

**THE TRUCE OF  
GOD. [NEW YORK]**

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The Truce of God. [New York] by Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart

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**MRS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART**

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The Truce of God



# The Truce of God

By <sup>Mrs.</sup> Mary Roberts Rinehart

Decorations by Harold Sichel



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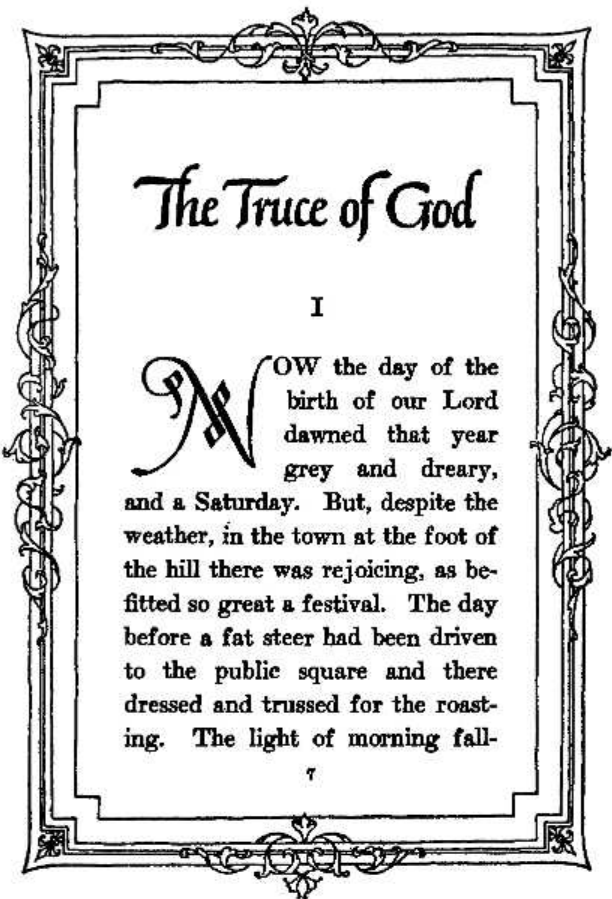
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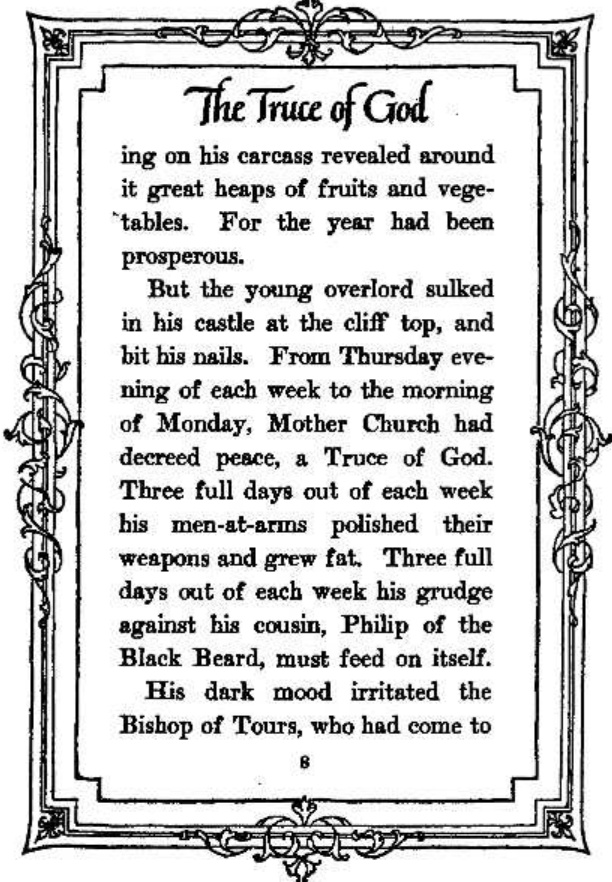




## The Truce of God

### I

**N**OW the day of the birth of our Lord dawned that year grey and dreary, and a Saturday. But, despite the weather, in the town at the foot of the hill there was rejoicing, as befitted so great a festival. The day before a fat steer had been driven to the public square and there dressed and trussed for the roasting. The light of morning fall-



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ing on his carcass revealed around it great heaps of fruits and vegetables. For the year had been prosperous.

But the young overlord sulked in his castle at the cliff top, and bit his nails. From Thursday evening of each week to the morning of Monday, Mother Church had decreed peace, a Truce of God. Three full days out of each week his men-at-arms polished their weapons and grew fat. Three full days out of each week his grudge against his cousin, Philip of the Black Beard, must feed on itself.

His dark mood irritated the Bishop of Tours, who had come to