

Grief that arose out of that strong affection of his, which through the years had still carried the memory of that sweet boy whom he once regarded as a god, whose words were well remembered, whose form revisited his dreams. Still, amid excitement and battle, that face appeared, full of tender, childish pity, as it had once appeared in the cruel amphitheatre, when it came before his fainting senses, and tender hands were felt, and words of love were heard.

All this remained fixed in his memory.

Vengeance, war, ambition, all were gone; love remained; such love as belongs to a strong, proud, fierce nature; love mighty, undying. Had he not nursed that love for years, as he carried that boy in his arms, and forgot his country and his kin in his love for him?

It was about a year after the Grampian fight, when Labeo, who had gone farther north than ever before, returned as was his custom, to fast and pray at the grave of his son. As he came there he saw the figure of a man on the stone pavement before the tomb. The man was motionless. Labeo looked on long in silence, wondering.

At last he went up and touched the man who lay there. The other turned his head half round, and looked up fiercely and wildly.

The face that was revealed by the light of the moon that was then shining was pallid and haggard in the extreme. A shaggy beard and mustache covered the lower part, and matted hair fell over the brow. Yet in spite of all this, Labeo knew it at once. He knew it by the sorrow that it bore. Who else could mourn at the grave of his son, except one?

Labeo flung himself on his knees beside him and embraced him.

"Galdus!" he cried. "Friend, brother, savior of him whom we both once loved, heaven has brought us together. We must part no more."

At these words, spoken with a trembling voice, and with