

his eyes fixed alternately on the ground and the distant horizon towards the sun, after which he seemed in thought to yearn, for anon his lips moved, and his eyes filled with a tear, as if something dear to him lay there and beckoned him to come. He shook hands with no friends, nor exchanged greeting with any of the passing throng; he was a spectator in the busy scene of life, not of this world, nor having any concern for its affairs, and so he walked to and fro, looking through all and above all, just as his eyes gleamed ever over the blue Mediterranean to something beyond which was unseen,

At length the greetings were over, the last preparations came to a close, the gates of the palace opened, and a tide of soldiers and retainers poured forth. There were trumpet-notes, and clashing eastern music and gay banners waving; then came a white horse, with flowing mane and trappings of silk and gold, to bear the king Sebastian to the shore, and the cross was carried before him by venerable bishops, and a long train of priests followed after with hands upraised in prayer. Then the white sails were spread abroad, and the ships soon lessened in the distance, till at length they looked like the wings of sea-gulls floating on the dark waters. The quays were deserted, and the monk had disappeared.

Yes, amid all that gay and triumphant pageant, and hearts beating high with hopes of victory over the Moors, there was one who shared neither hope nor triumph; but who bore a heart calmly fixed and sternly bent, to share in the utmost toils of heavenly love, and the utmost pains of the cross. Father Thomas sat among the servants and lowest retainers at the head of the galley, with a wooden crucifix in his hand, and his eyes ever bent forward on the track they were pursuing, as if the winds themselves were too slow for his ardent desires. At length they landed in Morocco; the king immediately gave battle to the Moors, and Father Thomas flew from rank to rank, holding his crucifix aloft, and urging the soldiers to do their utmost, without fear, in the battle; for if they conquered, the rewards of victory were theirs, but if they were overcome, paradise itself was their glorious meed. Bravely they fought, and bravely died; for, alas! the punishment of God, for his own inscrutable ends, came upon the Portuguese; and they were routed and slain by the infidel host. Father Thomas was wounded, and taken prisoner. They threw him into a dark and poisonous dungeon, stripped off his habit, and cruelly scourged him. And when they left him with his wounds festering and bleeding, he raised up his hands and praised God for His goodness, in that he had allowed him to share the sufferings of Christ. The next day they tormented him again, and the next too, till his life was well nigh gone; and then they

removed him to a pleasant room, and brought him rich food and wine, and wicked companions to tempt him to change his faith, and become like them, an infidel. 'Take me back to my dungeon,' he said; 'let me again be scourged and racked, for better are ten thousand times such tortments, than one moment of blasphemy of Christ.' The Moors, enraged, cast him again into his dungeon, and being exhausted with their own wickedness, they left him 'for a season' in peace.

Father Thomas was not slow to make use of this blessing; he rose up forgetting his wounds, and went about the prison from cell to cell, washing and dressing the other prisoners' wounds (for there were many with him), begging food for them, and, above all, instructing and preparing them for death, or submission to God's will. Like an angel, he moved here and there, the crucifix ever in his hand, the love of Christ burning in his heart, ministering to and consoling them all. And after a time, they allowed him to go out into the country and visit the other Christian captives, who were scattered through the neighbouring villages, dying without help, or a word of Christian comfort, and their bodies cast out by the Moors to be eaten by dogs. Father Thomas was moved to deepest compassion by their wretched condition; his loving heart bled and died for their sorrows, his ardent charity consumed him day and night, so that his own miseries and crosses were quite forgotten in his love for them; he travelled hither and thither, begging for food and clothing and medicine, which he then took back and gave to each. Every day was spent in this manner; first, after his own devotions, he visited the sick and heard confessions, exhorting to patience and a good life, and impressing on all the worth and value of sufferings, for which he had such love, that to be without them, to him was death. Then he instructed the ignorant, and children for whom he had great tenderness and love; then he went out wandering through the country for alms, exposed to all burning heats, and insults from the Moors, who knew he was a Christian; then he visited the neighbouring sick, and heard their confessions, also instructing them; and when he came back worn down and wearied, he refused often to take food or rest, till he had again gone his rounds through the prison. Such an one could not long be forgotten: some great nobles of Portugal, and some ladies, who knew and loved this saintly hermit, offered great ransom of gold and jewels for the captive monk: and the Moors listened to the proposal, and offered Father Thomas to cross the blue Mediterranean, and go back to his own Christian land. The tears might well come into his eyes, remembering that fair land, and its earnest faith: the towers of its glorious Churches might well rise before him; where from year to year for so many centuries, sacrifice and prayer had gone up to Heaven, like clouds of incense at even-tide service. If such thoughts, as well they might, rose up before him, one glance at