword and sacred
promise to your father, Edwy the
Franklin, that at the age of twenty you
should be sent out into the world to
see for yourself how you liked the
world. I seat thee upon the settle,
Alleyne, for you may need rest ere
long."

The youth sat down as directed, but
reluctantly and with diffidence. The
savor of it, seated by the narrow win-
dow, and his long, black shadow fell slant-
wise across the rushstrewn floor.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "the
father, the Franklin of Minstead, died,
leaving to the Abbey three hides of
rich land in the hundred of Malwood,
and leaving to us also his infant son
on condition that we should rear him
until he came to man's estate. This
he did partly because your father was
dead, and partly because your elder
brother, now Soeman of Minstead, had
already given signs of that fierce and
no fit companion for you. Edwy was
his desire and request, however, that you
should not remain in the cloisters, but
should at a ripe age return into the
world."

"To my brother's at Minstead," he
he indeed an ungodly and violent
man there is the more need that I
should seek him out and see whether I
cannot turn him to better ways."

The Abbot shook his head. "The
Soeman of Minstead hath a lead,"
said he. "If you must go to him, see at
evil name over the country-side," he
said that he doth not in you, f. m.
the narrow path upon which you have
learned to tread. But you are in God's
keeping and Godward should you
ever look in danger and in trouble.
Above all, shun the snares of women,
for they are ever set for the foolish
feet of the young. Kneel, my child,
and take an old man's blessing."

Alleyne Edrickson bent his head
while the Abbot poured out his heart-
word, and he felt indeed seem to be
watch over this young soul, no going
forth into the darkness and danger
of the world. It was no mere form
of life of mankind did indeed seem to be
one of violence and sin, beset with
physical and still more with spiritual
danger. Heaven, too, was very near
to them in those days. God's direct
agency was to be seen in the thun-
der and the rainbow, the whirlwind
and the lightning. To the believer, clouds
of angels, confessors and martyrs,
armies of the sainted and saved, were
ever stooping over their struggling
brethren upon earth, raising, encour-
aging, and supporting them. It was,

then, with a lighter heart and a stouter
courage that the young man turned
from the abbey room, while the lat-
ter, following him to the stair-head,
finally commended him to the protec-
tion of the holy Julian, patron of trav-
ellers.

Underneath, in the porch of the Ab-
bey, the monks had gathered to give
him a last God-speed. Many had
brought some parting token by which
he should remember them. There was
another Bartholomew with a crucifix
of rare carved ivory, and Brother
Luke with a white-backed psalter
adorned with golden bees and Brother
Francis with the "Blaisy" of the Inno-
cent, most daintily set forth upon
vellum. All these were duly packed
away deep in the traveller's scrip, and
above them old pippin-faced Brother
Athanasius had placed a small loaf of
simnel bread and ramed cheese, with
a small flask of the famous blue-sealed
Abbey wine. So, amid handshakings
and laughings and blessings, Alleyne
Edrickson turned his back upon Beau-
lieu.

At the turn of the road he stopped
and gazed back. There was the wide-
spread building which he knew so well,
the Abbot's house, the long church, the
cloisters with their line of arches, all
bathed and mellowed in the evening
sun. There too was the broad sweep
of the river Exe, the old stone well,
the canopied niche of the Virgin, and
in the centre of it, the cluster of
white-robed figures who waved their
hands to him. A sudden mist swam
up before the young man's eyes, and
he turned away upon his journey with
a heavy heart and a choking throat.

It is not, however, in the nature of
things that a lad of twenty, with
young life glowing in his veins and all
the wide world before him, should
spend his first hours of freedom in
mourning of what he had left. Long
ere Alleyne was out of sound of the
bell-tower, he had begun to whistling
along, swinging his staff and whistling
as merrily as the birds in the thicket.

The road along which he travelled
was scarce as populous as most other
roads in the kingdom, and less so
than those which lie between the
larger towns. Yet from time to time
the boy met other wayfarers, and
more than once was overtaken by
strings of the same old horsemen
journeying in the same direction as
himself.

The night had already fallen, and the
moon was shining between the rifts
of ragged, drifting clouds, here and
there. The building was long and low, and
stood upon the outskirts of Lyndhurst.
The building was long and low, and
stood upon the outskirts of Lyndhurst.
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stood upon the outskirts of Lyndhurst.

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