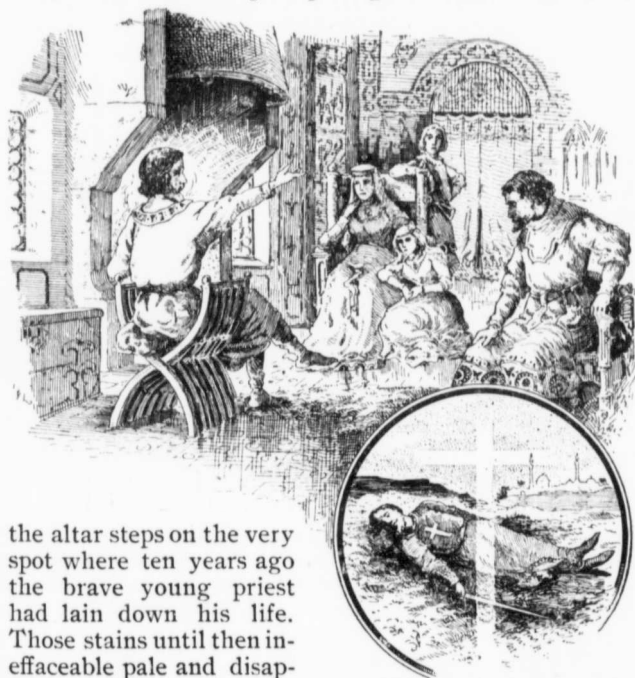


"No no good master," unanimously cried out the deeply affected listeners. Your expiation has been sufficient. The Pope has absolved you, all is forgotten and forgiven. Stay with us."

His wife welcomed him kindly, his daughter covered his emaciated hands with loving kisses and the priest made on his brow the sign of the cross, the sign of mercy. Tears run down the poor prodigal's cheeks and fall on



the altar steps on the very spot where ten years ago the brave young priest had lain down his life. Those stains until then ineffaceable pale and disappear entirely, washed away by the tears of true repentance and deep humility.

The Lord of the manor resumed his place among his own and was their elification for many years. When Peter the Hermit sent out his appeal for troops to defend the Holy Land, he responded and set out with Foucher of Orleans. He was killed at the battle of Niece, a martyr for Christ, effacing by his heroic death the bloody stain of his life.