

here a whole night, could he be sure of hearing that melody. Well do I know that soft voice—Hear now, how she sings by herself—and there again, that deep strong note—that is the voice of the prisoner.”

“‘Hush!’ quoth the Centurion, ‘heard you ever any thing half so divine? Are these words Greek or Syrian?’”

“‘What the words are I know not,’ said the soldier; ‘but I know the tune well—I have heard it played many a night with hautboy, and clarion, and dulcimer, on the high walls of Jerusalem, while the old city was beleaguered.’”

“‘It is some old Jewish tune then,’ said Sabinus; ‘I knew not those barbarians had half so much art.’”

“‘Why, as for that,’ replied the man, ‘I have been all over Greece and Egypt—to say nothing of Italy—and I never heard any music like that music of the Jews. Why, when they came down to join the battle, their tumpet sounded so gloriously, that we wondered how it was possible for them ever to be driven back; and then, when their gates were closed and they set out to heg their dead, they would play such solemn awful notes of lamentation, that the plunderers stood still to listen, and their warriors were delivered to them with all their mail as they had fallen.’”

“‘And the Christians also,’ said Sabinus, ‘had the same tunes?’”

“‘Oh yes, sir—why, for that matter, these very tunes may have been among them, for aught we know, since the beginning of their nation. I have stood sentinel with this very man, and seen the tears run down his cheeks by the star light, when he heard the music from the city, as the Jewish captains were going their rounds upon the battlements.’”

“‘But this surely,’ said the Centurion, ‘is no warlike melody.’”

“‘I know not,’ quoth the old soldier, ‘whether it be or not—but I am sure it sounds not like any music of sorrow, and yet what plaintive tones are in the part of that female voice!’”

“‘The bass sounds triumphantly, in good sooth.’”

“‘Ay, sir, but that is the old man’s own voice—I am sure he will keep a good heart to the end, even though they should be singing their farewell to him. Well, the emperor loses a good soldier, the hour old Thraso dies. I wish to Jupiter he had not been a Christian or had kept his religion to himself. But as for changing now—you might as well think of persuading the Prince himself to be a Jew, as talk to Thraso about that.’”

*(To be Continued.)*