

profound than that which he had lost. The idea came at first divinely, but it came ; and what he gained he retained ; and it grew within him until at last it became strong, — a radiant light, enlightening all his life.

He clung to Labeo. In his wanderings, his discourses, his perils, his dangers, Labeo had this faithful heart, with all its sympathy, bound to his by a double tie, — love for the same lost one, and for the same Redeemer. He learned at last to do something more than sympathize. He could speak to his fellows in his own rough, rude way, of a truth, and a heaven, and a God, which the Druid had never known, and the follower of the Druid had never hoped for.

Thus, together, these men shared joy and sorrow and peril and toil, carrying to Roman and to Barbarian, the truth which they had learned ; laboring through the years as they passed till labor ended, and rest came.

Galdus found that rest first.

While preparing his body for the grave, Labeo found around his neck a golden ball suspended. It had once belonged to Marcus, who had worn it as all Roman boys did. Galdus had taken this and had worn it next his heart through all those years.

Labeo hung it round his own neck, and wore the dear relic of his boy till he joined him on high.

THE END.