

hat to me?' And, rushing after Isaiah, he seized him roughly by the collar, called him all the names which his command of bad language supplied him with, and finally inflicted on him a chastisement so undignified that I will leave the reader to arrive at its nature from the sequel. The duke's foot miraculously withered up on the spot. Isaiah turned and looked at him. The duke looked at Isaiah, and became convinced, possibly for the first time in his life, that he had made a serious mistake. In that extreme state of discomfort which often passes for repentance, he acknowledged his fault to his victim, and to all his spiritual advisers; and at last it was announced to him that he might be cured upon one condition. This condition was that he should procure and bring to Cyprus the picture of the Blessed Virgin painted by St. Luke, which the emperor Alexis Comnenus kept in his palace at Constantinople. To Constantinople the duke accordingly went, and Isaiah went with him. Both told their story, and begged for the precious gift. The emperor, however, though he did not refuse point-blank, kept putting them off from month to month with excuses, and at last offered them some money and two other pictures instead. Isaiah's patience was by this time exhausted. The duke, he said, might do what he pleased himself; but, as for him, he should at once go back to Cyprus. No sooner had he announced this resolution than the foot of the emperor's daughter, and, directly after, the foot of the