

it was of silver over-gilt. Not on account of the gold, but because of the broken vow and deceit, you are already condemned.

*The Lagmanska.* I didn't know it; the goldsmith deceived me.

*The Franciscan.* That is a lie, for I have the goldsmith's account.

*The Lagmanska.* Can it be forgiven?

*The Franciscan.* No! For to try to deceive God is a deadly sin.

*The Lagman.* Alas!

*The Franciscan.* As regards your other crimes, you can settle with yourself regarding them, but if you touch a hair of the children's heads, you will find out who protects them and feel the iron rod.

*The Lagmanska.* See! this fiend of a monk stands there and talks to me like that! If I am damned, I am damned. Ha! Ha!

*The Franciscan.* Yes, blessing will certainly not light on your house, nor will you find peace, till you have endured all the sufferings which you have caused to others.

May I say a word to the Lagman?

*(The Lagman approaches.)*

*The Lagmanska.* Tell him his sins; then we are equal.