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A Sentimental Journey Through France And Italy

Yorick, ...

London, 1768

The Monk. Calais.

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THE MONK.

CALAIS.

4
 —'T IS very true, said I, reply-
 ing to a cast upwards with
 his eyes, with which he had con-
 cluded his address—'tis very true—
 and heaven be their resource who
 have no other but the charity of the
 world, the stock of which, I fear, is
 no way sufficient for the many *great*
claims which are hourly made upon
 it.

As I pronounced the words *great*
claims, he gave a slight glance with
 his eye downwards upon the sleeve

I

of

of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been open'd
to



to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good Father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through
through

through it in sloth and ignorance, *for
the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seem'd to have had done with her resentments in him; he shew'd none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

