

The princess blushed as red as the roses which at her side trembled in the morning breezes, and at length replied :

"I came to gaze upon these flowers, to hear the warbling of the birds, to see the sun reflected in these fountains and to breathe the perfumed air."

"And what carriest thou in thy robe?"

In the depth of her heart Casilda called upon the immortal Mother of the Christians, but answered not her father. Then Almenon, noting the hesitation of his daughter, plucked at the robe of the child, and a shower of roses fell from it upon the ground. Pale was the child—pale as the lilies in the garden of the Moorish king, her father. The story relates that there remained scarcely any blood in the veins of Casilda; for every day, thrown out in streams, it reddened the string of snowy pearls which shone between the lips of the princess. Pale was the child, and the Moorish king was dying with grief at the sight of his dying daughter. The science of the physicians of Toledo failed to restore health to the princess; and then Almenon called to his court the most famous doctors of Seville and Cordova. But the science of the latter was equally at powerless as that of the former.

"My kingdom and my treasures will I give to him who saves my daughter!" exclaimed the poor Moor, on seeing Casilda ready to yield her last sigh.

But no one succeeded in gaining his kingdom and his treasures; for the blood continued, thrown out in streams, to redden the snowy pearls which shone between the lips of the princess.

"My daughter is dying!" wrote the King of Toledo to the King of Castile. "If there be in your kingdom any one who can save her, let him come to my court, and I will give him my kingdom, my treasures, and even my daughter herself."

Throughout the kingdoms of Castile and Leon went forth criers, announcing that the Moorish King of Toledo offered to any one who could restore the health of his daughter, his kingdom and his treasures, and even her whose salvation he longed for. And it is related that a physician from Juda presented himself to the King of Castile, offering to bring back health to the Moorish princess.

And such was the wisdom of the words of the man, and such the faith and goodness that shone in his countenance, that the King of Castile hesitated not a moment in giving him let-

ters, assuring Almenon that with them he sent him one who would save the princess Casilda.

Hardly had the physician from Juda touched the forehead of the child when the blood ceased to flow, and the colour of the rose began to appear on the pale cheeks of the patient.

"Take my kingdom!" exclaimed Almenon, overcome with joy and weeping with gratitude.

"My kingdom is not of this world," replied the physician from Juda.

"Take my treasure!" answered the king of Toledo, pointing to his daughter.

And making a sign of acceptance the physician extended his hand to Casilda and said:—

"Away from here; there are purifying waters which must complete the cure of the Mohammedan maiden."

And the next day the Princess Casilda trod upon Christian ground, still accompanied by the physician from Juda.

Casilda and the physician from Juda travelled and travelled through the land of the Christians, until at last they stopped on the bank of a blue-watered lake. The physician took a little water in the hollow of his hand, and pouring it on the forehead of the princess, he exclaimed:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I baptize thee."

And the princess felt an unspeakable happiness, like to what, in her childhood, the Christian slave had told her the blessed experience in Paradise. And her knee bent and her eyes fixed themselves on the blue vault of heaven above, and about her resounded the most sweet hosannas, which caused her to turn her gaze around.

The physician from Juda was no longer at her side, but, surrounded by brilliant splendours, he was rising towards the blue vault of heaven.

"Who art thou, Lord; who art thou!" exclaimed the princess, astonished and enlightened.

"I am thy spouse; I am he who gave health to the daughter of Jarins, who suffered the evil as thou sufferest. I am He who said: "Who-soever leaveth house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands in my name, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess eternal life."

On the banks of the lake, at present, called after St. Vincent, there is a poor hermitage, where lived alone the daughter of the Moorish King of Toledo, and who is now called St. Casilda.

Whoever extinguishes in a man a feeling of benevolence, kills him partially.