

and placed under organized government. In Africa, the British possessions were limited to two weak and lightly esteemed settlements when the Queen ascended the throne, now she practically owns three-fourths of the continent, and her power seems to be almost every day expanding, on the right hand and on the left. It is a vision of unexplored power, and of inconceivable responsibility. Only think of it, nearly 300,000,000 heathen given into our hands to convert, enlighten and save. The Church has not been asleep, her expansion has kept pace with the expansion of the Empire. The Episcopate of the Anglican Communion has increased during the reign of Victoria from 62 to 247, and the growth of the Episcopate is a fair indication of her expansion in the other branches of the ministry, and of her membership. And yet, what is it? We ought to have two thousand instead of two hundred additional bishops, with a corresponding increase of the clergy to grapple in any measure with the responsibility that is laid upon us. May God pour out His Spirit and rouse the zeal of His still slumbering Church to seize, while she may, the mighty opportunity that is hers.—*The Church Evangelist.*

THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE ;

OR,

ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Some rumors had come up to him of his master having bought a wonderful slave, who cooked dinners fit for Odin's hall, and it made him declare, "Ah! you do not guess what our good slave Leo could do. You would not beat him nor his dainty cakes. Would that I could taste them!"

"All sauces and spices to suit your Gothic palates, with frogs and dormice," retorted his Frankish listener. "This fellow sends us pig stuffed with chestnut, flavored with garlic! Ah! Thou wilt see when we go back—that is, if Hunderik thinks thee worthy of a taste."

CHAPTER XXI.

GILCHRIST'S PUPIL.

Leo, having assured himself of the safety of Attalus, thought it better to wait, win the confidence of his master, and gain some knowledge of the place and its environs, so as to know the best way to escape when the time should come.

Hunderik continued to delight in his preparations, and gradually liked him better and better, as it was discovered that he knew how to catch as well as to cook his game, and was

a bold and cunning hunter. Besides, he knew how to deal out stores of provision with method instead of waste, and gradually Hunderik committed to his charge the victuals to be dealt out to every one of the retainers and slaves, and to feed the live stock.

This was a dreadful offense to Bernhild, the housewife and dispenser of bread, and she continued to hate and distrust the stranger, and to eat nothing that he provided, but set up a little hearth of her own, and she would fain have withheld her children from him. Valhild held with her, and called him a vile traitor and enemy; but little Hunderik could not but like to sit on his father's knee and devour the dainties from his trencher, and no calls from his mother, nor even her blows, and the angry taunts of Valhild, could keep him from hanging about the rude stove that Leo had managed to erect, and begging for the cakes flavored with honey, or the confections of strawberries and cranberries there compounded.

Roswitha hung about likewise. She did not like to hear her father say that no Frank woman could dress a meal fit for anything but the hounds, and she could not help longing to contrive something that might surprise him. So she hovered round and watched, and by and by she asked how to mix the flour, and how to roll it into a cake, and she offered to find the egg that was wanted, or to fetch the butter. Her mother only grumbled a little but did not interfere, for she knew well enough that Roswitha's value when the time for wedlock came would be greatly enhanced by the knowledge of cookery.

After a few days Roswitha asked, "I saw you, as is were, on your knees yesterday. Art thou a Catholic Christian?"

"Verily I am, fair maid," returned Leo.

"Ah! like the holy man who lived in the hollow tree, and healed my little brother, and taught us many things so much better than what Odin and Thor promised—if there is an Odin and a Thor. Dost thou think there is, Leo?"

"Surely not, lady."

"Yet we hear Thor swing his hammer and make the thunder."

"Ah! maiden, did Gilchrist never tell you that it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder?"

"Gilchrist! Then you know his name?" exclaimed Roswitha.

"I knew him for a wandering monk from Thule. I heard that he had been in these parts," said Leo, conscious that he had committed himself.

"Ah! he was a good man. Would that he had stayed! Attalus and Milo and I all loved him, and we used to go and hear him sing, and pray with him. He told us about the God of