

Andreas

translated by

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Lo! we have heard of twelve glorious men in olden days under the stars, the thanes of God; nor did their glory fail them in the fray when standards massed together, what time they were divided according as the Lord Himself, the high King of heaven, revealed to them their lot. And they were mighty men over the earth, brave leaders of the folk, bold in battle, stout of heart, when hand and buckler shielded the helm on the plain of war, on the field of fate. And of these one was Matthew, who among the Jews first wrote in word with wondrous craft the Gospel. And holy God cast His lot out upon that island where none of alien race might yet have home or bliss; often the hand of murderous men smote him heavily upon the battlefield. And all that borderland, stronghold of men and native home of heroes, was compassed about by death and the fraud of the foe; and for man there was not any food of bread upon that plain, nor any drink of water to relish; but they ate blood and skin, the flesh of men, of those come from far, among the people. Such was their usage that they took as food for meatless men any one of alien tribes, of those who sought that island. Such was the custom of this peaceless folk, a band of wretched men, that these grim-hearted foes, in angry wrath, with point of spear destroyed their seeing eyes, the jewels of the head. And wizards blended unto them, with magic craft, a bitter gruesome drink which turned the mind, the spirit of these men, their inmost heart. Their soul was changed so that they yearned not after human joy, these blood-greedy men, but weary with hunger were plagued with hay and grass.

II. Then was Matthew come unto that mighty town, within the city. And there was exceeding tumult throughout Mermedonia, a godless host, thronging of evil men, what time these thanes of Satan learned the journey of that princely man. Quickly they went out against him under

shield, armed with spears; these savage bearers of the ashen spear were no wise slow unto the fray. And these hell-destined men bound the hands of the holy man, made him fast with fiendish craft, and with the sword-point smote his eyes. Yet even then that blessed man with steadfast heart, though he received that loathsome, poisoned draft, adored the Warden of heaven's kingdom with soul and spirit, and ever boldly praised the Prince of glory, the Lord of heaven, with holy voice from out his prison; for the praise of Christ was steadfastly imprinted on his heart. Then weeping weary tears with voice of woe, in tones of wretchedness, he called upon his Victor-Lord, the Prince of all, Giver of joy to men, and spake this word:

"How do these alien men weld chains of malice upon me and fetters of death! Ever have I been eagerly mindful of Thy will in heart; now in sorrow, even as the dumb cattle must I do my deeds. Thou alone knowest the thoughts of all, O Lord of man, the heart within the breast. But if it be Thy will, O Prince of glory, that faithless men shall slay me with the sword with edged weapons, then am I ready, O my God, thou joy-giver of angels, to endure what thou mayest decree unto me in my exile, O Lord of man. In mercy grant me, Thou Almighty God, light in this life, that not in blindness in these cities, by reason of sworded-hate, and the reviling words of blood-greedy men, I suffer a long space the scorn of hostile scathers. On Thee alone, Thou Warden of the earth, have I set my heart, my steadfast love, and I entreat Thee, Father of angels, bright Giver of bliss, that thou give me not over among my foes, these wretched workers of sin, unto that worst of deaths upon the earth, O judge of men!"

And after these words there came from heaven a holy sign of glory, even as the radiant sun, unto the prison. Thus was revealed that holy God wrought help for him. Then was heard under the sky the wondrous voice of the King of heaven, the sound of the word of the mighty Lord. And unto His vassal thane, steadfast in the strife, in his woeful thraldom He tendered comfort and healing with voice sublime:

"I grant thee, Matthew, my peace beneath the heavens. Nor be thou fearful in thy soul, nor grieve in heart. For I will dwell with thee, and free thee from thy fetters, and all that host that sojourneth with thee in heavy need. Unto thee in radiance with holy might the plain of Paradise

is opened, highest of bliss, fairest of dwellings, sweetest of homes, where thou mayest have joy of glory forever and forever. Endure the menace of this folk. It shall be no long time that these faithless men may weigh thee down with bonds, by craft of sin. But I shall send Andrew straightway unto thee to be a shelter and a solace in this heathen city, and he shall loose thee from the hatred of this folk. Nor shall the tale of time be long unto that hour, in sooth but seven and twenty numbered nights, till thou mayest go forth from thy affliction, spent with sorrow, by victory glorified, and turn aside from misery unto the keeping of God.”

And the Holy Helm of every creature, the Lord of angels, departed unto the celestial kingdom. Rightfully is He the steadfast King, ruling in every place. Then was Matthew heartened anew exceedingly and the veil of night glided away, swiftly vanished; light came and the stir of dawn. The host assembled, heathen battle-wolves gathered in throngs, armour rang, spears shook, and under the shelter of shields hearts were wroth. For they were fain to know whether they lived alive who in that prison, fast in fetters, held their cheerless home; which one of them they first might take as food, after the appointed time despoil of life. For those flesh-greedy men had written in runic writing, with craft of reckoning, the end of the days of every man, when they should take him to be food for famished men among that folk. Savagely they shrieked, one band joined another, nor did these warriors wild reek any whit of right, or of the grace of God. Oft by Satan’s counsel they smote under cover of darkness, when they had trust in their unholy gods. There they found that holy man, wise of heart, waiting with courage in his darksome dungeon what the radiant King, the Lord of angels, would grant to him.

III. Then was the space of the appointed time passed away save for three nights, as these war-wolves had written it, when they thought to smite his frame asunder, quickly sever soul and body, and then deal out to old and young, to be a toothsome food to men, the flesh of that dead man. Nor did these ravening wolves of war mourn for his life how that the soul must journey onward after the pangs of death. But so each thirty days they wrought their deeds. On them great craving lay, so that with bloody jaws they rent the flesh of men, to be their sustenance. Yet was He mindful, who with mighty power stablished the earth, how he abode

in misery among an alien folk, constrained with bonds, who of his love suffered among the Hebrews and the men of Israel, and mightily withstood the magic art of the Jews.

Then was the holy voice heard from heaven where the blessed Andrew bode in the Achaian land, where he instructed men in the way of life. And to that dauntless man the Glory of kings, the Ruler of mankind, the Lord of hosts, revealed his secret thought and spake this word:

“Thou shalt fare forth and carry peace, journeying seek that land where man-eating men do ward their home, and hold their dwelling-place by murderous might. Such is their usage that they will not grant life to any unknown man within their folkland whensoever these sinning men in Mermedonia happen upon a helpless wight. But there death shall come upon him and cruel rack. There I know thy victor-brother abideth, fast in bonds, among that folk. Three nights is it now before that time when among that folk, in heathen strife, smitten of the spear, he shall send forth his soul, destined unto another land, except thou come before that hour.” And swiftly Andrew gave Him answer: “How may I journey on so distant way, over the deep sea-path, thus speedily, O my God, Thou Lord of heaven, Wielder of glory! as Thou dost say? That may Thine angel from the heavens easily attain. For he knoweth the compass of the seas, the salty ocean-streams, the swan-road and the tumbling surges, the tumult of the water floods, and ways across wide lands. No friends are known to me among those alien earls, neither do I know the heart of any man, nor are the ways across the cold sea-water known to me a whit.”

And unto him Eternal God gave answer:

“Alas! Andrew, that ever thou shouldest be slow unto this journey! It were no hard deed for Almighty God to work upon the paths of earth, that that city be moved unto this people under the span of heaven, its noble throne and all its habitants, did but the God of glory speak it with His word. Nor couldest thou be slow unto this journey, nor over-weak of wit, did thou think well to hold covenant with thy Lord, and faithful compact. At the hour be thou all-prepared; of this errand may be no delaying. Thou shalt fare forth and bear thy life unto the clutch of cruel men, where strife of contest will be offered, with shout of heathen

warriors, and battle-craft of heroes. Straight with early day, just at the dawn, at the sea's strand, thou shalt ascend thy ship and on the chill floods plunge o'er the ocean-path. And where thou farest throughout my earth, have blessing."

And the holy Holder and Wielder of all, Lord of high angels, Warden of the world, departed to seek his native realm, that glorious home where souls of righteous men, after the ruin of this earthly frame, may joy in life.

IV. So was his charge entrusted to that valiant noble in the cities. Nor was his heart craven, but he was unflinching in heroic deed, bold and resolute, no whit slow in war, ready unto the fray, steadfast in the battle of the Lord. In the early dawn at the break of day he departed over the sandy dunes unto the sea-beach with leaping heart; and with him fared his thanes across the sand. The ocean roared, seas thundered on the shore. All exultant was that valiant man when he beheld his broad-beamed ship upon the shingle.

Then came the radiant morning, brightest of beacons, over the sea, the holy shining candle of heaven, hasting out of the darkness over the ocean floods. And he beheld three noble thanes, wardens of ships, high-hearted men, sitting in a sea-boat, and hasting onward as they came across the waves. That was God Himself, the Lord of hosts, Eternal, Almighty, with his angels twain. And they were in the garb of sailors, earls unlike sea-faring men, when on the ocean's bosom, over a distant course, on the chill water-ways, they dance in ships. And he who stood upon the sand, sturdy of heart upon the shore, hailed them and gave them question:

"Whence come ye voyaging in ships, ye men of might, in your ocean-courser, lone floater of the deep? Whence did the sea-stream bring you over the weltering waves?"

And unto him Almighty God gave answer, so that he wist not, who abode His word, what man of counsel this might be unto whom he spake upon the strand.

"We from the Mermedonian folk have fared from far. Our high-beaked ship, our swift sea-stallion dowered with speed, bare us

upon the flood over the whale-road, till that we sought the land of this people, carried onward by the sea as the wind drove us."

And Andrew spake with humble heart: "I would fain entreat thee, though I may give but little treasure, but little store of precious things, that thou guide us in thy steep-sided ship, thy high beaked skiff, over the home of the whale unto that people. And may thy guerdon be with God that thou wast kindly unto us upon this journey."

And again the Helm of princes, the Maker of angels, gave him answer from His vessel:

"Neither may far-travellers dwell there nor alien men enjoy a home; but in that city they suffer death whoso venture thither from distant lands. Hast thou craving now that there in death, beyond the wide-flung sea, thou bring thy life to ruin?" And Andrew gave him answer: "Unto that folk-land longing urgeth us, exceeding craving unto that mighty city, O dearest Prince, if thou wilt but show kindness unto us upon the billowy sea."

From His ship's prow the Prince of angels, Saviour of man, gave answer unto him:

"Gladly will we ferry thee with us over the fishes' bath, even unto that land which longing urgeth thee to seek, when ye have paid your toll, the appointed rate, even as ye pay to boatmen and warders of ships over the vessel's side."

And quickly Andrew spake unto his friend's demand: "Neither have I beaten gold nor store of treasure, weal nor wealth, nor web of golden strands, nor land, nor linked rings, that I may fulfil thy will, thy craving in the world as thou dost ask."

And unto him the Prince of men, seated upon the gang-board, held converse across the tossing waves:

"How hath it come to thee, O dearest friend, that thou wouldest fain fare forth upon the watery hills and ocean's confines; and, empty of treasure, seek out a ship over the chill mountain-seas? Hast thou to thy comfort on the ocean-way no store of food, neither pure drink to thy weal? Verily hard is the way of life to him who proveth long sea-voyages."

Then Andrew gave answer unto Him and, wise of heart, revealed his secret thought:

“It beseemeth ill for that God hath granted thee weal and wealth and fortune in the world, that thou seek answer thus with haughty pride and wounding word. Better is it for every one of men that with humble heart he graciously receive way-faring men, even as Christ gave bidding, the Prince of glory. For we are His vassal thanes, chosen unto the strife, and rightfully is He the Wielding King, the Shaper of heaven’s glory, the One Eternal God of every creature, as He comprehendeth all things by His strength alone, heaven and earth with holy might, best of victories. Himself He spake that word, the Father of every folk, and bade us hie us forth and strive for souls, throughout the spacious world. ‘Fare ye now through all the regions of the world, even as far as the sea extends and meadows lie along the way. And in the cities preach ye radiant faith over the bosom of earth, and I will grant you peace. Neither need ye take treasure on that journey, nor gold nor silver; but I will grant you all good things and bless your power!’ Now mayest thou know our journey with thoughtful heart, and quickly must I know what thou willest to do to our advantage.”

And unto him Eternal God gave answer:

“If ye are thanes whom God raised up throughout the earth, as ye say to me, and ye observe those things the Holy Lord hath bidden, then joyfully will I ferry you over the ocean-streams as ye have asked.” Then stout of heart, these valiant men went up into the ship. And the soul of every man was gladdened upon the tossing sea.

And mid the ocean surges Andrew prayed the Prince of glory for favour on that seafaring man and spake this word:

“May the Lord, the Maker of mankind, grant thee honour, gladness in the world and bliss in heaven, as thou hast shown me loving-kindness upon this journey.”

And the holy man sat him down nigh unto the shipman, noble beside noble. Never did I hear of vessel fairer fraught with goodly treasure. For in it sat these warriors, these noble princes, beauteous thanes. Then spake the mighty Prince, Eternal and Almighty, bade His angel go, His radiant vassal thane, and bring forth food and gladden that wretched man on the ocean surges, that they the more easily might endure their course over the tossing waves.

V. Then was there tumult, the sea was stirred; the horn-fish played, gliding through the deep, and above circled the grey sea-mew, greedy of prey. The sun was darkened and the winds arose; waves broke and seas ran high, the rigging moaned. Billows swept them, and water-terror rose with might. The thanes were smit of fear, nor did any ween ever to come alive unto the land, of those who took ship with Andrew upon the sea; nor was it yet known to them who guided their bark across the deep. But even yet upon the ocean path, on the oar-stirred sea, the holy Andrew, a thane well-pleasing to his Lord, gave thanks unto their mighty Guide, that he was stayed with food:

“For this meal may the Righteous God, the Radiant Prince of life, the Lord of hosts, give thee reward and grant thee food, the bread of heaven, even as thou showest favour and grace to me upon these mountain-seas. Now are my thanes dismayed, these warriors young; the sea-stream rageth, dasheth unto heaven; the ocean-bed is stirred, the deep is roused. Valour is overwhelmed, the might of stalwart men exceeding troubled.”

And from the sea the Lord of men spake unto him: “Let now our floating ship fare onward to the strand, over the ocean fastness, and there let thy thanes, thy liegemen, bide upon the shore until thou come again.”

But swift the earls, the enduring thanes, gave answer unto him (nor would they brook that they should leave their well-loved leader in the ship and choose the land):

“Whither may we turn without a lord, soul-sorrowful, empty of good, wounded with sin, if we depart from thee? For we are hated in every land, of every folk abhorred when stalwart sons of men hold counsel, which of them hath ever best upholden their lord in battle, when hand and shield upon the plain of war, hacked with swords, in the sport of strife, suffered heavy hardship.”

Then spake the mighty Prince; the covenant-keeping King lifted up His voice:

“If thou, as thou dost say, indeed be thane of the King of glory, reigning in majesty, make clear that mystery, how He taught mortal men under the clouds. Long is the journey over the fallow flood; comfort the hearts of thy men. Wide is the way across the ocean-stream, and land is

far to seek. The ocean-sands are stirred, the deep unto the shore, yet may God easily bring help unto sea-faring men."

And he began to comfort his followers, his glorious thanes, with words of wisdom:

"Ye purposed, who came upon the sea, that ye would venture mid a hostile folk, and for the love of God would suffer death, lay down your lives in the Ethiopian realm. Full well I wist the God of angels, Lord of hosts, would shelter us. By the might of the King of glory the water-terror shall be quelled and overcome, and kindlier grow the tossing sea.

"So also it befell of old that in a bark, over the weltering waves, we proved the watery deep, riding the seas. Hateful seemed those sullen ocean-ways; the billows beat upon the shore. Oft the deep cried out, one wave unto another, and whiles there rose a horror from the ocean's womb unto the vessel's deck, over our bark. And there the Almighty bode upon our ship, the radiant Lord of men. Then were the men fearful of heart; they yearned for calm and mercy at the hand of the sublime God. And the company began to cry aloud upon the ship; then straight the King arose and stilled the waves, the surging seas, and rebuked the winds. The sea was hushed; calm were the stretches of the ocean-streams. Then our hearts were glad, when we beheld, beneath the span of heaven, the winds and waves and tumbling seas, smitten with fear for terror of the Lord. Wherefore I say to you in sooth that never will the living God forsake an earl on earth, if his deeds be good."

Thus spake the holy champion, of thoughtful heart, the blessed warrior taught his thanes, comforted his followers until that sleep came suddenly upon them, weary beside the mast. The sea subsided and the rushing waves were turned away, the tumult of the deep; and the heart of the holy man was gladdened after the time of terror.

Wise of rede he spake, sage of soul unlocked his secret thought: "Never did I meet better shipman or one of greater craft than thou seemest unto me, never more stalwart rower, or one of better rede, or wiser word. And now again, O noble earl, I beg of thee a boon. Though I may give but little treasure, but little store of precious things, of beaten gold, I fain would win thy fair friendship, if I might, most glorious Prince. Wherefore thou shalt win gifts and holy bliss in heaven's glory, if

thou be bounteous of thy lore unto sea-weary men. For at thy hand, O kingly man, I would learn craft, that thou mayest teach me, since the King of glory, the Shaper of man, hath granted thee might to guide the wave-ships compassed by the sea, ocean-stallions across the deep.

“Sixteen voyages have I made upon the deep, early and late, in ships, with freezing hands as I smote the sea, the ocean-streams; but this is now a greater. Yet never did I behold a man, a lusty hero like to thee, steering over the ship-stem. The ocean surges roar and beat upon the strand; full swift is the bark. It fareth foamy-necked, most like a bird, and skimmeth on the sea. Full well I wot that never on the wave-path did I behold more wondrous craft in any shipman. For it is most like as if on land it stood at rest, where storm nor wind might stir it, nor surges shatter its high beak, although with speed it hasteth on upon the sea under its sails. Thou art full young, the helm of warriors, nowise old in winters, and in thy sailor’s heart thou hast a noble answer; and wisely hast thou understanding of each man’s word before the world.”

The Eternal Lord gave answer unto him:

“Oft it doth befall that in a bark, in ships amid the shipmen, when the squall cometh, we plunge across the deep in our ocean steeds. Whiles it fareth hardly with us on the waves, upon the sea, although we boldly endure unto the journey’s end. Nor may the ocean surges work swift harm to any man against the will of God; but He hath dominion of life who doth bind the sea, trammel and constrain the darksome waves. And He shall rule the nations with righteousness, who lifted up the heaven, with His hands established it, wrought it and stayed it, and filled the radiant Paradise with glory. So was the home of angels prospered by His only might.

“Wherefore is it clear and manifest, openly seen, that thou art a thane favoured of the King, reigning in majesty. Wherefore the ocean knew, the compass of the seas, that thou hadst grace of the Holy Spirit; and the billows abated, the turmoil of the waves; the horror was stilled, the ample floods. The tides decreased when they perceived that God did hold thee closely in His keeping, who with mighty power stablished the bliss of heaven.”

VI. Then stout of heart, with holy voice, that champion spake, revered the King, the Lord of glory, and spake this word:

“Blessed be Thou, Prince of mortal men, Lord and Saviour! Ever Thy doom endureth far and near; Thy name is holy, adorned in glory among every people, and magnified in grace. Nor is there any man under the span of heaven, any one of mortal race, who may expound aright or know the reckoning how Thou in glory, Lord of nations, Saviour of souls, dealest out Thy grace. Truly is it manifest, O Lord of spirits, that Thou wast gracious to this lad, and didst honour him in youth, wise in wit, with gifts and skill of speech. Never of equal age did I meet any man more sage of soul.”

Then in the ship the Glory of kings, the Beginning and the End. spake nobly unto him:

“O thane wise of heart, say, if thou canst, how it befell among mankind, that impious men with evil thoughts, the Jewish race, did raise up blasphemy against the Son of God, unhappy men! Cruel and wroth of heart they had not faith in their Lord of life, that He was God, though He wrought many wonders before the people, open and manifest. These sinners might not know the noble Child, born to be a refuge and a comfort to mortal men, to all the dwellers of earth. For the Prince waxed great in word and wisdom, and, ever having glory of these wonders, he showed them forth before that folk perverse.”

And Andrew gave him answer: “How could it happen on the earth, dearest of men, that thou hearest not of the Redeemer’s might, how He, the Son of the all-wielding God, showed forth His grace throughout the spacious earth. He granted speech unto the dumb, the deaf did hear, the hearts of lame and leprous men He gladdened, those who long were sick of limb, weary and feeble, fast bound in pain. Throughout the cities the blind saw; likewise upon earth, by His word, He waked many divers men, many of mortal race, from death. Thus this kingly man wrought many wonders by His might. He hallowed for the multitude wine of water, and for the joy of men bade it turn unto a finer essence; likewise with two fishes and five loaves he fed five thousand of the race of men; glad of heart the multitude sat round about, in joy of respite, weary from their journey; seated upon the ground they took their food as was most pleasing unto them. Now mayest thou hear, O dearest youth, how the

Lord of glory in the days of life loved us with word and deed, and by His counsels urged us unto that beauteous joy, where we in freedom and in bliss may have our home with angels, those men who after death do seek the Lord."

Then again the Warden of the way unlocked His secret thought, and on the gang-board boldly spake:

"Canst thou say unto me, that I may know in sooth whether thy Lord, when He worked wonders on the earth, at no few times, showed them forth before the folk to their comfort, where bishops, scribes, and rulers were met together in council? To me it seemeth that they for jealous hatred devised iniquity, deep in error by the devil's counsels, all too fain were death-doomed men to hearken to their faithless foes. Them Wyrð deceived, misled and taught them ill; soon shall they, wretched among wretched men, know woe and grievous fire in the clutch of fiends."

And Andrew gave Him answer: "I say to thee in sooth, that He exceeding oft, before the rulers of the folk, did wonder upon wonder in the sight of men, and likewise secretly the Lord of men wrought weal in peace, according as He purposed."

The Helm of princes answered him: "Canst thou say in word, thou man of wisdom, thou valiant-hearted youth, the wonders that He wrought in secret, when with His band the Lord of heaven sat in secret council?"

Andrew answered Him: "Why dost thou question me, most dearest prince, in wondrous words, when thou thyself dost know the truth of each event, by reason of thy wisdom's power

And yet again the Warden of the wave addressed him: "Neither do I question thee with ill intent or hurtful word upon the sea, but my heart rejoiceth, waxeth with delight by reason of thy converse, thy great nobility. Nor I alone, but the heart of every man shall taste of happiness; his soul shall be comforted whoso far or near is mindful of what things the Lord, the Son of God, wrought upon earth. Souls were converted, and, hastening onward through His wondrous power, sought out the joys of heaven, the angel's homeland."

And swiftly Andrew gave him answer:

“Now do I clearly see in thee thyself wisdom’s wit of wondrous power, triumphant fortune granted; thy breast doth flower within with knowledge and with radiant bliss. Now will I tell to thee end and beginning, even as I did hear the word and wisdom of that Prince, in the assembly of men, from his own lips. Oft ample hosts were met together to the Master’s councils, unnumbered folk and hearkened to the teaching of that holy man. Then the Helm of princes departed again, the radiant Giver of bliss, unto His other home, where many came to meet Him unto the assemblage, wise hall-possessors praising God. And ever they rejoiced, blithe of heart, at the coming of their City-Warder. Thus it befell of old the Victor-judge, the mighty Prince, went on His way; nor were there many people present at that faring forth, no others of His folk, but only eleven numbered liegemen, filled with glory; and He Himself was twelfth.

“Then we came unto the royal city, where was built the temple of the Lord, high, with slender towers, known to men, adorned with glory. And the high-priest mocked us with reviling word, with bitter speech, in malice; laid bare his secret thought, and wove reproach. Full well he knew we followed in the footsteps of that Righteous One, and kept His words of counsel. And straight, perverse of heart, shaken with woe, he lifted up his voice:

“‘Lo! above all men are ye wretched, ye who wander o’er the weary ways, and fare on many troublous journeys, and, without the land’s law, hearken to the counsels of an alien man, ye who, bereft of bliss, proclaim your prince and say forsooth that ye have daily converse with the Son of God. And yet to all men is it known whence he is sprung. For he was reared in this folkland, born as a child amid his kinfolk. We have learned his father and his mother, dwellers of his home, are called Mary and Joseph; and to him other children twain were born in brotherhood, Simon and Jacob, the sons of Joseph.’ Thus spake the leader of the folk, eager for fame, and thought to veil the might of God. And crime was come and endless evil there where it rose aforetime.

“Then the Prince, the Lord of men, with a band of His liege thanes, departed away from the assemblage, strong in might, to seek His secret kingdom. By many wonders in the waste He showed His might, that He was King indeed, made strong with power over all the earth Wielder

and Shaper of the heavenly glory, the One Eternal God of every creature. Likewise a countless tale of other wondrous works He wrought before the eyes of men. Then He departed again with a mighty host, and stood within the temple, the Lord of glory. His voice arose throughout the lofty house. Yet sinful men heeded not the counsel of the Holy Man though He wrought many a true token while they gazed. Likewise the Prince of victory beheld the likeness of His angels, strange and wondrous, graven on the temple-wall on either hand, beauteously wrought and shaped with splendour. And He spake this word:

This is a likeness of the angel-order, of the noblest of the dwellers in that city, who are named Cherubim and Seraphim, in heaven's glory. Before the face of the Eternal Lord they stand with eager heart, and with their voices laud the glory of the King of heaven, the grace of God, with holy hymns. And here by handicraft is shown their image, upon the wall engraven, thanes of glory.' And again the Lord of hosts spake, the Heavenly Spirit, before that multitude:

"Now I bid a sign appear, and a wonder wax amid the multitude of men, that this image come down unto earth in beauty from the wall and speak, and in words of truth declare (that earls on earth may have belief) what my origin may be.'

"Neither durst it transgress the bidding of the Saviour, a sign before the hosts, but it leapt forth from the wall, stone from stone, that ancient olden work, and stood upon the earth. Then through the hard flint came a loud voice; his speech thundered and sounded forth (and wondrous seemed the action of the stone to those stout-hearted men). Wisely He constrained with tokens manifest the seven priests and spake this word:

"Unhappy men are ye, of wretched thought, misled by guile, ignorant of good, confused of heart. For ye do scorn the Eternal Son of God, and Him who with His hands created land and sea, sky and earth and the angry waves, the salt sea-streams and the heaven above. This is the same all-ruling God whom in days of old your fathers knew; to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob He granted grace, decked them with wealth, and first to Abraham foretold the issue of the noble man, that of his kin should spring the God of glory. Now is the event open and manifest among you, and ye may with your eyes behold the Victor-God, the Lord of heaven.'

“And after these words the host throughout the spacious hall hearkened and all were still. Then the oldest, men of sin, began to say (nor would they see the truth) that it was wrought by magic might and sorcery, that the radiant stone spake before men. Sin waxed in the breasts of men; burning hate, that worm hostile to weal, that baleful venom, welled in their hearts. Then was evident by bitter speech a doubting heart, misthought of men compassed about by death. And the Prince bade that imaged stone go forth from that spot upon the road, to journey forth and tread the ways of earth, the meadows green, and by his counsels lead the messengers of God within the realm unto Chananeas, and by the King’s command bid Abraham and his two sons arise from out their graves, to leave their rest within the earth, collect their limbs together and receive their spirits and their youth again, and with their life renewed, aged counsellors, to come and show forth to this folk what God they knew of old by His great might.

“Then he went forth even as the mighty Prince, the Shaper of men, had charged him, over the roads of the marches, so that he came brightly gleaming unto Mambre as the Lord had bidden, where for a long space of time the bodies of the patriarchs were buried in the earth. He swiftly bade Abraham and Isaac and princely Jacob rise quickly from out the earth, from their fast sleep to meet with God; he bade them gird themselves and fare unto the council of the Lord. For they must manifest unto the folk who it was that at the first beginning fixed the radiant green earth and heaven above, and who the Ruler was who wrought that handiwork. No long time durst they withstand the word of the King of glory; these three men of wisdom, stout of heart, departed away treading the marchland, and left their house of mould, their open earthly graves. For they would fain make known forthwith the Father of Creation. Then was that folk smitten of terror, when those princely men worshipped the Lord of glory. And straight the Keeper of the kingdom bade them go again in peace, with blessedness unto the bliss of heaven, and there have joy for ever of their desires. So mayest thou perceive, most dearest youth, how He wrought many a wonder by His word, though men, blind of heart, believed not in His teachings. Still many a thing I wot, great, glorious tidings, what things the Master wrought, the

Lord of heaven; yet couldest thou not endure nor understand them, though thou be wise of heart."

VII. Thus all the live-long day Andrew laid bare the teachings of the Holy One till sleep came suddenly upon him, on the whale-path, nigh to the King of heaven. Then the Lord of life bade His angels bear him over the tossing waves, in their arms lift up that well-loved man with blessing, in his Father's keeping, over the ocean-floods, till slumber fell on those sea-weary men. Flying through the air they came to land, unto that city which the King of angels ... then arose to journey blessedly upon His upward course, to seek His native home. They left the holy man beside the road, dreaming in peace, beneath the span of heaven, blithely biding nigh unto the city wall, nigh unto his hateful foes, the night-long time, until God let the candle of the day shine forth in splendour. The dark shadows vanished away under the clouds; then came the sun, radiant splendour of heaven, shining over the dwellings. The hardy warrior woke and scanned the plain; before the city gates rose lofty dunes and hills; about the darksome cliff stood dwellings of coloured tiles, towers and windy walls. Then knew the sage, that he had journeyed to the Mermedonian folk as he himself had bidden, and the Father of mankind aforetime had given charge. He saw his young men round about him on the sand, stalwart forms dreaming in slumber, and soon he waked these warriors and spake this word:

"I say to you in sooth beyond all doubting that yesterday the Lord ferried us on the ocean stream over the deep. The Glory of all kings was in that ship, the Lord of men. His word I recognized though He had veiled His mien." And unto him his men gave answer, young in speech and mystic knowledge: "We will declare fully our journey unto thee, Andrew, that thou thyself mayest wisely know it in thy heart. Sleep fell upon us, weary with the sea; then eagles came across the surging waves, exulting in their feathery flight. And as we slept they took away our souls, and with joy bore them through the air in flight, with blithesome cries. Radiant and kindly they joyously showed forth their love, continuing ever in hymns of praise. And there was everlasting song and traverse of the heavens, and beauteous throng of hosts, celestial bands. Round about the Prince stood angels, thanes about their King in

thousand fold, and in the heights, with holy voices, praised the Lord of lords. Joy of joys was there. We recognized the holy patriarchs, no little band of martyrs. Unceasingly the glorious hosts hymned with songs of praise their Victor-Lord. There was David, the blessed champion, Jesse's son and King of Israel, come before Christ. Likewise we saw standing before the Son of God you who are ever noble, the glorious twelve. On you attended the dwellers of majesty, the holy Archangels. Well is it with those men who may enjoy bliss. There was joy of glory, splendour of warriors, noble concourse, nor was there sorrow there for any man. But exile shall be decreed and torment opened wide for such as are alien unto these joys, and wander in misery when they go hence."

Then was the heart of the holy man exceeding gladdened within him, when he heard the sayings of his young men, that God should honour them so greatly above all men; and the Warden of warriors spake this word: "Now have I perceived, O Lord God, that thou wast not far from me on the ocean-way, Thou Glory of Kings, when I ascended up into my ship, though on the flowing waves I did not recognize the Prince of angels, Redeemer of souls. Be Thou mild and gracious unto me, Almighty God, Thou radiant King. Many a word I spake upon the ocean-stream, and now I know what man it was that ferried me across the floods with honour in His wooden bark. He is the Spirit of comfort to the race of men; there is ready help and mercy at His mighty hand, and fortune in the field granted to every man of those who seek of Him."

Then was the Prince revealed before his eyes in that same hour, the King of every living creature, in the image of a man. And the Lord of glory spake this word: "Hail to thee, Andrew, with thy willing band, blithe of heart. I will hold thee safe, that evil foes, dire snare-devisers, may not work a harm unto your souls."

Then he fell upon the ground; with prayers the man of wisdom sought for grace; he questioned his dear Lord:

"How wrought I that, O Lord of men, that I might not know Thee as God upon the ocean-path when I spake more of words before my Lord than well I should?"

Him answered the all-ruling God: "Thou wroughtest not so sinfully as when in Achaia thou didst strive against me, that thou couldest not fare upon the far ways, nor come unto the city, neither achieve this thing

in three nights' space of time, as I bade thee to fare over the toilsome ways. Now dost thou know more clearly that I may easily accomplish all things, and further all my friends on earth as is dearest unto me. Now straight arise and quickly take rede, O blessed man, and the bright Father shall honour thee with glorious gifts for ever, with craft and might. Go thou under the city gates, unto the town where thy brother lies. I know that Matthew, by the hand of godless men is smitten with grievous wounds, thy dear friend compassed about with nets of guile. Him shalt thou seek, and free that beloved man from the hate of foes, and all that company of men who sojourn with him, balefully bound with the cunning fetters of alien men. Soon shall relief come to him on earth, and reward in heaven, as I myself declared to him aforetime.

“Soon shalt thou struggle, Andrew, in the clutch of cruel men. Battle shall be brought against thee and thy body be smit with heavy sword strokes, with wounds most like to water. Thy blood shall flow in streams. Yet may they not doom thy life to death though thou suffer blows, the strokes of sinful men. Endure that woe; neither let the might of heathen men turn thee aside that thou forsake the Lord, thy God. Be eager of glory always, and mindful in heart how it was known to many a folk, through many a land, that wretched men mocked me, fast in bonds, taunted and struck and scourged me. Yet might not men of sin by wounding word make known the truth. Then was I hung upon the cross among the Jews; the rood was lifted up, and there a warrior let forth My blood from out My side, My gore unto the ground. Many a woe I suffered in the world, for I would fain give you, blithe of heart, a pattern as it shall be known among all peoples. Many are there in this mighty city whom thou shalt turn unto the light of heaven, by My name, though many a deed of murder have they wrought in days of old.”

Then the Holy One departed unto heaven, the King of kings, with gladsome heart, unto His pure home; and there is grace prepared for every one of men who may find it.

VIII. And the hero of enduring heart was heedful and bold unto the battle. Into the city swiftly went the unflinching warrior, strong with courage, brave of heart, faithful unto God. He strode upon the street and took his way, so that no one of sinful men might know or see him. The

Lord of victory had sheltered the dear prince with favour in that place. Then had the noble champion of Christ hastened onward nigh unto the prison. And he beheld a band of heathen men gathered together before the fast-closed door, seven prison wardens standing. Death took them all, hapless they fell; sudden slaughter came upon those men of blood. And the holy man gave thanks in his heart unto the merciful Father, revered the grace and majesty of heaven's King on high. And by a hand-touch of the Holy Spirit the door stood swiftly open, and, heedful of heroic deeds, that stalwart man of battle passed within. The heathen slept the sleep of death, drunken with blood; with gore they reddened all the battle-place. He beheld Matthew in that house of death, that valiant man within the dungeon, giving thanks to God, glory to the Prince of angels. There he sat alone, sad and heavy with sorrow, in his prison-cell. Then that godly man beheld his holy well-beloved comrade under the sky; hope was renewed again. And he arose to go to him, and thanked God that once again they might behold each other hale under the sun. In both their brother-hearts was mutual love and joy anew. Each clasped the other in his arms, embraced and kissed. And both were dear unto the heart of Christ. About them shone a light, holy and heavenly bright; their hearts within were welling up with joy. Then Andrew first began to greet with speech his noble comrade, God-fearing man, within his prison, and told him of the strife to come, the war of hostile men:

"Now is thy folk a-joyed; men hither ... deed to visit earth." And after these words these thanes of glory, both the brothers, bowed them down to pray, and lifted up their supplication to the Son of God. Thus the holy man did greet his God in that place of torment, and prayed for grace and comfort from the Saviour, ere that his body fell before the battle-might of heathen men. Then he led forth from the prison, from out their bonds, in God's protection, two hundred and seventy numbered souls, redeemed from tribulation. Not one he left within the citadel, fast in bonds; and of women, in addition to this host, lacking one ... fifty he set free from fear. Fain were they of that going forth; stole swiftly on, nor long abode impending battle within that court of woe. And as the holy man gave bidding, Matthew went forth leading that company in God's keeping, a host covered with cloud, upon their joyous way, lest that the tribunes come to work them harm, their olden foes, with flying

arrows; and there those valiant men, the faithful comrades, held counsel ere they parted.

Each earl made strong the other with hope of heaven, and guarded against the torments of hell. So these warriors, stalwart-hearted men, proven champions, with holy voices adored the King, the Lord of fate, whose glory shall have no end in all the ages.

So Andrew departed to the city, striding blithe of heart, whither he had heard were gathered those hostile men, and a multitude of foes; until along the roadside, nigh at hand, he saw a brazen column. And there he sat him down beside it with holy loving-kindness in his heart and constant vision of the angels' bliss. There within the citadel he abode whatever fate of warlike deeds might come upon him. And mighty multitudes assembled, leaders of the folk; unto the prison came a horde of faithless men with weapons, heathen heroes, to where their captives suffered woe aforetime, within the darkness. Perverse of heart they weened and wished that they might eat of alien men, their wonted food; but hope failed them, when with their following the wrathful bearers of the spear found the prison portals open, the hammer's work unlocked, their wardens dead. Wretchedly they turned about again, bereft of hope, to bear this evil tidings. They said unto the folk that of alien men, of foreign peoples, no living man was left within the prison, but there the wardens lay about in blood, dead upon the ground, lifeless bodies reft of spirit.

Then was many a leader of the folk smitten of terror at those sudden tidings, downcast and sad of heart, with dread of hunger, that livid table-guest. Nor did they know a better rede than that they take the lifeless men as food, and eat the dead. For all the door-thanes in a single hour by cruel destiny was death decreed. Then, as I learned, quickly were the people mustered together, the dwellers of the city. Heroes came, a throng of warriors on their chargers, upon their steeds men stout of heart, and counsellors, strong with the spear.

When all the folk was come together to the place of conclave, they let the lots decree which one of them should serve the rest as food. With hellish art they cast their lots, godlessly counted them out among them. And the lot fell upon an aged warrior, who was the sage of all that host of earls, in the forefront of the troop. Quickly was he fast in fetters,

hopeless of life, and he cried aloud, troubled of heart, with woeful voice, and said that he would give his son into their power, his youthful issue, to be their stay of life. And quickly they received the gift with thankful hearts; for that wretched folk had exceeding craving of meat, nor had they any joy in treasure, delight in precious things; but they were grievously oppressed of hunger, for the stern scather of the folk held sway over them.

IX. There was many a man, many a warrior bold in battle, round about that young life, roused in heart unto the combat. The woeful token was known afar, throughout the city told to many a man, so that in multitude, both young and old, they sought the stripling's death, that they might win a portion to be the stay of life. Swiftly were the heathen temple-wardens gathered thither, the dwellers of the city, in a host; and tumult rose on high.

But the youth began with woeful voice, fettered before the host, to chant a song of sorrow, bereft of friends to beg for grace. Nor might he in his wretchedness find mercy or favour at the hands of that folk, that they would grant his life, his spirit. They had sought the Devil's strife; the sharp and tempered sword-edge in a hostile hand, branded with marks of fire, must seek his life.

It seemed to Andrew pitiful to endure, this grievous evil of the folk, that a man so guiltless must swiftly lose his life. Heavy was the hatred of the people. Those stalwart liegemen rushed upon the hero with lust of death. Fain were those savage men to crush the youth's head utterly and wound it with their spears. But him God warded, holy from on high, against that heathen folk; and bade their weapons melt in the fray, most like to wax, that the tribunes, grievous adversaries, might not scathe him by their weapons' might. So was the youth freed from the hatred of the people, from dire distress. Thanks be to God, the Lord of lords, for all, that He giveth grace to every one of men of those who seek succour at His hand with wisdom. There is ever love without an end prepared for him who may find it.

Wailing was lifted up in the cities of men, loud lamentation of the host. Heralds cried aloud, men meatless mourned, and sad of heart stood round about, fast in the bonds of hunger. Empty abode the gabled

dwellings, the wine-halls. Nor any weal had men to joy in at that bitter hour. Keen-minded men sat round about in counsel, pondering their woe; and in that land was no delight. And oft one warrior asked another: "Let him that hath good counsel, wisdom in heart, hide it not away. For now is come an evil plight, menace measureless; now is there bitter need that we hear word of discerning men."

Then came the fiend unto that multitude, wan, without beauty, in the aspect of a wretched soul. The lord of death, the crippled king of hell, with hostile thoughts began to accuse the holy man and spake this word:

"Hither hath fared from far, over the wide ways, an alien prince within your city, whom I heard called Andrew. He hath wrought you this recent injury, when he led forth from prison more of men than well was meet. Now may ye easily wreak vengeance on his deeds. Let scarring sword, and sharp-edged steel, cleave the body, the life of this doomed man. Fare boldly forth, that ye in battle may lay your foeman low."

And unto him Andrew gave answer: "What is this that boldly thou counsellest this people, and urgest them to war. Knowest thou the pangs of fire, burning in hell, and dost thou incite an army, a squadron unto battle? Art thou at war with God, the judge of hosts? Why, thou Fiend, dost thou increase thy woe, whom the Almighty humbled miserably, and cast thee into outer darkness, when the King of kings laid bonds upon thee; and since that time they ever named thee Satan, who knew to keep the law of God."

But yet with fiendish craft the hostile-minded urged the folk to fight: "Now ye hear the enemy of man who wrought great injury unto this host. This is that Andrew, who striveth against me in wondrous words, before this multitude of men."

Then was a token granted to the city-dwellers. The valiant men with noise of battle, warriors stout of heart, beneath their standards, unto the wall-gates in a mighty host thronged with sword and shield unto the fray. Then said the Lord of hosts, and with exceeding might spake unto His vassal thane:

"Now shalt thou, Andrew, do heroic deeds, neither hide thou from this host, but strengthen thou thy spirit. It shall be no long time when thou shalt compass about these savage men with torment, and chill

bonds. Reveal thyself, harden thy heart, and fortify thy soul, that they may know My might in thee. Nor can nor may these guilty men against My will give thy body unto death, though thou endure blows and darksome torture; I will abide with thee."

X. After these words there came a countless throng; false counsellors, with shielded troop, sallied quickly forth, enraged of heart, and bound the hands of that holy man, where the joy of princes was disclosed; and with their eyes they might behold before them the man of triumph. There was many a man upon the battlefield, eager for war, the leaders of the folk; they little recked what would be thereafter their reward. They bade to lead him through the land, these savage foes, and drag him round about, as in the cruellest wise they might devise it. Roughly they dragged him through the mountain caves, about the stony cliffs, full hard of heart, even as far as the ways extended, the olden works of giants in their cities, the roadway paved with stone. Then rose a clamour in the city dwellings, no little uproar of that heathen host. The body of the holy man was sodden with his grievous wounds and drenched with blood; the bony frame was broken. Warm blood came welling forth from out the gory wounds. Yet had he in his soul undoubting courage; his noble heart was free of sin, though he must needs endure so many bitter pangs by deep and wounding blows. So was he smitten all that day until the radiant evening came; and anguish pressed upon his heart until the radiant, heavenly-gleaming sun departed, gliding unto its setting. Then did the people lead their hated foe unto the prison. Yet was he dear to Christ; his heart was light, and in his soul a holy spirit all unshaken. Then in the shades of darkness the holy man, the valiant earl, all the long night was close attended by divers thoughts. Snow held the earth in bonds with winter storms; the airs were chill with heavy showers of hail; and rime and frost, those warriors hoar, locked up the dwellings of the folk, the seats of men. The land was frozen fast with icicles of frost; the water's might was minished and over streams, over the shiny pathway of the waters, the ice built abridge. Blithe of heart abode the noble man, mindful of courage, fearless and enduring in his crushing need, all that cold winter night; nor did he cease in heart, for dread of terror, most

worthily to praise the Lord, and honour Him by word, as he began aforetime until the gem of glory rose in heavenly splendour.

Then came a throng of men to the dim dungeon, no little band, advancing on with noise of multitude, greedy for slaughter. They bade lead quickly forth the prince, the faithful man, into the power of his foes. Then again even as aforetime all that long day he was smitten of grievous blows; his blood welled forth from out his frame; over his liver surged his gore with warm waves of blood; weary with wounds his body recked not of the work. Then burst the sound of broken sobbing from the heart of the man; in a flood streamed his tears and he spake this word:

“Behold, O Lord my God, joy-giver of hosts, my grievous need. Thou knowest and dost understand the woe of every man. I put my trust in Thee, my Lord of life, that Thou, so mild of heart, in Thine abundant power wilt never forsake me, Thou Saviour of men, Eternal and Almighty. So will I do while my life liveth on the earth, that I will never turn aside, O God, from Thy loving counsels. Thou art a shelter against the weapons of scathers for all Thy folk, eternal Lord. Let not now the Murderer of men, the Prince of evil, have them in derision, by fiendish craft compass them about with insult, that bear Thy praise!”

Then appeared the foul fiend, the fierce and faithless one; before that host the Devil of hell, in torment accursed, counselled the warriors and spake this word: “Smite now upon the mouth this sinful man, this foeman of the folk, who speaketh overmuch.”

Strife was stirred up anew; hatred arose till that the sun departed, gliding unto its setting, under the murky headland. Dusky night let fall her veil, overspreading the steep hills, and the holy man was led away in sadness to the dungeon, eager for glory, unto that dim dwelling where imprisoned all the night-long time, with faithful heart, he must needs hold his foul abode. With other six came the grim fiend unto that hall, mindful of evil, the lord of murder cloaked in darkness, the devil greedy of death, bereft of glory; and he began to speak words of derision unto that holy man:

“Why didst thou purpose, Andrew, thy hither-coming into the power of thy foes? Where is thy glory, which thou didst raise up when thou broughtest low the honour of our gods? For thyself alone hast thou laid

claim to all things, land and folk, as did thy teacher. He set up royal state, whose name was Christ, throughout the earth while He had power. But Herod despoiled Him of his life, vanquished in contest this King of the Jews, stripped Him of His realm, and nailed Him on the rood, so that upon the cross He yielded up His spirit. So now I bid my followers, my valiant thanes, that they abase thee, younger in the battle. Let point of spear and venom-tainted dart strike home unto this doomed one's life. Go boldly that ye may bring low this war-wolf's pride." Savage were they, swiftly rushed with eager clutch against him. But God shielded him, steadfastly guiding him by His potent might. And when they saw in his face the glorious token of the cross of Christ, then were they fearful in the onset, smitten of terror, driven to flight.

Then as of old began again that ancient enemy, hell's captive, to chant a song of sorrow: "How hath it come to pass with you, so valiant men, my warriors, comrades of the shield, that ye so little prospered?" A wretched, hostile fiend gave answer, spake unto his father: "We may not lightly work him harm, nor guileful death. Go thou against him, and swiftly wilt thou find strife and cruel combat, if thou darest further against this lonely man to stake thy life. Easily, O dearest earl, may we give thee wiser counsel in the combat ere thou again do battle, the rush of onset. Order it that thou prosper better in the exchange of blows! Let us go again that we may mock him, fast in fetters, and flout him with his woe. Against this monster all our words have we considered."

And weighed down with torment, he cried with a loud voice and spake this word:

"Long time, Andrew, hast thou been versed in evil arts. Lo! many a man hast thou perverted and misled. Yet mayest thou not have power longer in this work; to thee are punishments thus grim allotted, according to the things which thou hast wrought. Weary of soul, abject and joyless, thou shalt suffer woe, the bitter pangs of death. My warriors are girded to the battle-play, who speedily, in little space of time, shall snatch away thy life. Who is there so mighty in the earth of all the race of men that he may free thee from thy fetters against my will?"

And unto him Andrew gave answer:

"Lo! easily may Almighty God, Saviour of mortal men, accomplish this, who fettered thee of old in heavy need, in bonds of fire, where

since then, bound fast in torment, thou dost dwell in exile, reft of glory, for that thou hast scorned the word of heaven's King. Then was the beginning of evil, nor shall there ever be an end of thine affliction. Thou shalt forever multiply thy woe; and ever more from day to day thy way of life shall grow more grievous."

Then was he put to flight, who fought of old that bitter feud with God. And at the daybreak, in the dawn, there came a heathen host, with multitude of men, to seek the holy man; a third time they gave bidding to lead forth the enduring thane. For they would fain break utterly the spirit of that valiant man. Yet was it not to be! Then was hate stirred up anew, savage and merciless. The holy man was sorely smitten, fettered with guile, pierced through with wounds, while the day gleamed. In heaviness of heart with holy voice he cried in bitterness to God from out his bonds; weary of soul he wept and spake this word:

"Never with the will of the Lord did I bear more bitter lot beneath the span of heaven, where I must keep the law of God. My limbs are smit asunder, my body racked with pain, my frame all stained with blood, my wounds well forth, my bloody sores. O, Thou God of victories, Saviour Lord, on one only day among the Jews didst Thou grow heavy-hearted, Living God, Creation's Lord, Glory of Kings, when from the cross Thou didst cry aloud and spake this word: 'I pray Thee, Thou Father of angels, Lord of life, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' and now must I for three days' time endure these bitter pangs? I do entreat Thee, Lord of hosts, Gladdener of souls, that I may yield my life into Thy hand. Thou didst promise by Thy holy word, when Thou didst first begin to strengthen us, no strife of hateful foemen should ever work us harm, neither our life be swiftly sundered, nor bone nor sinew scarred, nor any lock of hair perish from our heads, if we but kept Thy teaching. Now are my sinews loosed, my blood poured forth; the hairs of my head lie scattered through the land, my locks upon the ground. Death is dearer far to me than this life-woe."

Then came the voice of the King of glory unto the man of valour, saying:

"Wail not for thy wretchedness, O dearest friend; it is not too hard for thee. I hold thee in my keeping and compass thee about with sheltering might. To me is given power over all, and victory. Many a one

shall make it known in the assemblage on the great day, that it shall come to pass that this beauteous world, heaven and earth, shall pass away together, ere that one word of mine be shaken, which I have spoken with my lips. See now thy tracks, how thy blood that was poured forth through thy broken body, a bloody path, turns dark. No greater evil may they do thee with their spear-blows, who have wrought this worst of bitter woes."

So according to the words of the King of glory the fair champion turned his gaze behind him, and there saw blowing bowers standing, decked with blossoms, where he had shed his blood aforetime. Then spake the warriors' bulwark:

"Thanks be to Thee and praise, O Lord of men, and glory evermore in heaven, that Thou, my Victor-Lord, hast not forsaken me in mine affliction, an alien man." So the doer of deeds with holy voice glorified God, until the radiant sun departed wondrous bright, sinking under the waters. Then a fourth time the leaders of the folk, his hostile foes, led the princely man unto the prison; fain would they turn the secret strength, the valour of the counsellor, in the darksome night. Then came the Lord God to that prison-hall, Glory of mortals, Father of mankind, greeted His friend and spake him comfort; the Guide of life gave bidding that his body should be healed. "No longer shalt thou suffer in affliction the torment of thine armed foes."

Thus rose the man of might, whole from the thralldom of those cruel tortures, and gave thanks unto God, nor was his beauty marred, nor the border loosened of his raiment, nor a hair from his head, neither bone broken, nor bloody wound in body, nor any whit of hurt by wounding blow, wet with blood, but by that noble power he was again as formerly he was, giving praise and hale of body.

Lo! now some little time have I been singing the teachings of this holy man, and praised in song his deeds, events full widely known. Yet is it beyond my power, much to rehearse, and wearisome to sing in order due, what he in life endured. That must a wiser man on earth than I esteem myself devise in heart, that he may know even from the beginning all the miseries of grievous strife that he bravely suffered. Yet briefly will we sing this song a little further. Of old was it rehearsed how he endured many a woe, of bitter strife, within that heathen city. Hard

by the wall, upon the pleasant plain, made wondrous fast, he saw huge columns standing, shafts smitten of the storm, the olden work of giants. And unto one of these, stalwart and strong of heart he made address, sage and wise in wonders, spake this word: "Hearken thou marble stone unto the rede of God, before whose face every created thing shall be dismayed when heaven and earth behold the Father with a mighty host seek out the mortal race upon the earth. Do thou let streams well forth from out thy base, a rushing river. Now the Almighty King of heaven biddeth thee to send forth swiftly on this folk perverse wide-flowing water, dashing unto heaven, to be the death of men. Lo! fairer than gold art thou or precious treasure! On thee the King, the God of glory, carved and set forth in word His mysteries and righteous law, revealed in ten decrees. God, Strong and Mighty, gave thee unto Moses, even as since that time those righteous men, valiant thanes, Joshua and Tobias, his tribemen, God-fearing men, have held it. Thou mayest acknowledge that the King of angels adorned thee more with grace in days of yore than all the kind of gems. By His holy bidding shalt thou swiftly show if thou have any understanding of Him."

Nor was there longer tarrying a whit but the stone was cleft asunder, and a stream welled forth, and overflowed the land; the foamy waves, with dawn, enfolded earth; the sea flood swelled. The ale had wasted after the day of feasting; weaponed men awoke from sleep; the water compassed all the region, mightily moved. Then was the host smitten of fear through terror of the flood. Doomed to death the young men perished in that ocean. The rush of battle carried them away in the turmoil of the salty sea. That was a burden of sorrow, a bitter beer-feast. The cup-men tarried not, the serving thanes; for each was drink enough prepared from dawn of day. The water's might waxed great, the warriors wailed, old bearers of the ashen spear. For they were fain to flee the fallow flood, seek shelter in the mountain caves, dry land and food. Before them stood an angel, who overspread the city with gleaming flame, hot surge of fire; and there within the breaking sea was fiercely raging. Nor might that band of men, out of their thralldom, prosper in flight. Then waxed the waves, wood crashed and sparks of fire flew, the flood boiled with its waves. Full easy was it then to find within the city lamentation sung and sorrow mourned, many a heart

dismayed, many a dirge chanted. The dread fire was seen of the eye, horrid pillage, grievous woe. Ascending through the air the blasts of fire compassed the walls about; the waters rose. Then was a wailing to be heard afar, grievous turmoil of men. One wretched man began to draw that folk together; downcast and sad of soul he spake with tears:

“Now ye may acknowledge truth, that we unrighteously laid bonds and torturing fetters upon this alien man within the prison. Fate smiteth us full heavily with hate; thus is it manifest! Better is it far, as I count the truth, that we with one accord free him from his binding fetters—most quickly is most best—and pray the holy man for succour, help and comfort. And peace shall be prepared for us after our sorrow if we seek of him.”

XIII. Then was known to Andrew in his soul the bearing of the folk, that the might of these stalwart men was broken, the warriors’ strength.

The waters drew them in, the mountain-stream rushed on, the flood rejoiced, till that the welling sea rose above the breasts, the shoulders of men. Then the prince bade that the flowing streams be still, the floods abate about the stony cliffs. Bold and stout of heart and swift he strode, leaving his prison, wise of heart and dear to God. Soon was a way prepared for him across the torrent. Fair was the victor-plain, the earth was swiftly dried after the flood where his foot trod. Then were the city-dwellers blithe of heart, joyous of soul. Peace after woe was come. Lamentation died away at the bidding of the holy man; no tempest more was heard, the sea stood still. Then was the mountain cleft asunder, a horrid cave, and there in its embrace drew in the flood, the fallow waves; the gulf sucked in the beating tumult of the sea. Nor did he plunge the waves alone therein, but also the worst of that host; fourteen of hostile scathers of the folk departed with the wave, hurried away to death under the pit of earth. Then were many of the folk remaining smitten of terror, sore dismayed of heart; they looked for death of man and maid, a bitter fate, a grievous destiny, when, stained with sin, those guilty warriors plunged beneath the earth. And all with one accord proclaimed: “Now is it manifest that the true God, the King of every creature, ruleth mightily, who sent this herald hither for an help to men.

Now is there urgent need that we should hearken eagerly unto this chosen man."

And the holy one began to cheer those men, make glad the band of warriors with his words: "Be ye not over fearful though these sinful men have chosen death, suffered destruction and chastening for their deeds. To you the radiant light of glory is revealed, if ye think well."

Then he sent up his prayer before the Son of God, entreating that He show His grace on those young men who in the sea aforetime, in the flood's embrace, had yielded up their lives, that their spirits, reft of good and shorn of glory, might not I be led unto a death of torment, unto the clutch of fiends. So at the moving of the Holy Spirit, that prayer was made acceptable to God Almighty, the Lord of men. And he bade the young men rise up hale, from out the earth, whom aforetime the sea had overwhelmed. Then most speedily arose, as I have heard, in that assemblage many a stripling youth. Joined were soul and body, though they but little time before, in the rushing flood, had lost their lives. And they received baptism, covenant of peace and God's protection with pledge of glory, prospered by their punishment.

XIV. And the mighty man, craftsman of the King, bade build a church, and raise a temple unto God upon that spot where by reason of their fathers' baptism the young men had arisen and where the flood sprang forth. Then gathered throngs of men throughout the wine-burg far and wide, earls of one accord and their wives with them. They spake fairly that they would hearken and devoutly receive the bath of baptism, according to the will of God, and forsake idolatry and their heathen sanctuaries. Thus was baptism received of that folk, nobly among that people; the law of God was righteously exalted, and rede in the land among the city dwellers; and a church was hallowed. Then the apostle of God ordained a man of wisdom, sage of speech, to be bishop in that radiant city over all the folk, and before the host he hallowed him in apostolic office, for the people's need. His name was Plato. With confidence Andrew charged them that they do his teachings eagerly and keep his counsels. He spake his mind to leave them, that he would fain quit that gold-burg, the revelry of men and store of treasure, and bright song-halls, and on the sea-strand seek a ship. Hard was it for the host to

bear, that the prince would bide no longer with them. Then upon that journey there appeared to him the God of glory, the Lord of hosts, and spake this word: the folk from sin. Their souls are doomed to death, they walk in sorrow, man and maid together mourn their woe. Their weeping came to me, their lamentation

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“...hasten forth. Thou shalt not leave the flock in so new joy, but firmly print my name upon their hearts. Abide thou in that wine-burg, helm of warriors, within those halls adorned with treasure, seven nights’ time; then with my blessing mayest thou go.”

Then the stalwart man, far-famed of might, went out a second time to seek the Mermedonian town. The word and wisdom of the Christians prospered when they with eye beheld the thane of glory, the herald of the heavenly King. He taught the people in the path of faith, fairly made strong the grace of blessed men, and won a countless host to glory, unto the holy home of the heavenly kingdom, where Father and Son and Holy Spirit in the Trinity rule forevermore with glory those radiant realms. Likewise the holy man chastened the hosts, destroyed idolatry, and drove out godlessness. Sore was that for Satan to endure, a mighty grief at heart, that he must see this multitude with blithesome hearts turn from the house of hell, by Andrew’s kindly teaching, unto a fairer bliss where never foot of fiend or fearsome spirit shall be in all the land. Then were the days fulfilled in number according to God’s purpose, even as the Lord had charged him that he should sojourn in that storm-smit town. And he began to prepare him and make ready for his voyage, with eager joy; for he would fain seek out again Achaia in his ship, there to abide his death and the end of life. Nor was it turned to the joy of the Foe, who went his way unto the jaws of hell; and since that hour, hated and friendless, has he known no solace.

Then I learned that sad of heart these men, with a multitude of folk, led their well-loved teacher unto his ship’s stern. For many a one his heart was surging, hot within him. Unto his ship at the headlands of the sea they brought the stirring warrior; and stood upon the sea-strand weeping after him, so long as they might see that joy of princes across

the seal-path. They magnified the God of glory, and in a band they cried aloud, and spake this word:

“There is one Eternal God of every creature, and over all the earth His might and strength are widely blessed; over all His glory shineth in Heaven’s splendour on His saints, beauteous in majesty forevermore, eternal with the angels. That is a noble king.”