

door he was reeling against Leo, and looking dead white.

Would it be a friendly door? It opened, and a priest stood there, arrayed to serve in church. "We belong to Bishop Gregory," said Leo. "This is his grandson. We pray thee of thy goodness to take us in and shelter us for his sake—or rather for the sake of God."

"Come in, come in," was the answer. "This is my dream of last night. I beheld two doves, one white, one black, come and perch on my hands. Come in, come in, ye whom your Maker hath sent me."

Across a small court Leo half bore Attalus in, who was a white dove, indeed, at that moment, and placed him on one of the low couches in the outer room. "Sir," said the faithful servant, "it is no time for eating, I well know, but we have not tasted aught but wild fruit since four mornings ago, and my lord's grandson is well-nigh spent."

"All I can provide is thine, good man. This is best at first, till I return, and the food is served," said Paulellus, hastily bringing a jar of wine and some cakes of bread. "Eat, and be refreshed."

"And, sir, we are pursued. I pray that the door may be secured."

"It shall be, it shall, my son—both this door and the outer one. Eat and rest with the blessing of Heaven. Or first, bar this door behind me, and the outer one, for to Mass I must go, or I would minister to your needs at once. Poor Brother Gregory's grandson at last!"

He bent down, kissed Attalus, and made the sign of the cross over him, dipped a bit of the bread in the wine and gave it into his mouth, then hurried away; but Leo touched neither food nor drink till the two doors had been fastened with heavy bars, nor then until he had fed Attalus with morsel after morsel, and the boy revived enough to say, "Eat thyself, dear Leo."

They both ate, and then slept soundly, Attalus on the couch, Leo lying across the threshold, neither of them stirring until Paulellus came in, admitted by another entrance to the court on the side of the church.

"Give thanks, my sons," he said; "you have been delivered from a great danger. Did you not hear?"

"No," said Attalus, "we have slept soundly." "Methought once I heard a trampling," said Leo.

"Trampling? yea, verily, thou didst so, my son. Full in the midst of the Psalm—it chanced to be 'He shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunters'—in burst two huge barbarians, shouting 'Where are my runaway slaves?' Then rose up our holy ancient Bishop, and holding up his hand said, 'Peace,

my son; seest thou not Whose worship thou disturbest?' The barbarian halted a little. The tall form, grey hairs, and uplifted hand of the holy Remigius no doubt struck him with a certain awe, but he muttered, 'I want my slaves.'

"'Kneel down and worship, my son,' then said the holy man; 'we will hear thee at a fitting time. This is the house of God. Thou must beware!' Those wild Franks have a certain fear."

"And he calls himself Christian," put in Attalus. "But will he come? Did the Bishop hear him?"

"The wild ruffians obeyed, and bowed their knees, and when all was over the Bishop summoned them, and the foremost—Hunderik of Hundingburg, is he not?"

"Yea, we were with him."

"He laid his complaint that thou hadst been given to him by King Theudebert as a hostage, and that the treacherous slave whom he had purchased had come merely to aid thee to escape."

"True, sir, but I was no longer a hostage, Tullium and Nasium having been surrendered, and Leo came to aid me."

"So the Bishop made him confess, though he went on muttering that the King had given thee that he might make what he could of thee. Then did the Bishop, with the voice of a young and indignant man, break out: 'O man of greed and violence, who makest thy prey of a child, weak and unprotected, heeding not justice nor mercy, forgetting Who is the helper of the friendless, away with thee, nor dare to pursue the child of God into His precincts!' The Frank was cowed and fell back, holding his hands up as if to ward something off."

"And Leo, is he safe? Faithful Leo, who saved me?"

"Even so. The Bishop then said, 'Renounce this unjust and evil purpose, that thus thou mayest be forgiven and a blessing rest with thee and thine.' He was really overpowered with the splendor of the church and the majesty of the Bishop, and the awe of the Presence, and both he and his comrade fell on their knees. What they said I know not, but the Bishop blessed them, and moreover, bade them to his table."

"Are they there now? Not gone?" cried Attalus in alarm.

"There is no fear, my son," returned Paulellus. "When the Bishop's feast is over, their steeds will be led to his door by a few of the citizens, so as to do them honor, and they will be escorted out of the city, and the gates shut after them. Remigius has conquered in God's name once more."

(To be continued.)