

held the divine muse sacred, but who can keep up a brave heart when he sees her persecuted she may only be worshipped in darkness in these days, and the queen of gods and men shuns the light like a moth, a bat, an owl. if we must die let it be with and for her once more let pure and perfect song rejoice this old heart, and if afterwards my children, we have no place in this dim, colorless world. while the arts lived there was spring on the earth. now they are condemned to death and it is winter. the leaves fall from all the trees, and we piping birds need groves to sing in. how often already has death laid his hand on our shoulder, every breath we draw is a boon of mercy the extra length given in by the weaver, the hour of grace granted by the hangman to his victim our lives are no longer our own, a borrowed purse with damaged copper coins. the hard hearted creditor has already bent his knuckles, and when he knocks the time is up. once more let us have one hour of pure and perfect enjoyment, and then we will pay up capital and interest when we must. it cannot and will not be yet, said herse resolutely, but she wiped her eyes with her band. if agne sings even, so long as she does it without coercion and of her own free will no bishop can punish us. he cannot, he dare not cried the old man. there are still laws and judges. and gorgos family is influential as well as rich. porphyrius has power to protect us, and you do not yet know what a fancy he has taken to us. ask mother. it is like a story, herse put in. before we left, the old lady she must be eighty or more took me aside and asked me where we were lodging. i told her at the widow marys and when she heard it she struck her crutch since the fire a thousand rumors of conspiracies and plots against the king had been flying about the camp. rameri at once freed the little prisoner, and heard from him that it was old hekt who, before her death, had sent kaschta and his daughter to the rescue of the king, that he himself had helped to rouse the troops, that now he had no home and wished to go to uarda. the prince himself led the child to nefert, and begged her to allow him to see uarda, and to let him stay with her servants till he himself returned from his fathers tent. the leeches had treated uarda with judgment, for under the influence of the bath she recovered her senses; when she had been dressed again in fresh garments and refreshed by the essences and medicines which they gave her to inhale and to drink, she was led back into neferts tent, where mena, who had never before seen her, was astonished at her peculiar and touching beauty. she is very like my danaid princess, he said to his wife; only she is younger and much prettier than she. little scherau came in to pay his respects to her, and she was delighted to see the boy; still she was sad, and however kindly nefert spoke to her she remained in silent reverie, while from time to time a large tear rolled down her cheek. you have lost your father said nefert, trying to comfort her. and i, my mother and brother both in one day. kaschta was rough but, oh so kind, replied uarda. he was always so fond of me; he was like the fruit of the doom palm; its husk is hard and rough, but he who knows how to open it finds the sweet pulp within. now he is dead, and my grandfather and grandmother are gone before him, and i am like the green leaf that i saw floating on the waters when we were crossing the sea; anything so forlorn i never saw, abandoned by all it flying at him, and now timidly retreating while it carefully held up one leg, which was wrapped in a many colored bandage. paulus recollected the enquiry which phoebicius lead addressed to the amalekite as to a greyhound, and he immediately guessed that the gauls runaway wife must be not far off. his heart beat more quickly, and although he did not immediately know how he should meet the disloyal wife, he felt himself impelled to go to seek her. without delay he followed the way by which the dog had come, and soon caught sight of a light garment, which vanished behind the nearest rock, and then behind a farther, and yet a farther one. at last he came up with the fleeing woman. she was standing at the very edge of a precipice, that rose high and sheer above the abyss a strange and fearful sight; her long golden hair had got tangled, and waved over her bosom and shoulders, half plaited, half undone. only one foot was firm on the ground; the other with its thin sandal all torn by the sharp stones was stretched out over the abyss, ready for the next fatal step. at the next instant she might disappear over the cliff. for though with her right hand she held on to a point of rock, paulus could