

and of all Thuringia were forbidden to give them shelter. This in the ages of chivalry !

Elizabeth, with her faithful ladies, of whom the chief were Isentrude and Guta, and with the three dear children, the eldest only four years old, was repulsed from every door, and forced to take refuge in the outhouse of a low tavern, disturbed by the pigs on one side and by noisy, drunken skittle-players on the other. For one night she lived beneath the roof of the parish priest, but soon Henry's orders sent her forth again. For a time she lodged in the house of an enemy of hers, at Henry's orders, and there was loaded with every form of contumely and annoyance, until she was forced to prefer the comparative quiet of the tavern outhouse. Food was procured partly by the kindness of her former persecutor, her mother-in-law, Sophia, whom her gentleness and sufferings seem to have softened, partly by pawning her jewels, and then at last by spinning.

In the midst of this almost unexampled reverse of fortune, weak, weary, almost in despair, she was faithful to her devotions, and was not without consolation. One day, almost fainting, she was forced to lie on the ground with her head in Isentrude's lap. As she lay, gazing up at the wintry sky, she smiled, and murmured : "Thou, Lord, desirest to have me with thee; and I long to be with thee, and never to be separated from thee." Isentrude asked : "What is it, dear lady ?" And Elizabeth replied : "I saw the Lord Jesus bending towards me from yonder pale blue sky, comforting me for my sorrows. When He turned as if to go away, I was troubled; then He looked on me and said, 'If thou desirest to be with me, so do I will to be with thee.'"

At last Elizabeth's friends bestirred themselves to succour her. Her aunt, the Abbess of Kitzingen, received her with her children and ladies into the convent. Then her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg, established her in the castle of Potenstein, a delightfully secluded retreat. In the summer came Ludwig's companions and followers, bringing his remains for burial among the tombs of his ancestors at Reinhardtsborn. The funeral cortege, with the costly shrine in which the bones of Ludwig were enclosed, was received by the bishop in the cathedral of Bamberg, amid the wailing of chants and the muffled pealing of the bells; Elizabeth and the children followed, weeping, as the bier was carried before the altar.

Turning from the bier of her beloved to the manly Crusaders who stood around her, she appealed to them for protection for herself and her children, and stirred them to righteous indignation as she cried with simple, natural eloquence, "Be a wall around Ludwig's son; stand up for him; defend his rights."

Immediately after the burial, a council of all concerned was held at Reinhardtsborn, and Rudolph Von Vargila, son of the faithful Walter, in the name of "the great God of heaven," indicted Henry and his brother Conrad of the foul wrongs which they had done to their brother's widow and children. The guilty brothers promised to repair the injury they had done, to confirm Elizabeth and her children in their rights, and to permit her to live with them in the Wartburg.

But Elizabeth could not long endure to behold the extortion with which the brothers plundered the poor, and exchanged her home in the Wartburg for one in the castle of Marburg with sovereign rights