

rushed the boy far beyond Philetus' powers of pursuit.

Ere long, however, he came, as running at full speed he turned a corner, with a bounce against a grave-faced person in a dark dress, no other than his uncle Tetricus, a priest and a rather severe man. He caught the runaway by the shoulder and demanded, "What means this, Attalus?"

"It means, father," said Philetus, "that he has treated me with rudeness. I was called away to interpret for the holy man from Ireland, and I gave him a lesson to study. He wastes his time in the kitchen, gabbles something—I know not what—unintelligibly, and flees away that instant without a word."

"He was going to cuff me when I had said the whole without missing a word," responded Attalus.

"No answering again, sir," replied Tetricus; "you who love the kitchen so well have no need of supper. Sit in that corner and study your lines, and half a dozen more for disrespect to your tutor."

"But I said it perfectly, only he would not attend."

"No replying again, I told you. Take your tablet and go into the corner. Think upon the duty of a Christian to submit in silence."

Attalus durst say no more, but he went, violently kicking his heels, into the corner, stuck his iron style viciously into the stones till it broke, and then scribbled with the stump over the wax of his tablet. Heat was needed to take out the writing properly, but to destroy it in this way was a relief of a certain kind to a naughty boy, under a strong sense of injustice.

CHAPTER II.—THE BISHOP'S SUPPER.

"Where is my little Attalus?" asked Bishop Gregory, looking round after blessing the food which was set forth upon a table shaped like a horseshoe, and with its outside arranged for guests, who could recline, in old Roman fashion, upon couches.

The Bishop was a grand-looking old man, with a bald head, but a little silver hair falling upon his neck beneath the remains of his tonsure, which in ancient Gallic fashion, like that Tetricus and the other priests, had been a crown. His beard was long and white, and his garments were of white wool bordered with purple, a gold cross hung round his neck, and he had a sapphire ring on his finger, a delicate finger as of one who had dealt all his life with books. His cheeks were clear and beautiful with the fair pureness of a good old man's age; his eyes dark and still bright and lively as he looked about for the darling of his old age.

"He was insolent to Philetus, sir," said Tetricus, "and I therefore sent him into a

corner of the cloister to learn his lesson and repent."

"What was his insolence? Ask Philetus to come here and relate it."

Philetus came, and bending before his clemency, he told how Attalus had been sent to learn by heart the lines of Virgil to occupy him while his tutor was engaged with the holy pilgrim Gilchrist, then how he had escaped to the kitchen, and then on being called he had gabbled out something, no one knew what, headlong, and so ran off laughing.

"Are you certain that he did not repeat the lines?" asked the Bishop.

"My lord, I am not sure. He recited them off so fast."

"Let him come hither and say them to me," said the Bishop. "He deserves a more severe punishment if he merely pretended to say them; but if he did, and Master Philetus did not hear, well, it is the part of a wise man to have patience with the petulance of boyhood. Let the boy be called."

Attalus came willingly. He knew that he had more justice if not indulgence to look for from his grandfather than from those who called him a spoiled boy.

"Come hither, my child," said the Bishop. "What is this that I hear? That you did not treat Philetus as your tutor and governor."

"Sir, he would not attend to my task, and was about to strike me, because he said I did not know it, when I did, and had just said it," said Attalus, looking up with defiant eyes.

Gregory bade him repeat it, and this he did, perfectly.

"This is what thou didst repeat before?"

"Only I was in haste, and said it faster, and neither he nor my Uncle Tetricus would listen to me, but blamed me more for trying to answer them."

"You have been saucy, but not so misbehaved as they supposed. You shall be restored to your place by telling Philetus you are sorry for your hasty manner."

"Father, I, a Roman, ask pardon of a beggarly Greek?" cried the boy with flashing eyes.

"Alas, my son, pride like this abases any, whether Greek or Roman! Philetus is thy tutor, and thou art bound to treat him with the respect due to his office, even as saith the law. A spirit like this of pride and contempt is far worse than the momentary impatience under provocation which I could have excused. If thou canst not school thyself to apologize to Philetus, thou must sit apart from the table and eat dry bread."

(To be continued.)

Sin in its ordinary progress first deceives, next hardens, and then destroys.—*Cecil*