

ished, and there, even in the presence of the tomb of his son, he felt within him perfect peace.

Throughout Britain his face and form and voice became well known, among Romans, among friendly tribes, and among hostile ones. Much he suffered. Often he was sorely wounded, sometimes death seemed inevitable; yet still he pursued his course, and tried to tell all, both Roman and Barbarian the story of love. So the years passed.

In that land of Britain there was another of whom Labeo often thought, and whom he longed to meet with.

This was Galdus.

The Briton, after leaving Labeo, had left all the Roman world behind. He turned his head upon all this, and went northward toward those tribes that were yet free. He passed through tribe after tribe, and finding many of them under Roman influence, he still pursued his way.

At last he came among the tribes of Caledonia.

Grief drove him to seek comfort in action. From the quiet life of years in civilization and amid refinement, he now felt a reaction. At the stimulus of grief, all his barbaric nature was aroused, and the thought of war came to him as it had come to Cineas and Labeo. His valor, his strength and courage, his skill in fighting, which had been doubly formed, first by a long use of native weapons, and secondly by his training as a gladiator, all these made him conspicuous as a warrior, and the tribe among whom he cast his lot chose him as their chief. His mind, naturally acute, had been enlarged and strengthened by civilized life and association with men of intelligence. He had also seen the world. Sorrow had made him grave and calm. He was fit to rule. His influence was felt far and near. In disputes between tribes his decision was called for, until at length many of them chose him voluntarily for their leader.

A great idea took possession of his mind, and that was a combination of all the tribes, to resist Roman conquest, and drive Roman armies out of Britain. It animated his life. He went out among the people, firing their hearts, remind-