

by those, who long months after learned what the world called a sad story, in the poor mortal remains lying unburied on the shore, the open Bible and carefully written diary of the good men who had died of slow starvation. That Banner went forth with Shergold Smith and O'Neill to 'kerewe, in the first Uganda expedition; it was recovered from disaster by brave Mackay, and unfurled in Uganda. It went forth with joyous Hannington as he cheerily tramped the desert and forests to Busoga; it came back to rouse us with its thrilling call in the story of his patient death and the martyr-fires of Uganda. And not long ago (we have scarce dried our tears yet for the martyred household of Stewart and the sister martyrs of Kucheng) did not the Banner come back to us from what the world would call cruel disaster, but unsullied, triumphant still? Many of us have heard one speak who was almost an eye-witness of the terrible massacre—one who gathered the poor remains of what human cruelty could no further hurt. Did we regard him telling one of the saddest stories of missionary witnessing unto death? did we regard him as a messenger of woe? God forbid! He was the survivor of a glorious field, bringing back the tattered Banner to wave others on to victory. And the spirit of the old Burghers of Edinburgh after Flodden's disaster breaks forth in those who had reason to mourn for dear ones passed away in that fiery chariot of Kucheng.

"Let us meet it, then, in patience,
Not in terror or in fear;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder
Let our souls be steadfast here."

"Baptized for the dead." Do we realize that these words apply to us, our Gospel freedom, our means of grace secured to us in this quiet land through martyred forefathers? Do we realize that the same work is being accomplished still in our brethren and sisters of far-off lands? Shall we drink with eager curiosity "the romance" of missionary records, regarding even the perils and privations of our brethren as something to lend variety and change to our lives of luxurious Christianity? or shall we not regard it as David regarded that hard-won draught from the spring of Bethlehem, *something to be poured out unto the Lord*—something in this age of selfishness and doubt to lead us to the Altar of Sacrifice—something to rouse us to take again the Royal Banner from each fallen soldier's hand and wave it ever forward, ever onward?

"Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is King indeed."

—W.M.R.

"He that soweth little shall reap little: and he that soweth plentifully shall reap plentifully."

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Thy kingdom come, O GOD,
Thy rule, O CHRIST, begin,
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

We pray Thee, LORD, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.—Amen.

—Hymns A. & M.

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOME.

The fugitives were far too much exhausted to continue their journey for two days, nor was it needful, for even if the fitful spirit of Hunderik should change and he should demand the restoration of Leo, the walls of Rheims were strong enough to keep him out.

They spent the rest of that Sunday chiefly in sleep, and only awoke enough to join in thanksgiving in church, after they had been bathed and freed themselves from the dust and mire of the journey. Attalus looked forward to the morrow's real elaborate Roman bath, with all its rubbing and shampooing and hot and cold temperatures, and then, he said, he should really feel cleaner than he had done for two whole years.

Such relics of Roman habits were a refinement considered to be over-luxurious by many of the clergy, but the belief that dirt was a sign of mortification had yet to make its way among them.

His clothes had become a spectacle of rags, and the citizens, who had heard his story, vied with one another in presenting garments for the use of both himself and his faithful friend—slave he could not call Leo, in the assurance that his grandfather would reward such devotion by manumission. Washed, trimmed, and dressed, the two scarcely recognized each other again as the squalid beings who had fled from Hundingburg.

That exterior cleansing they held to be a type of their restoration to the privileges and bless-