

"My curiosity grows," cried the father. "May I read it?"

"It's not worth your trouble, but I knew of nothing else to help me."

"The work has exhausted you, Ferleitner."

"No; on the contrary, I may almost say it has revived me. I'm sorry it is finished. I thought of nothing else; I forgot everything."

His enthusiasm has consumed him, thought the monk.

"Ferleitner, will you let me take it away with me for a few days?"

Conrad shyly gave permission. The monk gathered the sheets together, and thrust them carelessly into his pouch, so that the roll stuck out at the top. When he had gone, Conrad gazed sadly into emptiness and longed for his manuscript. How happy he had been with it all those weeks! What would the priest think of it? Everything would be wrong. Such people see their God with other eyes than ours. And if he criticised it, all the pleasure would go out of it.

But Conrad did not have to do without it long. The father brought it back the next morning. He had begun to read it the evening before, and had sat up all night to finish it. But he would not give his opinion, and Conrad did not ask for it. Almost helplessly, they sat at the rough table, while the monk tried to think how he could express his thoughts. After a while, he took up the manuscript, laid it down again, and said that of course, from the ecclesiastical point of view, there would naturally be some objections.

"The details of the history are not altogether correct. I know, Ferleitner, that you asked me for