

Bishop merely answered '*Gratias agam,*' and the chief was so struck with his meekness that he cried out that for these three '*Gratzachams*' he should have the hill he sought. And when the Bishop went out to view the hill, behold, on the very spot he had chosen for the altar, there lay a little newborn fawn, the mother roe standing beside to guard it. Some would have slain her, but the holy Patrick forbade them. He took the little fawn up in his arms and carried it to a safe place, the roe trotting by his side till he laid it down. The altar of our church, the mother church of Erin, is where the fawn lay."

As Gilchrist told this pretty tale, Attalus had crept nearer and nearer, the better to hear the strangely accented Latin in which it was related. His grandfather saw his face of intense interest, but carefully abstained from drawing on him the attention of the disciplinarian tutor or uncle, and only thanked the pilgrim and asked what more stories he could tell of the great apostle of Ireland.

So Gilchrist told what some of them already knew: how Patrick, of noble Roman birth, had been stolen from his home by Irish pirates, made a slave, and set to keep sheep on the mountain side; but how he ever said his prayers, about which he had been sadly careless at home, and how, after five years, a voice sounded in his ears at night calling on him to escape, at which he made his way to the coast, where a ship was ready to take him in, and he reached Bononia once more. But the thought of the heathens he had left returned on him, till he again had a vision of an Irish chief calling for his help. "Even as St. Paul had seen the man of Macedonia summoning him into Europe," commented Gregory.

Many a history had Gilchrist to tell, notably of the two daughters of King Lear, of Connaught, who, going to the fountain of Cruachan in the early morn, Ethne the fair and Fedlim the rosy, saw the Bishop and his friends, white-robed, and singing their morning praise, and thought they were of the fairy race made visible, then listened, learned the faith, and were baptized. He told, too, of Angus, King of Munster, who begged St. Patrick to consecrate and crown him. In the course of the ceremony Patrick unwittingly struck his pastoral staff absolutely into the king's foot and kept it there, while Angus, in perfect submission to his spiritual father, accepted it as part of the rite, never winced nor sighed, and the mischance was not known till the blood was seen running from his foot. Then, when the saint, much distressed, asked his pardon, he said, "All is good to me that comes in the name of Christ, and from my father."

All this Gilchrist told, and ended by chanting to them the Latin translation of the "Breastplate of St. Patrick," which he had given to

King Leir, of Ulster, as a defence against all enemies, within and without. It ends with:

Christ with me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ within me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right, Christ at my left,
Christ in the fort,
Christ in the chariot seat,
Christ in the ship,
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me.

I bind to myself to-day

The strong power of an invocation of the Trinity,
The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
The Creator of the elements.

It is not clear how much Attalus heard of the "Breastplate," for even as it began, after the story of Angus was finished, he had begun to weep. He was sobbing throughout the hymn in a low, repressed manner, and when it was ended he came forward, threw himself on his knees before his grandfather, and cried in a broken voice, "Oh, forgive me, forgive me, for my proud speech and idle ways! I ask Philetus' pardon, and I will never, never talk of beggarly Greeks again."

"God bless thee, my child, as thou hast felt Christ in those holy words, and forgive thee all thy sins, as no doubt He forgives thee these," said the Bishop, laying his hand on the boy's head, raising him, and kissing him. "Philetus, thou forgivest him?"

"I have no other choice, my lord," returned Philetus, rather vexed that the boy had not been made to humiliate himself personally, and muttering to the subdeacon, his neighbor, "It was a charm. Such Latin as that must be no better than a charm."

CHAPTER III.—GARFRIED OF THE BLUE SWORD.

The pilgrim, Gilchrist, turned out to be almost incapable of standing the next morning. He had trodden upon the sharp remains of a broken axe or dagger on some old battlefield, and, rusty as it was, it had penetrated the tough skin of his bare foot, and the rust had poisoned the wound. He must have been in much pain all the evening, though after he had limped in and had washed his feet he had let no token escape him; but it was now recollected that he had talked all supper-time instead of eating, and the subdeacon, Lucius, who lay next him on the hall floor, believed that he had been saying prayers in his barbarous Irish all night.

"Talk of the Spartan boy!" said Philetus, who knew something of surgery and dressed his wound, "even barbarain Christians can go far beyond him."

Gregory was obliged to use his episcopal authority and command the zealous pilgrim to