

knelt in the seigniorial chapel. The second mass draws to a close. The chaplain who knows his master's wickedness and whose sacrifice is made has repeated a second time the sublime invocations causing God to descend on the altar. He murmurs the final prayers, pronounces the "*Ite missa est.*" Poor priest, martyr to duty, is it not your own life you are bidding depart?

He turns to bless the assistants and sees-sight to make



the bravest heart quail — standing on the altar steps, not two feet from him, with glaring eyes and drawn sword, the giant form of his enraged, thwarted master; and at the end of the chapel, in the shelter of a covered passage leading to the main tower a woman's form being forcibly dragged towards the altar. Her convulsive sobbing unmistakably proves what an unwilling victim she is.

"Priest, everything is ready. Will you marry me? If you do I will give you a chasuble of gold and the free-