

face of the other half was a one spot. "Sire," they cried, "the count is thirteen." William stood perplexed, not knowing what to do. "The count is thirteen, but——" At this moment a terrible cry rang through the lofty vaulted hall, "'Tis the judgment of Heaven; I am guilty," and so saying, Theodore Kritsch fell to the floor at the foot of the brazen statue of justice that stands near the throne. He had passed to a higher tribunal. Let us hope that there he met with more mercy than he could have hoped for in the Court of Justice of Emperor William.

J. J. FREELAND '05.

The Strange Tale of Prior Oswald.

PART III.

HOW HE FINISHED HIS MATINS.



HAT a man, presumably sane and truthful, should, in this twentieth century, set down such a tale as that which follows may lead to doubts as to his sanity—or of his veracity. The tale, however, is a simple narrative of facts, such as can be vouched for by more than one unimpeachable witness; also, the still stranger tale, of which it forms, in some sense, the conclusion—or to which it may, if you choose, be taken as an introduction—is, I honestly believe, true in every particular. But then, as I am constrained to admit, I have reasons of my own for this belief. In any case, I will tell my story, and you can credit me or not, as you please. For myself, I am convinced that, utterly unworthy though I be, God has favored me in a very special and very wonderful fashion.

To begin at the beginning. My uncle's interview—if I may use the expression—with Prior Oswald has been related by one who, without intending to do so, overheard all that passed. But the narrator—possibly because he did not think it necessary—omitted to tell how, as a result of that same interview, my uncle ceased to be the Superior of the (Anglican) Society of Saint Augustine, and became, shortly afterwards, a monk at the Benedictine Abbey of Emborough. Where, in fact, he is Prior at the present time.