

the amount, and saying, "Take all and release him. It is worth nothing to me, and this is his fair purchase."

"I must have what I gave for him, or he is a dead loss," said the Jew.

"Dead verily. So he will be soon in thy keeping," said Leo.

Again Baldrik put in his oar: "Alive or dead, my father, Garfried of the Blue Sword, will come and take account of him from thee."

"Well, well," said the Jew, "let us see what is in the bag. Would I take a slave's word?"

Leo poured out his hoard on the pavement of the court; a large amount in quantity, but the value of each coin very small. They were of many mints, Roman and Frank, one or two going back to Julian and to Carausius, but this was not the point. The sum was just what Leo called it; but Abner, of course, estimated many pieces at a smaller price, and finally declared the contents to be far beneath any such ransom as he could accept for Gola, even with Baldrik's contribution added. Cornelius now brought a few coins of his own property; Philetus had nothing to give; but Leo's example stimulated some of the other bystanders to bring a few more sesterces—though none had saved like Leo, and the amount was but little swelled.

However, Abner had purchased poor Gola chiefly as a speculation, and had seen him pining away and growing more aged and weak every day, partly from grief and partly from the very different scale of living he met with at Treves from the comforts of a favorite servant in an episcopal household. The Jew already perceived that no one else would buy the worn-out old man, and that all he would gain was here; and as soon as he saw that there was absolutely no more to be got he began to chaffer with Cornelius, and finally, declaring that he was moved entirely by pity, and the affection that these Gentiles showed for one another, he accepted the ransom and moved off, while Gola threw himself at Leo's feet, sobbing out attempts at thanks, mingled with his grief and despair at Leo having thus given away all he had laid up for his own freedom.

"And I—wretch that I was!—had not voice nor manhood enough to refuse to profit by thy sacrifice."

"No sacrifice," said Leo, gruffly, "to remain here under our good master. How could I see my old comrade carried off by the dog Jew? It would have preyed on my mind forever. But let us hear of the young Attalus."

"Alas! alas! that I should be here, restored to my home and all its blessings, while he, the boy, the darling of my soul, is in the hands of those fiends, I know not where."

The whole household closed round Gola to hear what he had to tell, which only went as

far as that King Theudebert had put Attalus under the charge of Hunderik, and the successive deprivations that the poor boy had suffered; and there his knowledge ended, and he could only tell of the dismal court of the slave-dealer and his own sufferings.

Baldrik spoke out: "Hunderik lives up in the hills and moors beyond Treves. He is a wild barbarian. If my father knew he would hasten to Hundingburg with all his freemen and would fight with him till Attalus was free. Friedbald will be there. Oh, that I could still fight!"

"Well crowed for a young priest," said Cornelius, and though Baldrik blushed and shrank into himself his eyes still glanced fire.

"We shall see first," said Philetus, "what tidings our lord brings home from Paris, and whether the cities for which Attalus is a hostage have been delivered up."

Meantime Leo and the rest led the rescued Gola off to be fed and clothed.

(To be continued.)

THE SOWERS.



HEY are sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair;
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight;
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night.
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of pleasant thought;
In the Spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell;
Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed—
Of the gentle word and the kindly deed,
That hath blessed the earth in its sorest need;
Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of dire remorse and a maddened brain;
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again.
Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;
And some are sowing the seed of care,
Which their soul hath borne, and still must bear:
Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go.
Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness or sown in light,
Sown in weakness or sown in might,
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broad world field or the shadowy path,
Sure will the harvest be.