

**THE APOSTLE OF
THE ALPS. A TALE**

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The Apostle of the Alps. A Tale by Beatrice Batty

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BEATRICE BATTY

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THE ALPS. A TALE**

THE
APOSTLE OF THE ALPS.

A Tale.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN
THE BLACK FOREST," &c., &c.

"No life is pleasing to God, that is not useful to man."

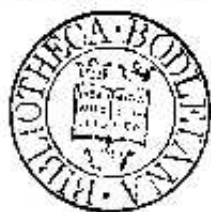
Adventurer.

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THE
APOSTLE OF THE ALPS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUMMONS HOME.

"THIS is too hard a nut for me to crack," said the young student with a sigh, as he closed his parchment volume and looked absently out on the Seine, leaning his chin on his knuckles.

In those days the sinuous river wound its way, indeed, through Paris, or rather, round it; (for, as we read in the old chronicles, "the city was built on a small island in the middle of the Seine, encompassed by walls, and connected with the mainland by a bridge,") but

its banks were not, as now, studded with gorgeous palaces, smiling gardens, stately mansions, parks, squares, and promenades, swarming with gay and light-hearted idlers and loungers; the town consisted of poor hovels and buildings, whose construction displayed less of taste and beauty than of strength. Yet even at that time it was of importance, on account of its university—the first university that ever existed—whither the noble and talented youths of that and other countries were sent to study and complete their education. One of the chief buildings of the place was the Church of St. Germain des Près, which had originally been built by Childebert the First, son of Clovis, at the request of St. Germain himself, on the site of a temple dedicated to the heathen goddess Isis, and containing the bones of several of the Frankish kings and their queens; as Childebert, the founder, and his wife, Ultrogote, Chilperic and Fredegonde,

Clotaire and Bertrude, Childeric and Bili-childe. There was also the Church of Notre Dame, the first Christian church erected in Paris, on the foundations of which the present beautiful cathedral was raised two or three centuries later.

Presently, a bell chimed forth from one of the towers, and the sound seemed to awaken the youth from his reverie. "I will go seek my tutor," exclaimed he, rousing himself, "his clear explanations will quickly throw light on the obscure passage; and yet nay," and he passed his hand across his well-developed brow, "why be dependent on the wits of another? I would fain solve the difficulty for myself; maybe a stroll in the open air this balmy morning will clear my intellects; I believe this unintermitted study tells ill on both body and mind:" and the student arose, and girding on his sword, which, in a fanciful mood, he had christened "Joyeuse," after that