

Harold. He ?

Felix. Baron Otto of Nordheim.

Harold. I have heard of his wonderful prowess. But, you have not vouchsafed answer to my question : Are you in the employ of Hildebrand ?

Felix. No. I know him not ; yet know of him.

Harold. And ?

Felix. He will make foot-stools of the mighty.

Harold. An ambitious churchman !

Felix. You are afar the mark !

Harold. Henry assented to his elevation, yet he balks him. In controvention of John's oath to Otho, not to elect any future pontiff without the Emperor's consent, he took the papal throne.

Felix. And Henry gave which only folly would refuse. His veto would have precipitated then, the struggle now imminent. Hildebrand, in the hour of his weakness, defied ; he will crush in the fullness of his strength.

Harold. More soldier than saint ! More militant than spiritual !

Felix. You ; know not his story——

Harold. Passing little.

Felix. (*Sits L. C.*) A native of Soanⁿ in the realm of Tuscany ; the son of a carpenter——

Harold. "Poor, but honest parents," as chroniclers say.

Felix. Aye ! The Holy Ghost appears to have a marked preference for the cabin when He needs soldiers for the sanctuary ! In early manhood he made priestly vows, and entered monastic life, at Cluny. A mission to Rome brought him to the notice of Pope Victor ; who, attracted by his piety, learning and keen insight, retained him as one of his advisers. The great Leo made him Cardinal Archdeacon of Rome ; as such he directed the policy of his predecessors. On the deaths of Stephen and Nicholas he was offered the tiara, but declined. He longed for the holy calm, the quiet seclusion, the repose of the monastery.

Harold. He might have gratified his wish

Felix. Orders ! Duty ! Privation ——— measure of a hero's greatness. On the death of Alex^{ander} he accepted.

Harold. The dazzling ray of power melted the wax of humility.

Felix. No. The independence of the Vatican had to be asserted ; the scandal of the election of Henry's nominee, Guibert of Ravenna, prevented.

Harold. Our Guibert ?

Felix. Your saintly Guibert. None other.

Harold. I must have had my head covered with a wool-sack.

Felix. In the dilemma Christianity turned to Hildebrand. The soldier understood and obeyed. Henry fumed ;