

“And what bloodiness and slaughter have you been up to on this holy day?” she asked, with ill-boding face.

“We have been after the work of the Lord, on this day of the Lord,” said Robin.

The Woman eyed him darkly.

“How do you call that work?” she asked.

“Mortifying the flesh,” said Robin.

“Whose flesh?” asked the Woman.

“Hers,” said Robin, “for it was shown to me in a dream that She would defile this day with Her murders and abominations, and it is not well,” said the good old man, “that such as profane this day should go scathless.”

“It is *not* well,” said the Woman, ominous-eyed.

“And so,” continued Robin, “I, having my Message, set forth blithely. And I do think she will be like to take home with Her this night a comfort that will gar Her mind the Lord’s Day for aye and for ever.”

The Woman was long silent. “So sure as you have defiled the Lord’s Day, so sure you will have brought ill upon this House!” she cried at last, scowling on him.

*(To be continued.)*