

In the delirium of his fever he seemed to see all the victims of his cruelty, terrifying and admonitory, threatening him and calling to the most just God for justice. In vain he tossed upon his bed of sickness, he could not find relief.

Summoning Teofan, the Metropolitan, the Bishops and boyars, he informed them that he felt the end of his life to be approaching; he humbled himself, and implored pardon for all the wrong he had done. Finally, he begged for consideration for his son, Bogdan, to whom he left the throne of the realm if they would assist him. Being of tender years, and surrounded by powerful enemies, he would be unable to protect either himself or his country unless the boyars preserved unity among themselves and affection and loyalty to the Ruler.

"As for myself," he proceeded to say, "if I recover from this sickness, I am determined to become a monk in the Monastery of Slatina, where I may repent for the rest of the days that it pleases God to leave me. Therefore, I beseech you, Fathers, when you see me at the point of death to shave me like a monk----"

He was not able to say much more. He was seized with convulsions, and a terrible coma like death itself stiffened his body, so that the Metropolitan and the Bishops, believing him to be expiring, canonized him, bestowing upon him the name of Paisie after that of Peter, which name he had borne previous to becoming Prince. After this they paid homage to the Princess Rucsanda as regent during the minority of her son, and proclaimed Bogdan king.

Immediately after they sent envoys to all the boyars within the country and to the exiles, and to the captains of the army.

The twilight was approaching when Stroici and Spancioac arrived.

Dismounting at an inn, they approached the castle with haste. The town was silent and dreary like some gigantic tomb. Only the murmuring waters of the Dniester were audible as they continually washed the slopes of the grey bare banks, and the monotonous cry of the sentries who examined each other by the evening light along the length of their lances. Pursuing their way into the palace, they experienced no small surprise at meeting no one; at last a lacquey showed them the sick man's room. As they were about to enter they heard a loud noise, and paused to listen.

Lapushneanu was rousing from his lethargy. Upon opening his eyes he saw two monks standing, the one at his head, and the other at his feet, motionless, like two statues of bronze; he glanced at himself, and found himself clothed in the habit of a monk; round his head was a cowl. He tried to raise his hand, but was prevented by the strings of a rosary. It seemed to him as though he dreamed, and he closed his eyes again; but opening them once more after a little while he saw the same things, the rosary, the cowl, the monks.

"How are you feeling now, Brother Paisie?" one of the monks asked him, seeing that he was not sleeping.

This name brought back to his mind all that had taken place. His blood began to boil and half raising himself he cried:

"What are these? Ah, you are making fun of me! Avaunt, foul creatures! Go, or I will murder you all!"

He sought a weapon with his hand, but finding nothing but the cowl he flung it with his hand at the head of one of the monks.

At the sound of his shouting, the Princess, with her son, the Metropolitan, the boyars and servants, all entered the room.

Meanwhile the other two boyars arrived and stood by the door listening.

"Ah, you wanted to turn me into a monk," cried Lapushneanu in a raucous and terrible voice. "You thought to get rid of me? But you can dismiss