

Labeo to Rome. He saw that Julius was eminent among the Christians for acts of general service, and determined to make this benefit permanent. He therefore gave to Julius his villa and estates, and when Julius refused to take them he insisted on it, telling him that it was not to him that he gave it, but to Christ. Then Julius could no longer refuse. That estate became his, but all that it yielded was at the service of the Christians, to supply their wants, or to help along their enterprises.

All Labeo's heart was fixed on one place, and that was, — Britain.

There lay his wife, and there his boy, still loved with undiminished fondness, — still longed for. In the land where those loved remains were deposited he determined to pass his days.

When he came to the well-known place, and stood once more in front of the tomb, and read, through his tears, the epitaphs over those idols of his heart, a terrible shock came to him. His feelings overmastered him. He fell on his knees and groaned, in his agony. Despair seemed once more to take possession of him. He had miscalculated his strength. He knew not how a return to the scene of an old sorrow can bring back that sorrow in all its freshness.

But as he knelt there, with clenched hands, bloodshot eyes, and heaving breast, with all his thoughts filled with that agony of former years, other things gradually came to his mind, to soothe and to console. Amid the visions of the past new ones came. His wife and child, in his excited fancy, stood beside him, but between the two he saw the form of a Third, a form on which were the marks of cruel scars, but with a face of infinite love, that looked towards him, and by its look spake — peace.

And again that voice of his son sounded, as it had sounded so often before, a sweet childish voice, with tones of love unutterable, that said, —

“Father, we will meet again!”

Then a great joy came to Labeo, and all his despair van-