

greatest difficulties is to procure the services of native Bible women. The other dioceses cannot supply their own need, and therefore, we cannot expect help from them. Mr. Kennedy tried in vain to get a helper this winter, so Mrs. Kennedy had to do the best she could alone. I was indeed glad to be able to bring my teacher over with me, and already the benefit of her help is felt in the mission. However anxious we foreign women are to do all we can, we are and shall be always more or less hampered by the language and our ignorance of the customs and etiquette of the country. Now I appeal to you, as Canadians and Church people, will you not do all you can to help us to build and support this Church Bible Home. "The love of Christ constraineth us" all, some to go forth and carry the glad tidings, others to give of their means to spread the good news. All of us can belong to one or other of these companies of Christ.

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

FRIEDBALD was actually dashing away tears from his eyes as he saw his brother's long locks fall beneath the shears, and when his father called him to mount, and he bent over the boy for an embrace. But Baldrik seemed still to be half stunned, and not thoroughly awake to all that was passing, and all to which he was pledged, and he lay inert, hardly roused by all that was going on round him, or the clatter of the horses' hoofs as his father rode away.

Philetus found him a far better patient than Gilchrist, who was restlessly eager to proceed with his pilgrimage, would not obey orders, and made attempts at walking and getting to church, which resulted in inflaming the wound and bringing on dangerous symptoms. If Philetus had to use most painful remedies, even cutting away the flesh, he would bear all in absolute silence and endurance, even rejoicing in suffering, as for his master's sake; but to lie still and let it heal was more than he could bear, even though Philetus assured him that he would bring on gangrene and have to lose his foot. He seemed rather to like the notion of hopping to Rome on crutches and leaving his bones among the martyrs; and nothing in any way

quieted him but Bishop Gregory telling him that the detention which seemed hardest to him was the appointed cross that he had to bear, and that suffering or even death brought on by wilful imprudence and disobedience could not be reckoned as such a sacrifice as that of will. It might be suspected, too, that the cleanliness, discipline, and good order of the Romano-Gallic household were part of the penance, especially as he thought them worldly. He would much rather have been sleeping on dirty fern in a hovel he could not stand upright in, and living on porridge and pignuts, than lying on a comfortable couch, eating a good meal every day, and having Philetus and a slave daily coming to wash him, instead of only occasionally spending a night up to his neck in a loch, which reckoned as fast, not ablution. Baldrik really set him an example of patience. The boy at first slept a good deal, and when better was content to lie still and try to learn to read. Attalus wanted to play games with him, such as dice or knucklebones, or a sort of nine-pins; but to learn the rules of a sedentary game was quite as difficult and wearisome to him as the conquest of the alphabet—a terrible difficulty, for he never could remember the difference between E and F, and O and Q, though he had them drawn with chalk on the floor and studied them at all intervals. It was with dismay that he discovered that Attalus knew a second alphabet and a second language. "Oh!" said Attalus, grandly, "I knew my Greek *alpha beta* when I was a mere infant, and you will have to learn it too, unless you wish to remain a mere mass-priest, instead of being a bishop."

"Friedbald and the Burgunds will make one," said Baldrik, serenely.

"They cannot, if you have not the learning."

But what Baldrik liked best was to hear stories out of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," of Achilles' wrath and Diomed's expedition, though he was greatly shocked at the murder of sleeping men. "A Burgund would never have done such a cowardly thing, nor even a Frank," he declared. Hector's death, however, filled him with enthusiasm, and still more did he enjoy Ulysses' adventures in Polyphemus' cave. But he could not understand why Attalus was to be taught about false gods. "Thou dost not worship them still?" he said.

"No, no, indeed; we have overturned their altars, and no one would be so foolish as to bow down there."

"And we have renounced Odin and Frey—I heard a Thuringer captive do so to whom my father stood sponsor—but we don't learn lessons or sing stories of them. My father was very angry when he found Friedbald and me listening to the song of Siegfried and the flame circle, and said such things were heathen. Yet thou learnest of thy people's old gods."

It was a question far beyond Attalus.