

and generous account, as one who loved Leo and was glad to tell of his deeds.

"Who is this Leo?" asked Garfried.

"He is our cook: the best and most dainty cook in Langres," was the answer.

"A slave?"

"Oh, yes, a slave, and so was his father."

"Where is he?"

Leo was not to be seen in the immediate company, and when the town and the Bishop's abode were reached the first cares of everyone were bestowed upon the patient. Attalus had ridden on in advance to warn those at home, and a couch had been prepared in a quiet chamber opening out of the cloister, where Philetus stood, swelling with consequence, waiting to receive the sufferer. He was in great request, with Gilchrist still on his hands, and he liked acting as physician to the household far better than teaching his often refractory pupil. He puffed out his lips and talked wisely about Hippocrates and Galen, but he did what was most needful and cut Baldrik's long hair from round the wound. It made him murmur something about being shorn, and Philetus unwillingly had to abstain from cutting away the mass of yellow locks, which would be a great inconvenience as he lay.

Philetus augured that he would soon regain his senses, but that it would take some weeks to repair the fracture. The father, reassured, obeyed the invitation to supper, but asked on the way for Leo, the cook, who had saved his son's life.

Attalus ran off to the kitchen, where he found Leo stooping over the choicest of his pigeon-holes.

"Leo, Leo, come! the Count Garfried wants to see you."

"A plague upon it," muttered Leo, just raising his face, fiery red and black with cinders. Can't he wait till I have finished stewing these dormice and washed my face?"

Attalus insisted, and Leo called to his Gallic assistant, Rhys, who had the French aptitude for cookery, though it was not without a pang and a murmur that the mice were intrusted to him; but Attalus dragged Leo away, and the tall Burgundian met him with, "Good slave, thou hast saved my son's life."

"By God's good mercy I was in time," responded Leo, bowing to the chief.

"What can I do for thee? I would fain buy thy freedom from the Bishop and take thee with me to hold Burgundian lands."

Attalus could not but look with dismay at Leo. He did not like to lose his best playfellow.

Leo made answer, "Sir, I thank your great clemency, but I am not made to cultivate lands. It suits me better to remain as I am with my good master, though I thank the good Lord Garfried most heartily."

"The abject Roman!" cried Friedbald in his own language, "to prefer bonds to freedom."

Leo understood and smiled. It was of no use to explain to the wild young chief that what he did prefer was civilized life and power of improvement, for which his whole nature thirsted, under conditions of slavery which hardly pressed upon him with such a master as Bishop Gregory. He had saved from casual gifts nearly enough to buy his manumission when he thought good, and could set up a cookshop in the town with advantage. There was little to tempt him in freedom among a semi-savage, semi-Christianized race in a state of constant warfare, where he, as a peaceful being, would simply meet with contempt, even if he were not murdered, for the rate of price for killing a Roman was much below that for killing one of Burgundian, Frank, or Gothic blood. So he refused the persuasions of Garfried, who was forced to end by assurances that he would find a friend and helper in any time of need. Leo bowed and thanked him, and promised to remember his goodness, and then Garfried handed him a token by which he might appeal—namely, a coin of the Emperor Constantius, much effaced, but still recognizable. He bade his son, Friedbald, look at it and remember it; and Leo made a little hole in it and hung it round his neck with grateful thanks, for in those uncertain times a break-up of the Bishop's household might make it well to be secure of an asylum. Then he was allowed to go back to his dormice.

Wounds and blows were not such very uncommon disasters among the Burgundians as to cause much sensation, and Garfried soon saw that his son was in a fair way of recovery, and therefore desired to leave him at once in the home that was to be his forever. Poor little Baldrik, who had fully recovered his senses, was sad and down-hearted at being left alone and unable to move, but he bore the idea with the silent acquiescence of his sturdy uncomplaining race. His father was anxious that he should receive the tonsure and minor orders before he was left, as a dedication and also, though he was unwilling to speak of it, as a protection. He was far from being able to walk, so that he was carried on a mattress by two Franks to the narthex or antechapel of the church, and there his golden locks were clipped, and the Bishop laid a hand upon him, praying that he might be accepted as a servant of God, but not conferring the grace of ordination on him. He thus was accepted as a reader, though he had yet to learn to read, but he would carry the sacred books.

Friedbald was far more affected than anyone else. To him it was the loss of a dear brother and playfellow, and he could not help sharing the Frank spirit of contempt for the unwarlike priesthood, and thinking that Baldrik was condemned to be a coward, who would learn to read, and never handle a sword.

(To be continued.)