

how faithfully he was carrying out his self-imposed expiation.

However on the evening of the eight day he stopped his work, and slept all through the night. The next morning he received Communion and after a long fervent thanksgiving sought out Jacques d'Avesnes and said:

"Master, to-day the war begins. The signal of assault will be given against the ramparts. The day will be a very trying one and you will need all your men. Allow me to remain here and guard the camp on the side facing Karouba. I promise you, I will defend it."

The Commander gave consent. Shortly afterwards James emerged from his smithery unrecognizable except by his great height. A shining coat-of-arms enveloped him from head to foot, in his right hand he carried a sword of prodigious length whose double blade seemed to emit sparks of fire; in his left he clasped a large crucifix.

And to see him thus stationed at the door of the camp where it was most likely Saladin would attack it, filled the warriors who marched to the defense of the ramparts on the opposite side, with courage and made them think of the Angel with the flaming sword who had so bravely and loyally guarded the entrance to Paradise.

The trumpets sounded, banners were furled and waved in the breeze, the battle cry "Dieu le veut!" rent the air and the Crusaders headed by the Kings of France and England hurled themselves against the walls and towers they must capture.

And while they fought like heroes and died like martyrs, James Smidt the point of his sword turned towards the mountain where he had renegaded, waited.

Suddenly a cloud of dust lit up by occasional sinister flashes appeared heralding the enemies approach. At