

on the hillside facing St. Jean d'Acre where the blacksmith worked making battering-rams, etc.

We must confess the besieged were adept in defence. No implement of war no matter how strong or fierce could resist their diabolical Greek fire. One day when the Crusaders and with them, James Smidt, were fighting Saladin and his army at the foot of the hill, they invaded the Christian's private camp, massacred many women and children and carried away thousands as prisoners.

When the engagement was over and the blacksmith returned to his tent, and found it a mass of ruins and his wife and family gone, his anger and despair almost bereft him of reason.

Seething with bitterness he hastened to Mount Karouba and offered his services to the indomitable Caliph, who three years previously had routed Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem's army and again placed the city under the dominion of the abhorred Islam.

Saladin's received him with great joy and set him to work to make breast plates for his warriors.

He was not long in his new sphere when remorse began to torture him; night or day he had no peace, ever and always a plaintive voice condemned and upbraided: "James, you have denied Christ, because He gave your loved ones the martyr's crown; be accursed!—James, to avoid the pangs of hunger, you have denied the Bread of Life, the Body and Blood of Jesus; be accursed! Accursed is the bread of Islam, accursed is the bread of Judas!"

And the more he ate the more acute became hunger's pangs; moreover the remembrance of his children coming from the Holy Table with radiant happy faces pursued him constantly, so that he could never see any kind of food, without thinking of the divine Food the Saviour had given, and of which he had rendered himself unworthy.