

ings of the Church, of which they had been so long deprived, and Attalus especially felt that richly adorned altar and the dark vaults of the church of St. Christopher as his truest resting-place and home.

Afterward he was called on to be presented to the Bishop, or rather Archbishop, Remigius, or, as the French have always called him, St. Remi. Attalus knew that this was a great honor, and one that would delight his grandfather. For Remigius was in one way the Apostle of the Franks, and it was he who had baptized King Clovis. "Sicambrian, love what thou hast hated, renounce what thou hast loved!" were the memorable words that he had spoken when he had baptized and anointed the half-savage but awe-stricken king. It was whispered among the devout of Rheims, and came to be an article of firm belief among the French in after times, that the oil ~~where~~with St. Remi anointed the king had come in a holy ampulla, or vase, brought by a dove from heaven. All this ~~was~~ long ago, and Remi was a very old man, but still full of vigor and able to rebuke the violence of the Frank, and to be much interested in the escape of the grandson of Gregory of Langres.

If he had not been otherwise remarkable his great age would have made him memorable, for he was no less than ninety-four years old. When Attalus, followed at some distance by Leo, was brought toward him, the old man was sitting on his couch, with cushions behind him, his long gray beard and the locks that remained showing pure and silvery, his dark eyes still bright under their white brows, his face aquiline. He had once, it is said, been nearly seven feet tall, and though he bent over the staff on which his hands were clasped, he still presented a most noble and majestic appearance. Attalus always recollected him, like Jacob leaning on the top of his staff, and his greeting was in Jacob's words, "God be gracious unto thee, my son!"

The boy could not but bend the knee before him, and wait in silence to be questioned. Remi caused him to tell the whole story of his captivity and of his rescue, and beckoned Leo to come nearer and give his history of the escape, and of his entrance into Hunderik's service while he was still the servant of Gregory of Langres.

Then, while allowing that Hunderik fully deserved to lose Leo's price for his extortionate and illegal demand for Attalus, he added, "Though I command it not, yet it seems to me that it would be well that none should be able to speak against us as evil-doers, and therefore that the amount should be restored, if possible to this ungodly man."

Attalus and Leo both exclaimed that this should be their endeavor, and then the old man

gave his solemn blessing to the boy "delivered out of the hands of the fowler," and to the faithful and loving "brother, not servant," who had ventured himself for his rescue.

They bore his words away warm at their hearts when they set out with an escort of traveling merchants, and happily mounted on mules, feeling the contrast to their former miserable journey; though, such is human nature, Attalus could have complained of missing the spirit of the unbroken horses to which he had become accustomed.

In due time they rode into Langres, and without much notice reached the door of the Bishop's court-yard, though Attalus could not help staring round on all sides, marveling to see walls and trees, houses and stalls so unchanged since he went away, long, long ago as it seemed, and his heart leaping almost to his throat with the dread that he might not find his grandfather or his uncle in health or safety.

The change was all in himself. He had shot up from a little childish boy into a tall, strong-limbed lad; looking a good deal more like a Frank than a Roman, so that the porter exclaimed, "Ha! Leo! returned, art thou? Hast not sped? Or is this stranger come to deal with the master for the young lord?"

Attalus held his peace to hear the whole of this, then jumped to his feet and cried, What wouldst give for him, old Lucius?"

Lucius, in utter amaze, held out his hands.

"Is it?—it is!" then broke into a cry of wild joy, half choked with a sob. The servants came running together at the sound, but Attalus hurried through with winged steps, found his grandfather on his knees in the chapel, fell at his feet, and burst out in one joyful cry, "Praise, praise God, I say, Who hath brought me home, safe and sound, by the hands of this good—Oh! where is Leo?"

Leo was the centre of all the other inhabitants of the house, eagerly gathering up the knowledge of his exploit. A few minutes more, and Bishop Gregory, leaning on his grandson's arm, came out to him, and embraced him with a shower of tears, repeating almost the same words as St. Remi had said: "No more a servant, but a son beloved. Leo, thou art free, to whom I owe my child's life and freedom."

And Attalus, at the same moment, was exchanging ecstatic greetings with one after another—Tetricus, who called him a brand from the burning; Philetus, who hoped he had not forgotten all his Greek; and Baldrik, who looked far more like a Roman than he did; while poor old Gola seemed to purr round him like a cat, and was not happy till he had attended his nursling to bath and bed.

What more is there to tell? Leo was freed and endowed, but was sent to Tours as being more out of Hunderik's reach in case that chief