

As he read it the surging multitude watched breathlessly, first in curiosity, then in amazement, then in awe. For he read with serene face and quiet eyes, looking as one who endures the Cross with gladness. He was not disturbed. Why should he be? Already he had taken leave of hope; for he never knew.

A great sigh of sympathy arose; the magistrate looked round uneasily; the guard stood close. Were those who came to revile staying to bless? Would he steal the hearts of the people in the very moment of his enemies' triumph? Looking up when he had read, he bowed to the gentlemen in robes.

"I am sorry for your condition," blurted the provost, touched it may be with compassion and contrition.

"I am sorry to be the object of your pity," was the lofty response.

His quick eye had already perceived a cart of mean description, half concealed behind the guard. The hangman, now taking upon him his office of master of ceremonies, brought it forward, ordering my lord to get in. He obeyed with alacrity, despite the stiffness of his wounds, and sat as instructed on the chair placed for him.

"Uncover," said his keeper; and as my lord declined: "Refusest, eh? Then I will uncover for thee," and plucked the bonnet from his head. That done he was bound fast with ropes, his arms being pinioned by his side. This ignominy was decreed so that when the people should stone him, as the