

he at length came in sight of the ancient monastery where he hoped to find rest for his soul; as to his body, he hardly thought of it. Finally he arrives; he raps; the door is opened by an aged monk, so feeble and infirm, that he seemed almost unable to walk.

"What do you want?" demanded the old man.

"To be saved," replied the traveler, "The fear of hell has driven me here to seek the salvation of my soul."

The aged monk invited him to enter, and conducted him to his cell.

"Now," said he, "explain yourself."

"Well, I will tell you what has led me here, you see before you a lost sinner. My life has been so bad that I dare not recount my history. It seems impossible that such a wretch as I am can ever be pardoned, yet I am here to undertake everything, and to endure everything, to obtain pardon. If, then, you will receive me into your order, I will submit without complaint, to all the penance you can impose upon me. Do not spare me any suffering, tell me only what I ought to do to be saved, and whatever it may be, I will do it."

The aged monk replied:

"You say you are ready to do anything I tell you? Very well, return at once to your home, for all that you tell me of, was expiated before you came; there remains nothing for you to do. Another has already suffered in your place, all is accomplished."

"All accomplished, do you say?"

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