

brand of the Lord Jesus, and clung to life for nine awful months. Yet their faith never wavered." Thus at the extreme south, and for South America's lowest race, these noble lives were given. The struggle to gain a footing amongst the inhuman Fuegians you doubtless all know. But what is the present need of this country? Ah! great is the need! What are less than 400 Christians amongst 37,000,000, that is, about 10,000 persons for each worker? We see what has been done, we see what needs to be done. Listen! Ecuador, not one missionary; Bolivia, not one; Venezuela, only one; and the other countries so very, very poorly supplied. There are thousands of English-speaking people scattered over the country of the Argentine thirsting to hear the Word of life, and with little or no exertion large crowds come to hear Gospel preaching in the cities, and there are none to tell them the plain, simple truth of the loving, dying Saviour. Surely our lesson of the Good Samaritan applies to every one of us in this Christian Canada. Has not South America been robbed of the truth of a true Saviour, and are not those in our sister continent lying almost dead? Who will act the part of neighbor? Who will tell the glad news? Laying aside the thoughts of comfort and ease, let us who have but one life to live, live it for Him who thought it not too great a price to pay, to leave all and suffer much to redeem us.

"Can we whose souls are lightened,
With true light from on high,
Can we to souls benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"

Toronto.

M. MITCHELL.

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"**H**E is mine!" cried Attalus. "Am I to be robbed as well as kept a prisoner? I will appeal to Hunderik."

That was not so easy, however, for Hunderik's winged helmet was to be seen in the midst of several others, the spears bristling beside them and their armor jingling and shining in the sun, and they rode on so fast that poor Attalus, on foot, had not a chance of overtaking them. It was a hard matter to him to get through that day's journey, with very little food, and that of the roughest, coarsest kind, thrown to him with laughs of scorn; and when his feet, unused to such walking over rocks and thorns, lagged behind, there was a cry of "Ho! pledge, wouldst escape?"

and one of the men threatened to beat him or goad him forward.

That night they reached Treves, Augusta Trevirorum as it was called, a considerable city, with a fine triumphal arch and many Roman buildings. Hunderik did not care to sleep within the walls, but went to dine there on the good fare of the cooks, and some of the inhabitants came out to see whether the Franks had anything to barter with them for provisions. One was a Jew who had fine armor to dispose of, a beautiful sword inlaid by the Greeks of Constantinople, and a breastplate both strong and light. He described it, but he had been prudent enough to leave it in the city, and Hunderik's own sword was dented and injured at the point, his breastplate sorely battered. What would the Jew take for his ware? Here was his chain of gold. No, that was not worth a quarter of the sword's value, for half the links were gone. A dozen of kine which he would send down from the hills? The Jew was too wary to trust to promises. At last, after refusing several such offers, he cast his eyes on Gola. That slave would make up the balance.

"He is mine," shouted Attalus.

"I am my Lord Bishop Gregory's," exclaimed Gola. "He sent me in charge of his grandson, whom I have tended from his infancy."

"Slave tending a slave," said Hunderik, with a sneer.

"He is full old," said the Jew, approaching to handle his arms and legs, as was the custom of slave-dealers. Attalus threw himself between, crying out, "He is mine! he is mine! You shall not touch him."

"What insolence is this?" and with his heavy hand Hunderik knocked the boy down, so that he lay unconscious for some minutes; and when, dazed and bewildered, he opened his eyes and sat up, Gola, Hunderik, and the Jew were all gone. The Jew, perhaps, saw his way to selling the poor old Moor again to his true master, and thus making a considerable profit out of his bargain; and while Gola was weeping and bending over his young charge, two great Franks bound his hands and arms and dragged him off, with kicks and blows, under charge of the Jew, laughing and mocking aloud as he wept, bewailed, and implored in a language they could not understand.

Poor little Attalus! his desolation was complete. He sat crouched upon the ground, trying not to weep and provoke the mirth of the rude warriors who passed by him, and whose jeers he happily did not understand. How much he had really loved old Gola as well as depended on his care he did not know till he had thus lost him and with no knowledge of his future. It was late in the day, and there was no one to go out and forage for his supper, and he was too miserable and frightened to do it