

# Jocelin's Penance

His very heart yearned for the cheer and warmth of a home; the soothing touch of a woman's hand, and that pride and joy of possession which fills and thrills a father's heart as he watches his wife with a child upon her bosom. So intense was his gaze that Rohese felt and resented it, and turned upon him, knitting her white brow beneath its dusky hood. Jocelin, moved by that frown, broke forth with suppressed passion:

"Nay, madam, frown not on a poor shaveling, who but seeketh to imprint thine image on his starved and empty heart!" Startled at his vehemence, Rohese shrank from him, and turned her horse toward her companions. But Jocelin had no opportunity to say more, for around the angle of the abbey wall came the gleam of torches, and the rattle of accoutrements, and Abbot Samson, accompanied by attendants, came toward them, rode a large black mule, with gilded bridle and saddle and housings rich in jewels, which sparkled in the light of the cressets. The Abbot sat his steed well; a portly, martial man, with ruddy face, piercing, bushy-browed eyes, and eagle-beaked nose, with grizzled russet beard falling upon his purple gown, over which he wore a rich fur cloak, clasped with one blazing ruby set in gold.

Jocelin drew rein like one stunned at this unlooked-for appearance, and Rohese and her train did likewise. The Abbot's face was stern, and his eyes gleamed angrily beneath their peat brows. But Rohese, undismayed, bent low in her saddle at his "Benedicite," and in smiling sauciness cried out, "God bless our Lady and Holy Father, what came ye forth to seek?" The Abbot started at the sound of her clear, young voice and glancing at her lovely merry face, his brow cleared, and he answered in a tone he meant to be kindly:

"Madam, I find a fair vassal where I sought a disobedient monk!" Here he darted a lightning glance at Jocelin, who shrank under his rebuke, and drew back into the shadow of the trees, murmuring, "A renegade, a renegade!"

"Had thy vassal e'er seen thy kind face, my Liege, she would not have tarried over night to prepare such poor woman's gauds with which she sought to win favor in the sight of her dread Lord," answered Rohese softly, moving her horse to the Abbot's side, and modestly bowing before him that he might touch her head in blessing.

"It was not needful, my daughter," smiled the Abbot; "the swan needeth to borrow no feathers," and he took her rounded chin in his hand and looked straight into her clear eyes.

"Thou art somewhat like thy father, child, but thou hast thy mother's own look in thine eyes," and he kissed her gravely on the brow, with a muttered blessing and a half-suppressed sigh; and Rohese looked trustfully into his strong face, and felt that here she had found a shield and a buckler for her orphaned heart, with intuitive wisdom realizing the advantage she had gained over any possible savior in rallying so strong an ally, and she murmured to Mary, who had now drawn near, with hastening Nicholas and Gilbert, "Papa! we'll wed no man, save at your will."

"When the Master of Horse and Gilbert had been received by the Abbot, the former fell behind with Rohese's attendants, and Jocelin, of whom none took notice, spurred his steed among his brother monks, and rode with them to the Abbey, giving scant answer to their eager questionings. The Senechal rode up beside John O'Dice, his brother, and after a fraternal greeting, the monk, nodding his head toward Jocelin, asked, "And what delayed the youngster?"

"Some woman's tripping stayed our lady, brother John, and the monk tarried at her command to escort her."

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butteries and kitchens, of Bradford house are thronged like a beehive, for Prince John and the Queen have large retinues."

"Ah, madam," whispered Mary, giving her lady's arm a squeeze, "perhaps 'tis the prince himself the Abbot intends thee for. By your lady, thou art good as queen already." Rohese only shook her head at her "impossible" forewomen, but a red spot glowed on her fair cheek, and there was a flash in her eye which boded little good to the husband forced upon her, be he prince or peasant.

Surrounded by bowing courtiers, the Abbot led his ward up the marble steps into the arched vestibule of Bradford house. They crossed a great hall; it was eighty feet long, with three aisles, and far down the vista Rohese could catch a glimpse of a dais half curtained from the rest of the hall, where the Prince and Queen Eleanor sat with their lords and ladies about them, while music and laughter filled the air.

In the upper part of the hall there was a hurrying to and fro of richly dressed servants, pages and gentlemen, and a few passing monks, nailing to look on the scene with wistful eyes. Along the walls on either side were brazen scones holding great waxen tapers, and the Abbot signed with a finger, whereon the pontifical ring flashed like a tiny star, to an attendant, who took one from its socket, and went before them into the Abbot's private parlor; a small, but elegant room, hung with purple damask, embroidered with the episcopal insignia. Here the Abbot, having aside cloak and cap, seated himself, first drawing a stool near his own chair for Rohese. Mary withdrew to the other side of the parlor, he began in a low voice:

"My daughter, it vexeth me sore that thou art come hither this day. Had Jocelin returned as I bade, I could have prevented thy coming."

"Nay, Father, I did but in courtesy beg that he wait, as I was desirous to come at once. Child me not for an unimportant happening; what matters a few hours?"

"Important, sayest thou?" The Abbot frowned and turned at his head. "By my signet ring, Lady Rohese, thou thinkest as light of disregarding the wishes of thy Suzerain as thy forced word of answering not a page's whistle." The sternness of his tone somewhat disconcerted Rohese, but she only sighed, and looked down upon her folded hands as if to say, "I am an orphan maid; 'tis cruel to be unkind to such an one." Perhaps she conveyed this idea to Abbot Samson by that mysterious way women have of impressing men without the aid of speech.

"Be it as it may," he continued in a milder tone.

"Man proproseth and woman deeth as she will. 'Twas ever thus; one of the soft and gentle sex will wreck a kingdom and wonder if men smile not thereat."

"Rohese, the Queen is here, and Prince John, too, with his disolute followers. Think'st thou Bradford a fit place for a maid, so filled with ramagious courtiers and pot-leachers?"

"Surely, my lord, her Majesty will give me protection, and place me among her ladies?"

"Best forbear, my poor lamb, that thou shouldst fall into such a wolf den," the Abbot murmured to himself. "But it matters not now; thou art here, and the court is here, and we must entertain them with all due ceremony and patience—I must say patience; 'tis enjoined by our order. But I like not their visits," said the Abbot, rose and paced the parlor for a few moments, a regal figure in his rich robes, far removed from the lowly monk who, travel stained, emaciated, naked of foot, and coarsely clad, once lay in the Abbey prison.

"Thou needst rest and food. Will sup with me, child, in this parlor," Rohese, pleading fatigue, declined, and he rang for a page.

"Conduct the Lady de Cokfield and her firewoman to the gate chamber, and send proper refreshments thither," and mistress and maid, having received his lordship's benison, followed their sprightly young guide through narrow corridors up a stair, and finally came to a long, new chamber, which fronted the gateway. Adjoining this were sleeping rooms for Rohese and Mistress Mary, and here the page let them to arrange their belongings, which they found piled there.

He soon returned, however, with a small basket, some delicate tarts, and a goblet of hot spiced wine, which he set forth, and with an impudent wink to Mistress Mary, and a low bow to Rohese, was soon in the corridor outside their door. But ere he went whistling away, he paused to say knowingly, with a nod toward the hall below them:

"Thou art fair, my love. Thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks; Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet."

Rohese's flower-like face came between him and the page again, and again, till it so blurred beneath his eyes that he could not see to paint upon it; and in despair, he threw aside the brush and went out in the garden.

It was golden mellow day. A few leaves fluttered down now and then in gorgeous bouquets of scarlet and gold, and the trees and sod still retained a tinge of green, and a golden haze seemed to mingle and melt into the rich landscape. Yet the sadness of adieu was in the air, as if the earth was mourning the passing of the fair summer, and the pale blue sky seemed to bend low over the Abbey garden.

From the forest sounded faintly the "all hand of the chopper's axe," and the acrid, pungent scent of burning leaves came from the orchard, where Brother Tristan, his rough brown robe well fitted above his bare shanks, raked and burned the fallen leaves and the long sere frasses, droning a plaintive chant as he worked.

Jocelin paced up and down the walk with bowed head, unconsciously keeping time with the dirgelike song of old Tristan. His mood of religious exaltation had passed into one of fierce rebellion against the existing order of

things, and a passionate crying out for the joys denied him by reason of the oath he had sworn at the high altar of St. Edmunds; though the training of a lifetime aided him in sternly resisting this new evil which assailed him and threatened to uproot its deepest teachings from the young monk's heart. "We are betrayed by what is false within," and false or true, this new inclination fought against all old ideas and feelings, and when Jocelin was most sure that he had defeated it, it threatened to conquer him. Thus he passed to and fro, the warning of the singer falling unheeded on his ear:

"Men are like grass, Our lives they pass, As swiftly as the river flows Love's flower lifts up its dew-rimmed head. It buds and blooms, And then 'tis dead, Till all at once we feel a cold, And know that we are growing old."

But what dreamer or lover ever heeded warning until too late, when the dreams fade, leaving him still stranded on the cruel rocks of reality. So Jocelin fought the fight with himself; the bitter battle of the spiritual arrayed against the natural man, until a brother came down the colonnade and called to him; but he was so engrossed that the other spoke several times before he lifted his head.

"Jossa, Jossa! my young brother," cried Walter the Medicus, in a peevish tone; "where art thy wits wool gathering? I have come but late from Bradford house, and our lord has designed to forget thy little indiscretion, and wills that thou appear in his hall to-day to attend on him. His highness holdeth court."

"Nay, not to-day, Brother Walter; not to-day," impatiently murmured Jocelin, scarcely knowing what he said; "I must pass the time till compine in meditation and self-exhortation. I pray thee have me excused for this day from attendance at Bradford."

"How now?" exclaimed Walter, testily. "If thou showest not appreciation of the Abbot's forgiveness, thou goest to pot. By our Lady, art verily ruined and wasted! Our lord is not a patient man, young shaveling, and we oldsters had much ado to bring about this pardon. 'Twas by our intercession this revokement was made."

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"This brought Jocelin to his senses. 'What say I, my frere? I but murmured a line of the Canticles, Depart in peace; I thank thee and thy conferees for their intercession, and will attend on his lordship anon.' Brother Walter trotted away in the rapid jerky paces peculiar to him, muttering to himself as he went, 'I am little learned in the scriptures, but I vow a candle to our Lady that young Jocelin ne'er learned such sayings from the great Solomon.'

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The townsman paid for pasturage on his commons; market men could not sell their goods until Abbey buyers picked, and even the Portknots was presided over by an alderman who held his horn of office from the Abbot.

Jocelin's failure to return to the Abbey was a grievous mistake, which by reason of frustrating the Abbot's plans, bade fair to change the whole life of one for whom the monk would have sacrificed everything. But unaware of the result of his delay, and in his ignorance attaching no significance to the presence of Prince John at Bradford, Jocelin, in his cell, pondered on his stay at De Cokfield castle, and his enamourment of Rohese, until in a few days he began to be ashamed, and despised the sudden gust of passion which had so bent him.

"I am no better than a reed shaken by the wind," he told himself, and finally having come to regard the whole happening as a temptation of the devil, he began to liken himself to St. Anthony, and become wonderfully uplifted and exalted in spirit. After a day of such contemplation and much prayer, Jocelin felt that peace had once more come upon his perturbed spirit, and he set to work upon a special manuscript for the library. Having written the Canticles on a tinted parchment, he had begun to illumine a border of pomegranates and passion flower around each page of these love songs of Solomon.

"My fault atoned for by fasting and prayer," he told himself, as he painted a royal purple petal, "reinstated in my Father's favor. I can meet and greet the fairest of the land without an added heart beat. Verily the flesh is weak, but the spirit is the conqueror." But here Jocelin fell into the common error of inexperience, in imagining that any effect ever dies. A misdeed, be it ever so small, leaves a scar on the character of the committer, which time cannot remove. Thoughts and deeds write life's history in indelible characters, which tears nor blood can erase. Jocelin also erred in thinking that the flame of passion once kindled in a virgin heart can be quenched by any amount of reasoning or pious meditation. Love is a natural law, and whoever falls beneath its power must work out his own salvation for good or ill. Heredity, environment, mental and moral training, may elaborate the relations of man and woman, but ever the male will seek his mate, and the female yearn for hers, as truly as two fluids separated by a membrane will mingle by the law of osmosis.

As Jocelin painted and moralized, he passed to read a line of the text. Beneath the light of a beautiful young woman had awakened in him visions of new possibilities in life, Jocelin had often wondered why it was said that the Rabbins of old forbade the young men of the synagogues the reading of the Canticles. Now he knew. Every word of the lover's passionate appeal started forth on the page, as if in letters of fire.

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(To be Continued.)

### Inefficiency of Broken Steel.

Experience has shown that the end of a bar of steel that has been broken the bok was severed from its bindings off should never be used for the working or cutting end of a die or punch. The fibers in the end of such a bar have been so severely strained in breaking that the steel is unsuitable for performing the work done by a punch or die. The broken end should be made the shank of the punch, while the end of the bar that was cut off should be used for the cutting end of the tool.

### For Collars.

There's transparent muslin. It appears as sheer as chiffon. And it is of the double width. Per yard, it is a matter of 75 cents. One simply bastes around the desired shapes, has them hemstitched and then cuts out the pieces.

A shaped piece must finish the neck side of the collar, so that it will fit invisibly around inside the neck of the dress or coat.

Oil of sassafras, applied full strength, is excellent for chibblains.

## BEATEN GERMANY

Failed in All Points and Cannot Win This War.

(New York Times.)

The German campaign in Russia is without parallel in the history of warfare in respect to the magnitude of the operations and the demands that are made upon the nervous, physical and moral reserves of the fighting human unit. It seems impossible that the pace can be continued; it seems more than men can endure. But the limit is unknown. The dramatic fact is that Germany cannot stop. She must go on, and at this heart-breaking pace, like a runner who holds his breath. She desperately seeks what has so far eluded her on both fronts, and without which every conquest over space is a mocking triumph, namely, a decisive action. If now she fails to get it in Russia, if Grand Duke Nicholas does not slip in walking backward, then Germany definitely will have lost the war. That would still be true, rather more than less, though the German army, in seeking a decisive, had made clean conquest of all Baltic Russia up to Petrograd. Every kilometer further that Germany penetrates the Czar's domain and merely pursues his army, without beating it weakens Germany not only towards Russia, but toward all the world.

In the admiration one has been compelled to feel for the headlong, heedless manner in which the German fighting machine has overcome great obstacles, one has been touched a little more or less by a superstition of its invincibility, and has perhaps too lightly considered the irreparable failures of German strategy. There is a way of saying that the Germans so far on points have won everything in Europe. But, on the contrary, they have lost the very points on which they counted most.

They lost the opportunity for a decision in France, and that was to have been won first of all before anything else could happen. Instead they hold a line, 500 miles long, through France and Flanders, on which the condition is one of stalemate. Frontal attacks are of prohibitive cost. If, in fact, they are feasible at all, and flanking attack upon a line that begins at the English Channel and ends on the Swiss frontier is, of course, impossible. In any event, the Germans cannot put an additional battalion on this line without reducing their strength in Russia; the Allies, on the other hand, can increase their numerical strength on this line, and are steadily doing so.

The irony of this situation for the Germans is that if they had persisted last autumn in their original design to force a decisive result in France and had not been diverted by the Russians' attack on the other side the story might now be very different. The Russians struck with unexpected swiftness. Most military experts agree that if, instead of transferring troops from west to east to stop the Russians, the Germans had brought a few more battalions into action against France, a decision could have been obtained. So much for the west.

Having failed in her first intention Germany turned to her second, which was to crush Russia. She attacked her from Galicia to the Baltic Sea, on a line 1,000 miles long, determined to pierce it in several places, to bend the ends back, to surround the pieces, in short to destroy the Russian resistance and be done with it. And in more than a year of the most desperate fighting on a large and continuous plan that has ever occurred in the world she has failed really to break that Russian line at any point. She has whipped it back. She has made it writhe. She tried to pinch it in two on the Polish salient. She took Warsaw and all of Poland in the pinching process, but she did not break the Russian line. So intent was the German mind upon the main object that the fall of Warsaw was hardly celebrated. Before the city was formally occupied the sheer momentum of pursuing the Russian forces had carried the German invaders beyond. They cannot stop. The further they go the longer and thinner is their own line and the greater the necessity of engaging the Russian forces in a decisive action. Napoleon failed in that.

If the Germans should push on until they had taken Petrograd they would have conquered a large amount of rich territory, but to hold it after losing 65,000,000 people would have to defend a frontier of more than 1,000 miles in a conquered country against 172,000,000 people on the other side. Germany might want to keep Poland, or set it up as an independent buffer state; she could not want a frontier of 1,000 miles in Russia against the Slav peoples on her side of it were the Baltic provinces, and all the Baltic ports. She must have it before cold weather or lose the war. A desperate necessity urges her forward.

To deal the immediate blow, to obtain the decisive result, to beat the enemy before he was ready—these were the cardinal principles of German military strategy. For that kind of warfare Germany was prepared. On its success she staked great odds in human life, casting away two men for one, if need be, to gain the instant advantage. But exactly wherein its strength was supposed to lie the German plan has failed—altogether—in France, so far in Russia. In the meantime, in striving for the only kind of success that was possible, the Teutonic allies have been using up one kind of material faster than it can be produced. That is human life. For one man that comes to fighting age each year in Germany and Austria-Hungary two reach the war age in England, France, Italy and European Russia.

Germany is at the peak of her effective fighting strength. There cannot be any doubt of this. Her military theory required her to exert her utmost power at first. She has done it. She cannot produce new fighting units, she cannot make good the wastage in those that now exist. On the other side, France alone among the Allies has put

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forth her maximum of battalions with just enough reserve to make their wastage good. England and Italy can produce new units. Some of those produced by Italy have been sent to join in operations against the Dardanelles, which, when opened, will give Europe access to Russia's unlimited supply of men. Men and time will win the war. Germany with all her magic cannot forsotheren time or find substitutes for men. Besides, the tradition of a German being worth one and one-half or two other men in war is unsupported by casualty statistics.

## THE GRAND FLEET

Archbishop of York's Praise After a Visit to Britain's Navy.

Speaking at a meeting at the Mansion House, York, recently, the Archbishop of York said he was permitted a short time ago to spend an ever-memorable fortnight among all sections of the grand fleet. I realized, he said, as never before, the debt which we here at home owe to those sleepless guards of our island shore. You will realize that these men have been out, not for three months or six months, but for 12 months; that during certain five of these months they have suffered hardships which it is difficult for me to describe, spending practically the whole of the time at high speed on wild seas, unable to find any secure place of refuge or of protection. Yet I find, the Archbishop continues, in every part of the fleet, from the commander-in-chief downwards, the same spirit of cheerfulness and readiness and determination. It was to me a great privilege to be allowed to bring to them a message, which I hope was read and was sincere, that though our fleet is necessarily out of sight it is never out of mind. I am sure, from the way you take these passing words, that I at least rightly interpreted the feelings of the city of York. My business was to tell these men that their country was standing by them, and was grateful to them, but I am bound to say that, having visited them, I feel it is more incumbent upon me to bring some word to the people, and to ask our fellow-countrymen at home whether we really are standing by them, whether our sacrifices, our determination, our unity are in any degree comparable to theirs. All I can say that if the citizens here at home are filled with the same spirit of devotion, comradeship, and unity as fills our guardians of the fleet, then, humanly speaking, we need have little fear of the result.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

### WORTH ALL IT COST.

"The most powerful restraint in my life is the memory of what my father and mother sacrificed to send me to school."

So said a young man of my acquaintance, a few years out of college, who is making good in an unusual degree.

There is probably no finer chivalry in modern life than that which marks the firm resolution of devotedly ambitious parents of moderate means that their boy shall have an education. All the while he is growing up, small sums are put by, petty economies are practised, careful habits are adhered to in order that when the boy gets big enough he may go to college.

The feeling of these parents' most often in their own sense of deprivation and loss that circumstances did not allow them to go to college, and justice manages its retribution by planting this high resolve in their breasts.

Some people think it doesn't pay. Sometimes it doesn't, and people say rightly who love to point the finger at the lapses of those born in comfortable homes and say: "If my boy wishes to go to college he may go; but he'll pay his own way there."

It is not my thought to try to prove that boys who go to college are better off than boys who do not go, or that those whose parents save to send them are always wise.

There are two great advantages to the process in question that should not be overlooked. In the first place what higher success is there in life than to plant a noble resolution, a restraining obligation, an inspiring impulse in the heart of a boy?

I do not say that saving to send a boy to college always does this, but the declaration of my young friend shows that it sometimes does. I believe it does often.

And shall we rob the home of its equality even if it doesn't always pay? Are there any finer parents, any more wholesome homes than those that sacrifice and scrimp for the sake of the young life growing up in them?

So, go on, good friends! Do your best for the boys and girls. Let us hope they will be grateful and worthy. They usually will. But whether they are or not, you cannot afford not to live for their sakes.—*Editorial in Woman's World for September.*