

of the Church, are managed entirely by devoted women. The average proportion of Sisters to penitents is one to every five and six.

The Mothers' Union is a most important organization. The care of children in the Home forms a natural topic, and naturally leads to the school life of the children, and here again we find the women of England working in connection with the Church.

The Woman's Help Society and the Girls' Friendly Society have for their objects the bringing about a purer and better life among young girls and women. These Home Missions include visiting the poor, nursing the sick, establishing dispensaries, cottage hospitals, convalescent homes, homes of rest, schools, orphanages, industrial homes, refuges, night shelters, laundries, workrooms, class rooms, cheap dinners and teas, all working for the bettering of the girls and working women of England.

(To be continued)

THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE ; OR, ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"Maybe there are some berries here," was all the consolation Leo could give him, and they got what solace they could out of a few bramble-berries and cranberries not yet ripe, of which Leo gave almost all to the boy. They also saw a few large mushrooms, but Leo was not sure enough of their qualities to let Attalus eat them, so they whiled away the time as best they could till the sun was gone down, and then, after chanting the evening prayers in a low voice, they still waited till the spark of the last light was out in the village below, and then stole down across the meadows toward the river, Attalus starting more than once at dark outlines, and at the sound of a cow champ-ing her cud as she lay.

Arrived at the bank of the river they met another difficulty. The horses were but slightly trained, and had no notion of swimming rivers, and there was no impelling Leo's horse, Longmane, into the water. Attalus's White-foot started and snorted, but yielded to his caressing hand—they had long been comrades, and he felt sure he could have ridden it across; but Leo was no horseman to begin with, and had had more than one trouble with Longmane, which had only been got over by Attalus's familiarity with the creature, and even the mounting was a difficulty.

"He might let thee be carried away by the river," exclaimed Attalus, after many attempts and persuasions.

"I had far rather trust to myself and the buckler than to any beast with a perverse will," returned Leo.

"Then will I do the same," said Attalus.

"Nay, not so," cried Leo. "Thou mayest ride and swim thy horse through. I can follow with my shield."

"Never!" stoutly declared Attalus. "Thou hast run into peril, borne months of slavery to the barbarian for me, and shall I desert thee now? No, sink or swim together."

"There is not much danger of sinking," said Leo. "I have crossed streams before with a float."

"But the horses," sighed Attalus. "Old Whitefoot, canst thou find thy way home, and keep from the wolves? Good old fellow, fare thee well! I would thou couldst bear my greetings to Milo and Roswitha, and tell them all is well with me."

"That is less certain yet," muttered Leo; "but we may get on more safely on the other side without the horses, so we will let them go."

Attalus clung to Whitefoot's glossy neck, perhaps he kissed it, and the good steed stood on the bank of the river, whinnying as if unwilling to part from the lad, who had always been kind and affectionate.

The bucklers which Leo had secured were kite-shaped frames of light basket-work, covered with leather and stamped with devices, almost equaling in length the bearer himself, all save his head, with the point made so as to rest on the ground, and they were slightly bent inward. Thus they were fit to act as floats, and could hold in their concavity the knives and the few clothes that the fugitives carried. The use of the great old-fashioned Roman baths still frequented in the cities had taught both to swim a little, and they waded in, pushing the shields in front, and feeling the bottom with the handle of the spear till they were out of their depth, when the spears were laid across the bucklers, and they used the freed hand to swim with. The river, smooth and quiet as it looked, carried them a good way down before they could get to the opposite shore, forcing their way at last through a reed bed, to the great indignation of all the feathered inhabitants, who made such an outcry that Leo could only hope there was no one to hear it.

On firm ground at last, they resumed their clothes and threw themselves on the grass, Attalus crying out triumphantly, "Ha, ha! Hur erik, the river is between thee and me! Leo, brave Leo, this is all thy doing. Thou must be free as thou hast freed me."

"Do not cry out too soon, young sir, returned Leo. "It is far to Rheims, and there is no safety till we are on the other side; but we will thank God that we are so far on our way."