

remain without moving upon one of the couches, not even attempting to come to church, as he was actually trying to do on his hands and knees. He was forced to lie still under pain of being unable to continue his journey to Rome, and the whole household had ample time to hear his many and most wonderful stories, and to learn by heart the "Breastplate of St. Patrick," as well as other of the beautiful hymns of the old Irish Church, among them one whose English version is familiar to us as a Eucharistic hymn:

Kneel down, and take the Body of thy Lord,
And drink the Sacred Blood for thee outpoured.

However, Attalus soon had another interest more congenial to him than the narratives of Gilchrist. One afternoon a brilliant-looking troop drew up at the gateway of the court. The sun shone on brazen armor, scaly arm-pieces, broad breastplate, gay shield, and on tunics of purple, red, or blue, in especial on the gilded wings of the helmet of the tall leader, and on the long hair, loosely gathered beneath it, now faded, tanned by the sun, but once evidently of the same golden fairness as that of the young boy who rode beside him. All were on large, heavy horses, but carefully groomed, the skins of the bays shining like silk, and the dappled grays showing their mottling of black and white. The household was not alarmed, for the party was recognized as belonging to the Burgundian, Garfried of the Blue Sword, a comparatively civilized man (as were all the Burgundians), who had had so much intercourse with Gregory as Senator of Autun as to be called his friend and brother.

By that title, indeed, each hailed the other, as Gregory, hastily warned, came out to the top of the steps of the hall to meet his guest, not without a murmur, far in the rear of his train, among subdeacons and readers, that to pay such respect to a wild barbarian was beneath the dignity of a bishop. But barbarians were not to be trifled with, even though, like Garfried, they had been orthodox Christians their whole lives through. So the chief and the Bishop embraced, kissing each other fervently on both cheeks, and went into the hall hand in hand, as soon as Gregory had offered his guest a great cup of wine, after tasting it with his lips, and Garfried had drained it off. It was the universal custom as the pledge of hospitality and of peace; and Gregory likewise kissed and welcomed the two boys, of about fourteen and twelve years old. Tetricus and Attalus also were called forward to give the greeting of hospitality, and the three lads stood looking at one another shyly, for they had no common language, or only a few words. Friedbald and Baldrik knew no Latin, nor did Attalus speak that parent dialect of old high

German which was the native tongue of the young Burgundians.

Slaves came round with great handsome embossed brazen bowls to wash the feet of the guests, and to help Garfried and his principal companions to disarm, and in the meantime Leo and his assistants were hurrying on the preparations for supper, and adding all the extra dishes they could supply in haste, as more than one dying cackle in the court testified. The visitors had, however, brought their share, for they had captured two or three of the progeny of a wild sow in the forests on their way, and these were being hastily scalded and roasted for the Gauls, far from ignorant of the excellence of "crackling."

It was not etiquette to ask a guest his business, and the rules of politeness are never so exact nor so well observed as where terrible consequences may fall upon any breach of them. So the supper was served, with silver bowls for the higher guests to eat their stew of broth from, and Garfried tried to screw up his long legs on the couch, as he well knew was Roman good manners, and looked reproof at his sons as they knew not what to do with their legs, and finally hung them down. Pieces of kid, the little pigs, and roasted fowls came round afterward, and varieties of cheeses, fruits, and sweets prepared with honey. Meanwhile there was an exchange of news, for Garfried was well able to speak Latin, and he told of the wild doings of the Frankish kings, who were far more savage and less tamed by Christianity than were the Burgundians. These had been subdued and brought to belong to the Frank kingdom by Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks; and his widow, Clotilda, who had brought about his conversion, was living as saintly a life as was then possible, and guarding her little grandson Chlodoald, who is known to us as St. Cloud, from the cruel savagery of his uncles. There was much to be told about the quarrels of her sons, Hloter, Theuderic, and Hildebert, who had divided their father's kingdom between them, and of her nephew Theudibert's war with the Thuringian Germans, a much more untamed race, against whom he himself had done his part.

(To be continued.)

A new church has been built in the capital of Uganda which will hold four thousand people. In its immediate neighborhood are twenty-three smaller churches which attract large congregations. Scattered throughout the country are some two hundred churches where service is regularly conducted. The king, Mwanga, is not yet a Christian; but his attitude towards Christianity is much improved. Bishop Tucker confirmed nearly three hundred and fifty people in one week.