

heaven and earth, and his words made Odin and Frey dwindle to nothing. And he said that there are houses of his God far, far more beauteous and fair than the Ermansaul, where you Gauls can go and pray, and be made and kept one with the Holy One Who died to save us."

"Quite true, lady, you have drunk in the bulk."

"Atli told me first," she said; "Attalus, our hostage. He is, oh! so learned. He can say psalms, and hymns, and prayers, and he can even read. He would have taught me, only my mother said it would spoil me for a wife to a Graf or Freiherr."

Leo's heart beat high, but he only ventured the question, "Where is he now?"

"He is out upon the Stone Hill pasture with the horses. My father will keep him far away, and as little near the home house as can be, because there are folks who say he ought not to be kept as a pledge, though King Theudebert gave him to us, and that he is really free. But my father says no one has any business to intermeddle, and that he will not let him go without a good ransom, as is only fair and just. So he will hardly ever let Atli come home, or be where any one can see him or help him to escape."

Leo did not enter on the question of Hunderik's rights over Attalus, and he had too general a distrust of womanhood to betray his acquaintance with the hostage, but he anxiously watched his opportunities, and he greatly aided Roswitha, who often came to him to ask, over their cookery, questions, sometimes about the faith, and sometimes as to what a Christian would do in such and such a matter. Yes, if he were free born and no slave, Leo had profited by his opportunities in the episcopal household enough to be no bad adviser or instructor for the young girl, and her training, or perhaps rather her will, manifested itself in her obedience to her parents and good-will to all the household, her patience with her little brother and troublesome, mocking sister, and a sweetness that made Hunderik declare that his little Roswitha was worth all the rest of the household, and it would be a sorrowful day for all when he gave her away in marriage. Thus time went on till the mountain pasture was exhausted and the horses were driven home, and then it was, that when the whole family went out to inspect the growth and promise of the young colts, who were all frisking and kicking about wildly in their inclosure, Roswitha found herself near Attalus, and began telling him, "Oh Atli, my father has bought a famous cook, a Christian as wise as Gilchrist was, who knows a great many psalms, and can make honey cakes more delicious than any I ever tasted, and he is teaching me."

"Indeed, that is like our good Leo, who was

more like a brother than a slave," returned Attalus.

"Leo is his name," said Roswitha.

"Ah! it can never be the same; Leo never would leave his comfortable hearth at my grandfather's palace. Ah! would that I were there! How did thy father obtain him?"

"He bought him from a cook who keeps a tavern at Treves, and brought him home. It makes my mother very angry."

"Ah! it cannot be he! He could not have come into the hands of a cook at Treves, and I believe that Leo is a common name for slaves of Numidian blood, because Africa is the country of lions."

Roswitha was curious for more information about black men, Numidians, and lions.

However, when Attalus was sitting alone on the stone wall around the inclosure for the horses, he beheld a curly black head and well-known face. With a cry of joy he rushed up to his friend: "Leo! Leo! Can it be thou, old friend?" he cried, throwing his arms round him; but Leo unloosed them. "Silence! Silence, sir, or we are undone. Sit on the wall, and do not seem to heed me."

"But tell me at least, the barbarians have not fallen on Langres?"

"No, no; all is well there. Thy grandfather is well, only grieving for thee. I came of my own will, with his consent, to try to save thee."

"Dear Leo; good friend!" cried Attalus, keeping his distance with great difficulty.

"Hush! Hush! There is no time to tell thee more. Only, never by word or sign let the barbarians guess that we are connected. It is our only chance, and thou must be patient. I must win this master's confidence; he thinks me a refugee, and if he saw a look or sign pass between us, his suspicion would be awakened, and we should be lost."

Attalus had no time to promise, for at the moment voices were heard, and Leo put his finger to his lips and darted away, and a general stampede among the colts caused Attalus to rush to join the shouting throng who turned them back. He had indeed need of patience, for he was kept out in the shed, under Bodo's superintendence, and was not allowed to approach the house nor to see any more of Roswitha. The report that hostages had escaped, and Garfried's challenge of the right to detain him, had rendered Hunderik more vigilant than ever. The boy remained in a state of wonder, doubt, and burning curiosity, looking daily for a summons from Leo, till hope deferred began to fade away. He dared ask no questions, but he found that Leo was supposed to have done something that put him at enmity with the more civilized parts of Neustria.

*(To be continued.)*