

the hope of gaining the King's consent to a still more glorious undertaking. In the secret recesses of his soul, the ardent religious had cherished for many months the possibility of a wonderful project.

The piety of King Louis, and the many noble traits which he possessed, accorded so well with this hoped for achievement, that Blessed Peter could not resist the inclination to confide it to him. If, in thus taking the initiative, he went somewhat beyond his prerogative as a nuncio, he felt assured at least that he was in perfect accord with the heartfelt desires of the Pontiff. For was not his dream one that was shared by all Christendom? It touched upon the recovery of the right of our holy mother, the Church to the hallowed places so dear to her loving children's hearts, and included the project of a crusade for the possession of our Lord's sepulchre.

Noble hearts beat in unison with each other. King Louis did not require much persuasion. During the ceremonies attendant upon his receiving the standard of the Church, with his hands placed within those of the Bishop of Patti, he took a solemn oath that before a decade of years should have passed, he would go in person to the Holy Land at the head of a powerful army.

Blessed Peter Thomas had now attained the summit of his desires. He bade farewell to the King and set out upon his homeward journey. When he had first traversed that way, the Hungarian militia had taken a malicious pleasure in choosing "the little monk" as the target for many a jest. But now all was changed. All along the route he was received with deference, the soldiers being, unanimously, imbued with the pacific disposition of

their sovereign.

Quite different was his reception at Venice. In a re-union held at the ducal palace, Thomas dilated upon the resources of Hungary, and the bitter animosity which at first was felt towards the Venitians by "the powers that be." He told how nobly it had been overcome, and what an amicable disposition now reigned in its place. The King promised to give up the definitive possession of Dalmatia—that is to say Zara—to annul all subjects of complaint, that had existed heretofore—and for all future time to maintain the most friendly terms with his former enemies.

But one condition was required. As a souvenir of this (projected) cessation of hostilities, a snow-white palfrey was to be offered annually to the King of Hungary by the most serene Republic.

But favorably as the kingdom of Hungary spoke through the lips of the Papal legate, no voice of concurrence was heard. A murmur of disfavor passed through the Senate, and the Council of Ten, entering into solemn conclave, were so unutterably mistaken as to reject the overtures. In vain did the Bishop of Patti, who was most grievously disappointed at this unlooked-for result, implore the Senate, in the name of everything sacred, to re-consider their decision. In vain did he depict the disasters which might overwhelm them if they continued to resist the wishes of the Holy Father.

Trusting to their much-vaunted strength, and carried away by the pride of their riches and magnificence, the Senators remained deaf to the warnings of heaven. One of the ten evinced more than all others a most bitter and inimical disposition. He