

At the welcome sight my courage returned. The hope of finding shelter and help buoyed me up, on hands and knees I resumed my way and in a short while, scarcely able to breathe and covered with wounds I reached the little door and cried out in anguish: Open, I implore to a poor lost traveller, in pity open the door and give me shelter from the dreadful storm. Scarcely had I spoken when the little golden door opened, and a handsome young man, of striking majesty whose very aspect breathed kindness and inspired confidence, took me by the hand and led me into his mysterious dwelling.

Instantly the noise of the storm ceased, peace filled my soul and I felt myself gently carried by an invisible hand that removed my drenched garments, and plunged me into a refreshing bath, wherein all my wounds were quickly healed, and my strength completely restored.

This bath not only cleansed me from the stain of travel, and closed my wounds, but infused a new life, imparted to my soul its first youth and emitted a most delicious subtle fragrance.

What was my astonishment to see the kind young man who had opened the door for me standing with his hands spread over the bath. . . . and each of his hands was pierced with a deep wound, and from each of these wounds the blood flowed freely.

Then I looked at the bath and I looked at myself and I saw that I had bathed in blood, that I was all covered with blood, the blood of this young man.

And this blood, imparted such strength and courage that I felt able to breast storms, a thousand times worse, than the one I had just encountered. But, what surprised me still more, was that this blood instead of making me red, made me white, whiter than snow, and put in my soul a new feeling, a holy joyous gladness, a great